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THE IDEAL CITY

BY

COSIMO NOTO, M. D.

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N913 I

TO THE SACRED MEMORY OF MY
ADORED MOTHER
AND TO SUFFERING HUMANITY
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are *Life, Liberty and Pursuit of Happiness.*. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that *whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.* . . .

"When a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security."

—*The Declaration of Independence.*

PREFACE.

And refrain not to speak when there is occasion to do good.—Prov. xxxi:9.

Open thy mouth, judge righteously, and plead the cause of the poor and needy.

Strive for the truth unto death, and the Lord shall fight for thee. Be steadfast in thine understanding, and let thy word be the same.—Ecclesiasticus iv:23 *and* 28 *and v*:10.

MY CREED.

I believe in God, if "God" means *Wisdom, Justice and Love.*

I believe that our mean and corrupt civilization is dying; that men of to-day, treated worse than beasts, are beginning to fully realize their duties and their rights to an equal share of work, of comfort, and of the pleasures of life.

I believe that the time is coming when "all the labor of a man shall be for his own mouth."

I believe that the people of the United States, the last arrival among the great nations, will write the grand and noble page in the solemn history of the new divine civilization of the world, of which I speak in this book.

I believe that day is at hand when people will get rid, once for all, of monarchies and all forms of religious sects, as both are obstacles to real progress and true civilization; the first representing the realm of injustice, of hate, of

misery; the second, the kingdom of falsehood, of ignorance, of darkness, whose only aim is to transform the name of Almighty God into a tyrannical tool, in order to keep people blindly submissive.

I believe that humanity will never reach its highest degree of civilization unless America and Europe be united in a brotherly alliance and ruled by *Wisdom, Justice and Love.*

I believe, with Solomon, that, as we are now organized, "we seek death in the error of our life, and we pull upon ourselves destruction with the works of our hands."*

I believe that humanity can reach happiness as I foresee it, and that its realization *is only in the will of the people.*

I believe that the day will come when men shall find the lost Eden.

I believe that humanity has fully known the evil of life and now should begin to know the good of it through *Wisdom and Understanding;* and that when it will know the good of life as it has known the evil of it, men, according to the words of the serpent in Genesis, "shall be as God."

*The Wisdom of Solomon—Chap. I. v:12.

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"The public health is the foundation on which repose the happiness of the people and the power of a country. The care of the public health is the first duty of a statesman." —*Disraeli.*

PART I

THE LIFE OF A PHYSICIAN TODAY

THE LIFE OF A PHYSICIAN TODAY.

CHAPTER I.

"Good morning, Will! What is the matter? You look a little excited."

"Nothing is the matter with me. I have just returned from the club, where I discussed Socialism with a friend of mine. I appear excited, you say. It is no wonder that I do. Think of it, he tried to make me believe that *nothing is right but Socialism*. All the lunatics are not in the asylum, don't you know? I really think my friend ought to be there. Am I not right?"

"I don't know, Will; you may or may not be right. There are many things that are beautiful, and yet the way some people speak about them makes others believe that they are not so. And again there are other things that are not beautiful, still the way some people describe them makes others believe that they are. There are people who know the right way of expressing themselves about certain topics and others who do not. Every one ought to know whether he is fitted for the business he chooses. If he is not fit for it, he should not engage in it."

"Quite right. But what do you think of Socialism?"

"Will, our friendship dates back for many years. I know that you have studied hard and that you are an intelligent person. I know also that you have a very good nature, that your heart is kind, and not deaf to the cry of grief. Your parents are rich, and you had the good luck to be born with a silver spoon in your mouth. Being an only son, you have been spoiled since the very day you opened your eyes to the sunlight. Your will has always been made your father's and mother's will. Their only care has been to make you grow up healthy, strong and intelligent; their only thought is to cast flowers on your road, and to remove all thorns with which the path of life is strewn. Having grown up in such a fine environment, you can call yourself one of the very few spoiled children of fortune. You do not know what sorrow means, nor have you felt the pain of an empty stomach. In winter time you do not know what freezing is; what it means to sleep in a cold, poor hut, or on the threshold of a door. You do not know the sorrow of a man who feels his own misery and sees at the same time the pleasures and the comfort of others. Not being the father of a poor family, you cannot understand the extreme torture of one, who, seeing his own children asking for bread, has none to give. If at any time you have been ill, the best doctors have been summoned to attend you, and all that money and science can afford has been at your disposal. Educated thoroughly, both morally and intellectually, you can appreciate and enjoy the pleasures of life as a cultivated and refined man should. As a leader in the best social circles, when you are in a salon your selfishness is satisfied in finding yourself surrounded by the most beautiful and charming girls, who are anxious to obtain the ideal, up-to-date husband; that is to say, a man who can give them all the money they

want. Your past has been happy. Your future is a bright one, with not a single cloud in your blue, starry sky."

"Do you envy me?"

"Certainly not. You are a very good fellow. You deserve it. But I feel that all men should be as happy as you are."

"That is quite impossible, my dear. Religion, history, the very nature of things, teach us that it cannot be. Are you a Socialist, also? Socialism may be theoretically right, but it is a utopia. Aegri somnia vana!"

"I do not know, Will. That is the way many people speak who have never read a serious socialistic book, who have no good arguments to advance, who have never been in close contact with human misery, or who have hearts of stone. That is the way 'beati gaudentes' speak. Now, I do not want to discuss these matters, as I do not think you are ready for it, and a theoretical discussion about Socialism is of no use. Very often a discussion carried on in such a way leaves each certain as to the truth of his first convictions. Men readily make errors when they attempt to talk about subjects upon which they are not well informed."

"Yes, Doctor, I must confess that I have never paid any serious attention to socialistic doctrines. I have read no books on the subject, and the little I do know I have picked up from newspaper articles opposed to it. Therefore, I could not enter into any serious discussion of it."

"If all men were as sincere as you are, and would acknowledge their ignorance, and with unprejudiced eye look at the matter, Socialism could be realized in a very short time. Will, you have always been pleased to favor me."

"Of course, you are one of my best friends. I love you so that I do not think I could refuse you anything."

"I thank you with all my heart. In our prevailing so-

ciety nothing is more common than the word friendship, and nothing more rare than the thing itself. When we have the good luck to have a true friend it is well to take as great care of him as we would of a most precious jewel. Now I will ask a favor of you."

"What can I do for you?"

"I want you to spend two days with me."

"Is that all you want?"

"Nothing more."

"Then I am at your disposal."

"Let us go."

"Where shall it be? The weather is really beautiful. The cloudless sky is so blue as to remind one of Italy. Flowers are blooming, and the gentle winds, through the rustling leaves, seem to sweetly caress the roses."

"It would be a pleasure if we could take a walk in Audubon Park, but, to my regret, I cannot, for we must go elsewhere. As you have already accepted, upon no conditions, you must follow me. You will see sights which you have never thought could possibly be in New Orleans."

"All right. You are getting a little bit mysterious, and consequently interesting. I am ready."

"Let us then take the North Rampart car."

CHAPTER II.

It was nine o'clock when we alighted from the car and started toward a house which bore a ruinous appearance.

"Are you going to see a patient?"

"Yes."

"Well, go. I will stay here, and wait for you."

"No, come in with me."

"What for? I am not a physician."

"It does not matter. Come in. I shall make my patients believe that you are one, and one of the best. So you can follow me, and see with your own eyes what words cannot make you understand so fully. Are not the eyes the straight and right way to the heart?"

"I begin to understand now. All right. Come on."

I knocked at the door, and suddenly a poor woman appeared before us, saying, with a breath of relief:

"Oh, Doctor Nelli! I have waited so long for you. How waiting moments seem endless! If you only could guess what a night I have passed! Think of it, seeing my poor little one dying, and alone, without being able to give him any help, and with no one to send for you! Blow after blow has fallen on me, and it seems that there is nothing to be spared me in this world. God, what have I done to you? Last year my husband lost his life after a long and painful disease. Am I not tormented enough, helpless woman, with five children, who I, alone, must support and care for? Why do you want to increase my misery?" She cried out in her agony, and began to shed tears.

"Will," said I, "the sorrow of this poor mother is so great

that she has not yet noticed you."—"Have courage, poor woman, have courage."

"Have courage!" she repeated, shaking her head. "Have I not had courage enough? But it seems to me that God takes pleasure in worrying the poor."

"Do you see, Will, she thinks it is God who sends her all the evils she is lamenting. So, at least, she will not say, if the poor boy dies, that it was the doctor who killed him. Well, let me attend to the poor little one."

The home was a miserable one. There were but two rooms. One was used for a kitchen and dining room. The other was the general bedroom. One old table, three chairs, and two beds near each other were all the furniture to be seen. A pale, lean-faced chap, only five years old, burning with fever, with a filthy sheet wrapped around him, was lying in one of the beds. Three children were still sleeping in the other. The oldest child, a pretty girl of about ten years, was trying to help her mother.

The atmosphere was oppressive, deprived of sunlight, impregnated with dust, and tainted with foul odors and mephitic gases. I began to examine the boy carefully and found him worse than the day before.

"What is the matter with him?" asked Will.

"It is a very bad case of typhus fever, and now he begins to show signs of one of the worst complications we have to fear. I mean brain fever."—"Madam, why don't you keep the ice-bag on his head? Why don't you open all the windows and let fresh air come in?"

"I don't know who I should listen to. Yesterday, after you left, some neighbors, seeing every window opened, and the ice-bag on the head of my little one, said to me: 'You should take care, the boy may catch cold, and it will make him worse.' Being afraid, I shut the windows and took the ice from his head."

"And you obey your friends, who know nothing about diseases, rather than me? Now, don't you see that he has brain fever complication?"

"Oh! my God! I don't know what I have done. I am crazy, doctor. Don't get angry, please. I will do everything you say now. I will listen to none but you."

"No, it is not with you that I am angry. I know that it is not your fault if you are ignorant. Now, leave the ice-bag on the boy's head, and don't remove it until I return. Open the windows and let fresh air come in. Your little one will not catch cold. Fill this prescription and give him the medicine as directed."

The poor woman took the prescription, and calling her daughter, said to her: "Go instantly for this medicine; don't go to the druggist you went to yesterday, because he is too expensive, and God knows what sacrifices I have to make to get a little money.'

"What is your business?" asked Will.

"I work, sir, in a cigar factory, and my salary is five dollars a week."

"Do you still go to work, while your little one is sick?"

"Yes, sir; I do. Otherwise who would give me the money to buy medicines and bread, and to pay the rent of this house? Imagine my grief, sir, in being obliged to leave my boy in care of his sister. While I am away, think of the terror and agony of my broken heart."

"Mother's love. Mother's heart. Do we know what it is, Will?" said I.

During the conversation the little ones sleeping in the other bed awakened, and shouted, as with one voice, "Mother! mother!"

"Will, look at those children. They are very pretty, are they not? What shall become of them in the near future? With no one but this poor woman to care for

them, what will they do? Will the boys prove to be good laborers, or will they grow up to be worthless citizens—rascals, increasing the number of tramps and loafers? And, the little girls, what will they become? Honest girls, good wives, or—?"

"Please, doctor, let us go. I cannot stand the sight any longer."

We went out. The face of Will was more than ordinarily grave. His head was bent as if in anxious thought.

"Are you lost in your thoughts? What are you thinking about, Will?"

"I am thinking of—I don't know, doctor, but I want to follow you. Yes, I want to see it all. All that you wish me to see."

CHAPTER III.

"Where shall we make our next visit?"

"We have arrived, Will. It is right here." And so speaking, I knocked at the door, in front of which I had already stopped.

A little blonde girl, pretty as a rosebud, opened the door, and, with a sweet smile on her face—the smile of innocence that does not know yet what sorrow means—shouted as soon as she saw me, "Mamma! the doctor!"

"How awful it is," I thought, "to see a little girl smiling unconsciously, while her father is but within one inch of death." We went in. The house was in little better condition than the last one. A man was lying on a bed. His face was pale, and conveyed the immediate impression of intolerable anguish. The high forehead seemed covered with stretched parchment. His cheeks were hectic. His eyes were sunken and looked as if he were vainly seeking compassion, and had lost all hope. They had a strange look, which told of silent suffering soon to be ended. Once in a while he coughed, and his cough was the terrible dry one of a man who has lost all his strength, and is nearly exhausted. The man might have been thirty-five, but looked fully fifty.

A woman about thirty years old, still pretty, but with a face bearing signs of mortal anguish, was giving him some milk. She tried to smile at him, as if she would make him believe that soon he would be well.

Four children were playing on the dusty floor with

marbles, putting them into their mouths, as careless children are apt to do.

A man and his wife, cousins, were near the bed, helping the sick man to take the milk.

"Good morning, Mr. Joe, how do you feel?"

"Oh! doctor! How do I feel? You know how I must feel. I am waiting the last moment, the terrible moment when I must say good-bye to my wife and my children."

Tears fell from his eyes, which told of the tremendous torture of his heart, the great sorrow of his soul.

"Yes, I feel that the time has come when I must say good-bye—and forever—and still I would die gladly if my dearest ones were not to be left alone—alone, with no one who will care for them—with no one who will support them. Oh! God! Oh! God! " His face became still more pale, until he fainted away. The wife began to cry out, thinking he was gone.

"He is not dead, madam, be sure of it; he has only fainted. Open all the windows; let the fresh air come in."

I made him smell ether, and little by little he opened his eyes. He moved his head around slowly, and seeing his wife with her eyes still wet, and realizing what had just happened, said: "Don't cry, my dear. I feel better, I—" A cough prevented him from continuing.

"Keep quiet, please," said I. "Have courage. Now take the milk."

"Please, doctor, let us go. My heart cannot look upon the sight any longer," broke in Will.

"Wait, Will, let me get through."

"Madam, give him, once in a while, a teaspoonful of this medicine, just to relieve him, that he may suffer as little as possible. I will call again this evening."

We went out. As soon as we reached the street Will drew a long breath of relief.

"Oh! doctor! Is it not a most awful sight?"

"I think it is, Will."

"He has consumption and is within but an inch of the grave. Is he not?"

"Unfortunately, he is."

"What can you do, by this time, for those affected with this terrible disease? Hardly a month passes during which we do not hear that such and such a doctor has made the great discovery of a cure for tuberculosis. The day afterward it is proved to be untrue. Imagine what disappointment it is to all these suffering people. And let me tell you that when the public is deluded in this way it loses its respect for medical science."

"What can we do? you ask. We can do nothing to cure it at present, but we could do a great deal to prevent it."

"You don't say! Why, then, don't you do it? Is it not a crime to let this dreadful disease ravage humanity?"

"Yes, it is a great crime, indeed. You speak about the seriousness of medical science. You should say of some medical men. Of course, you are quite right. There are not many like Pasteur, who before he announced to the world his discovery, that discovery was a proven fact. Yes, Will, true science is always in company with seriousness."

CHAPTER IV.

While we were walking slowly, talking about the last patient we had seen, and directing our steps toward the house in which the next one lived, a friend of mine, also a physician, happened to pass us.

"How do you, Dr. Nelli?" said he.

"I am first rate, thank you, Dr. Maynard, and how are you? Permit me to make you acquainted with my young friend, Mr. Luckyborn."

The two shook hands cordially, and then Dr. Maynard inquired whether I was kept busy or not.

"I cannot complain." I replied, with a smile, upon which Will and the doctor placed quite different interpretations. The doctor continued: "Can't complain, did you say? But your features indicate sarcasm. Is it not so? Yes, very bad business these days; no matter whom I ask says so. Well, au revoir."

"Au revoir."

"I think I understood your sarcastic smile better than he did," said Will, as soon as Dr. Maynard was beyond hearing.

"I presume you did."

"You felt ashamed, did you not?"

"Of course, I did."

"When doctors meet do they often speak in this manner?"

"No more often than other gentlemen engaged in the same line of business do. If you happen to be walking with an undertaker and he meets another, they will talk in the

same strain, rejoicing if many people are dying every day, and complaining if they are not."

"Goodness! Is not this horrible? Is not this shameful?" asked Will, in an indignant tone of voice.

"Yes, Will, I should say so, but you had better look for its cause in our so-called civilization, which you so heartily defend."

We had now arrived at the home of my next patient, and as I stopped and knocked at a half-open door, a voice from within said "Come in."

We went in. The housekeeper was carelessly sweeping the floor, filling the room with a cloud of dust. A man, lying sick on an unclean bed, was groaning at intervals. His entire face was affected by his disease. The eyelids were very aedematous, and closed. The skin in the vicinity was aczematous on account of the involuntary flow of tears. The nose shone and was swollen. The lips were thickened to twice their size. The conchae were very tense, stiff, glistening, and bright red. The integument of the cheeks and temples were infiltrated to a considerable extent. Really, the face made a frightful appearance. Will's pitiful eyes were fixed on the man, and his pale and mournful face appeared lost in sorrowful thought. I looked at him. Deeply affected, he was speaking to himself, putting questions to himself, and trying to find an answer. Like a man who talks while sleeping, he stammered, "'How is business, doctor?' Business! Is that what they call business? And good business means hundreds of persons suffering like the ones I have seen, like the one I now see? God! is it possible? Oh! no, it is a hideous dream. No, it is not a dream. It is reality. Reality in all its nakedness. Oh! men! What are we? We claim to stand very high. We claim to be the masterpiece of the creation. God created man in his own image, in the image of God created

he him. We Europeans and Americans claim to be the most civilized people of the world. Are we? I have been told that the Chinese pay the doctor while enjoying good health, and do not when they are ill. So when two Chinese doctors meet and say 'business is good,' they are happy because their people are enjoying good health. And our doctors are glad when many of their fellows are suffering! And we want to force the Chinese to give up their civilization and substitute our own for theirs! If they are as correct in other things as in this one, I do not wonder that they call us devils, wish to have no communication with us, and desire to send back home all *civilized* foreigners living among them."

He stopped, and I said to him: "Will, don't accuse us. We are the sons of our organization. Can I, for instance, accuse this woman, who, by sweeping the floor as she is doing now, puts her husband's life in jeopardy? Can I hold her responsible if she does not understand the value of my advice?"

"Madam, I have told you a hundred times to keep everything clean around your husband, and not to make the dust rise in the air in such a way. Do you not see that it settles on his face, and can kill him?"

"How can dust kill a man?" she asked, with astonishment. "I did not know that in sweeping the room I could hurt him."

"Yes, madam, you will do it if you do not listen to my advice. Well, bring me cotton gauze, so that I may dress his wound."

After I had finished, the man told me that he was suffering very much, and that he had not slept the night before. I decided to make an injection of morphine, so I asked his wife if she would boil a little water.

"Of course," she said.

"Well, then, do it immediately, and bring it to me."

While I was cleaning and disinfecting the place where I wished to inject the morphine, she returned with a small pot, saying, "Here is the boiled water you asked for, sir."

I looked into the pot and saw a straw in the water, so I said to her, "This water is not clean."

"Yes, sir; it is. The straw just fell in." And with her thumb and forefinger she took it out, saying, "Now it is all right."

"No, madam, now it is all wrong. You made the water dirtier by putting your fingers in it."

"No, doctor, my hands are clean."

"Your hands are clean, do you say? Go boil the water again. You can't understand me."

After the injection had been made I inquired as to its effect.

"The injection did me good," he said. "I don't feel any more pain. You know I want to get rid of it as soon as possible. We are poor, and the little money I have saved is about gone. I have four children. It is true that the eldest works, but he gets only three dollars a week, and God knows what a big family needs."

"Yes, I do know all that, my man. Don't you worry, I will do my best and hope you will soon be all right. Well, good-bye, and don't forget, Mrs. Louis, any of my instructions."

We went out.

"I wonder how in such a dirty *milieu* he can get rid of his disease? What is the name of the malady?"

"It is erysipelas."

"What a hard thing, not to say impossible, it is to make them understand that the best help to get well is cleanliness. You tell them so plainly all that you wish them to

do, that I do not know why it is that they do not understand."

"Do you not? I do. No one can understand such instructions, even the very simple ones, if he has been kept in ignorance. Now let us take the St. Charles car. It is about a quarter to ten, and I have to keep a consultation with two other doctors.

"It must be a desperate case, is it not?"

"It is, indeed. The car is coming."

CHAPTER V.

After a ride of fifteen minutes we alighted from the car and stopped in front of a beautiful residence. It was protected from the sharp sunbeams by the shadow of luxuriant magnolia trees and surrounded by a garden to which the landscape artist had applied his skill.

A passer-by would naturally have exclaimed, "What an ideal residence! The people living in there should be happy." And still happiness, if it really exist in our civilization, was very far from there. Appearances are often deceptive.

As Will and I were about to go into the house, two carriages stopped there, and two gentlemen alighted.

"Good morning, professor. Good morning, doctor," said I.

"Good morning, Dr. Nelli," they responded. "How is our little boy?"

"Since our last visit I returned twice, at midnight and at seven o'clock this morning. I found him worse. I think it is a very desperate case of tetanus."

"I think so, too," answered the professor, sorrowfully. "We have done all that could have been done. All that science teaches us to do. But it is of no avail."

Meanwhile a servant came to open the door, and we all went in together.

The floors were covered with rugs, and everybody walked with the least noise possible. The silence was as deep as if no living soul were there. We passed through several

handsomely furnished rooms, which testified to the owner's wealth, and at last entered a bedroom, shaded almost to darkness.

A boy about six years old was lying in bed. His head was drawn back, the legs rigidly extended, and the body thrown spasmodically into a condition of opistotonos. The forehead was wrinkled, and the corners of the mouth retracted, producing the peculiar smile called "the sardonic grin."

A lady about twenty-five years of age, beautiful as a Greek goddess, was sitting by his bedside and gazing at the boy with that expression of maternal sorrow on her face which no human words can describe; which only the brush of a Raphael can fitly portray, or the chisel of a master of masters produce in marble.

On the other side of the bed a gentleman, her husband, was sitting down, holding his face between his hands, once in a while letting escape a sob which he could not repress.

The boy was their only son. He had long golden hair, beautiful to look upon. He was the idol of his parents. Imagine, then, their sorrow.

As they heard us enter they arose, and looking at us sadly, in a voice all broken and husky with sobs, said, "Save our little boy!" As if it depended upon our will to do or not to do it. "*Spare me, Virgin Mary, spare me such an awful misfortune,*" said the mother, turning her head toward the sacred picture, and in a voice so tender and touching that it made us piteous to the point of weeping. It was a mother who was imploring a grace from another mother! But the time of miracles has past. Think of the sorrow of a doctor on such an occasion. Seeing death coming and not being able to do anything to prevent it.

While we were looking at the boy, with a feeling of discouragement and pity, consulting each other about what we

could still do, a convulsive seizure occurred, causing thoracic oppression, dyspnoea, and cyanosis, signs of the most agonizing sufferings.

The pulse became very slow, small and irregular.

The face had a strange spasmodic convulsion—the last one—the boy was dead.

As they saw their boy dead, the father felt like a man struck by a thunderbolt. The poor mother, almost insane, began to embrace the dead body, calling him by the sweetest names, and kissing him about the face, as if she would make him live again by her kisses. "Oh! my boy, my boy—my sweet little Willie, answer me, your dear mother—Willie, wake and kiss me—why not? Don't you hear me? You are dead? No! It cannot be, my darling. It cannot be that a small piece of wood, very small, could bring death to you. No, no, my pet—wake—kiss me, kiss—call your dear mother."

A violent convulsion seized her.

We could no longer endure this awful scene of sorrow. We went out. I looked at Will. He was shedding tears like a baby.

"Doctor, I heard the poor mother saying, 'Is it possible that a small piece of wood, very small, could cause death?' What did she mean?"

"At the beginning we were puzzled in learning the cause of the disease. She told that about twelve days ago, while playing in the garden, a piece of wood entered the boy's skin. She did not notice it until eight hours after, and she extracted it, without paying any more attention to it. Some microbes of tetanus, of course, must have been in the wood, and through it the boy was inoculated. Tetanus developed afterwards. But she thinks that death could not be caused by a piece of wood, just as the other poor woman we saw before was astonished that dust could kill her hus-

band. What do they know about microbes? Nothing at all. So they cannot realize the danger of any kind of a wound. They do not know that even a slight puncture of a needle can prove to be fatal. Countless diseases are developed and death follows because of ignorance, Will."

CHAPTER VI.

"And where next?" asked Will, in a tremulous voice.

"We are going to see a baby. I left him yesterday very low, and I should not wonder if we should find him dead, or dying."

"Dying! Must I assist again at another sorrowful scene in which a mother's heart is broken? I feel that I cannot endure it twice."

"Have a little more courage. I understand very well that life until today has been a paradise to you; and maybe you thought hell did not exist until after death. It is because you are a kindhearted boy that their sufferings make you sad. Indeed, there is no greater woe than that which you have just seen. And as a man who treads a thorny road on which he never was before, sharing in such torments, you are suffering a mortal anguish. I understand all that. If rulers and rich men could only see human misery with the same pitiful eye as you do, I guess the world would be changed in twenty-four hours."

We stopped in front of a hut, and, knocking at an old door which was opened immediately, went in. Three little children were crying and making a great noise, every one asking for a different thing. A poor woman was sitting in a chair, holding in her lap a baby which was lying in a dull stupor. In a moment he began to vomit and I saw that he was very low. As the case was hopeless, I gave the mother my last advice and went out.

"Were I a doctor," said Will, "after a few days' practice, I would give it up and search for another profession. I

could not endure this kind of life. I hear that the number of children dying during the year is enormous."

"Yes, Will, it is enormous, indeed. New Orleans pays a year's tribute of nine hundred and fifty lives, and New York fifteen thousand six hundred and forty-eight; the population under five years of age being two hundred and thirty-three thousand five hundred and thirty-seven, which means a death of sixty-seven per thousand. Think, judging by that, how many mothers there are in America who cry over empty cradles, and think of the terrible loss to society. And the most distressing feature of it all, Will, is that those children could be saved. Now let us go to see a pretty little girl, the daughter of Mrs. Bright. She has been very ill. It was a case of diphtheria. But now she is out of danger and about restored, thanks to diphtheria serum."

"Mrs. Bright's daughter, do you say? I deeply regret it. She is a very good friend of mine, and one of the most intelligent and highly educated ladies I know. Before she married she was one of the stars of our social circle. Let us go at once."

We went out of the alley and across a bridge, which took us again into the residence portion of the well-to-do. The cottage at which we stopped was suggestive of good taste rather than luxury. Mrs. Bright, a beautiful brunette with large dark eyes, was sitting at the bedside of her daughter, reading a book. As she saw us she arose, and, placing the book upon a small table, said with a sweet smile of content, "Good morning, doctor; my little pet is much better. She does not want to stay in bed any longer. Oh! Mr. Luckyborn, how do you do? I am very glad to see you."

"I first wish to congratulate you upon the recovery of your daughter, and, second, to beg your pardon for not

having called on you before," said Will, blushing. "I did not know that little Mary had been so ill."

"Yes, very ill, indeed. I thought her lost. Oh! I cannot think of the last week without shuddering. But now it is past, and my darling is well. She gave a warm kiss to the girl, and tenderly embracing her, continued, "Is it not true, doctor?"

"Yes, madam, she is well now."

"Since your last call I have read over and over again Pope's life of Napoleon. He was the most wonderful man the world has ever seen. He had the audacity of Hannibal combined with the genius of Caesar. His magic name will continue to defy men and things, even time itself. And as the years roll on, each new generation will inquire of its predecessors what they know of this man of destiny. His story fills more pages in the world's history than that of any other mortal. Do you know, doctor, that my husband has decided to take me to Europe as soon as you will say that little Mary can travel so far?"

"Well, if that is the only obstacle, you can begin to pack your trunks at once. Within a month, at most, you can start."

"Oh! I am very glad to hear it. I am eager to see Paris first, and in Paris Les Invalides—Napoleon's tomb."

"Madam," I said, "do you know who Roux and Berhing are?"

"Let me see—Roux and Behring." She became thoughtful and whispered, "Bernadotte, Beauharnais, Davoust, Lannes, Massena, Ney. No, doctor, I do not know them, or I do not remember. They were Napoleon's generals, I suppose. Were they not?"

"No, madam."

"Who were they, then, or are they still living? Have they done anything worthy of note?"

"They have saved the life of your daughter, madam. In Paris there is another tomb to visit; humbler, but far more important than that of Napoleon. When you come to it, kneel down and kiss the marble. *It is the tomb of Pasteur."*

CHAPTER VII.

"Such is your daily life, doctor?"

"Yes."

"And there are those who, speaking about Socialism, say that everybody would prefer to be a doctor rather than a tailor or a machinist. Even I thought so. Now I think that since men realize that they can live happier by undertaking any other profession than that of medicine, it would be very difficult to find men in a socialistic community who would choose it. It seems to me that you are liable at every moment to contract disease. Are you not?"

"Yes, indeed. But under Socialism this would be radically changed."

"What do you mean? Do you want me to believe that people will become ill in a different way; that there will be no more diseases, or that the constitution of the body will be modified?"

"Yes, Will, people will not become ill in the same way. Diseases will be lessened greatly, and the constitution of our bodies will be modified, too."

"I do not understand you. Misery cannot be the cause of disease. Do we not see the rich die as well as the poor? Do we not know that kings die of tuberculosis, as well as the poor man we saw this morning? Do they lack comfort, money, and the best physicians? No, doctor. Wealth has nothing to do with diseases, and we must, with Horace, say that death 'aequo pusat pede regumque turri pauperumque tabernae.'"

"It not being possible for you, as well as for the great

majority of people, to look deeply into this matter, you speak correctly; but let me assure you, Will, the great criminal for everybody, for the rich as well as for the poor, is misery. Perhaps to-morrow you will begin to understand. Now we have arrived at my last patient's house. Let us enter."

It was a very small room, so small that three persons could with difficulty move about inside. An old bed and two chairs were all the furniture. The air, tainted with foul odors, forced the lips and nostrils to close involuntarily, as if they would prevent the poisonous air from entering the lungs. Such was the place where a man, cursing himself, heaven, and the day when he was born, was watching his poor wife lying in a state of profound physical depression. A baby, five days old, was at her side. Her temperature was high, the pulse rapid, the tongue coated and the breath heavy.

"What is the matter, doctor, with this poor woman?" asked Will.

"She is dying. It is a very bad case of puerperal fever, degenerated into septicemia. The most sublime function of womankind will bring her to the grave.'

"Poor woman! What is puerperal fever?"

"It means that the act of labor has been conducted but septically, and consequently produces infectious material which poisons the body of the puerpera, and leads to the symptoms of septicaemia. When puerperal sepsis develops in a hospital, or in a rich family, either the attendants are culpable or the doctor has not fulfilled his duty. But here the great criminal is none but misery, with all his coworkers. Look at this room. Compare it with the stables where the rich keep their horses and dogs, and tell me if the human tragedy has not lasted too long. Yes, nature makes man in the image of God. Our social organization

has made him the most cruel animal of the earth. Suppose this were your mother, or your wife!"

"Please get through with her, for this sight is more than I can endure."

We went out. A little dog was seizing a piece of meat which was large enough to satisfy the hunger of two or more. Immediately a big dog, which saw it, ran after the small one, bit him severely, and took the meat.

"Did you see, Will, this dog fight and its cause?"

"Yes, I did. What of it?"

"Struggle for life. Are we not doing exactly what those dogs have done? Can you conceive of any society more anarchistic than ours? Homo homini lupus!"

CHAPTER VIII.

We had come to my office. The first patient who came in was a man of forty years of age. He said: "Well, doctor, what was the result of your examination of my sputum?"

"It is not so bad, but you must be very careful. It will be necessary for you to give up your business and go to live in the country; above all, where there are pine trees. Pure air, sunlight, good food, pure water, a careless mind and hygienic exercise and habitation will be more beneficial to you than any medicine."

"Give up my business! Go and live in the country! Do you take me for a rich man?"

"I do not know whether you are rich or poor. I give you the best advice I can."

"If I do not work, who will support me and my family?"

"You are right. I thought you could afford it. Continue the medicine I gave you a few days ago. How do you feel?"

"I cough less and feel a little stronger. I think this medicine is beneficial. I will continue using it, and when I have finished it I will see you again.'"

"Very well."

"What is the matter with him, doctor?" asked Will.

"He has consumption in its initial stage. It tortures me to announce to a patient that his disease is incurable. I

don't know how to express myself. Were he rich, perhaps he could be cured. But *he must continue to work.*"

Another man about the same age came in. He walked with head and body bent forward, the eyes directed towards the floor a short distance ahead, and took short, mincing and somewhat hurried steps, which gave one the impression that he was about to fall. His brother was with him. I examined him carefully, questioning his companion about everything necessary to establish a diagnosis. He was affected with delirium tremens. He was given advice, but it was too late to aid him materially.

"Will," said I, "if men could only guess the number of diseases to which alcohol opens the way, if they could know the diseases of which it is the cause, they would certainly think twice before drinking once."

The next patient was a young man of twenty-four. His body was completely covered by deep rounded ulcers which discharged a thick yellowish matter.

"What is the matter with him?" asked Will, as soon as he had gone.

"He has a very bad case of blood disease, a fearful one, not because it is followed by death, but because it produces so many other diseases which make life a positive torture."

"And this disease is a contagious one, is it not?"

"Indeed it is. Suppose that this young fellow touches (as he certainly does) these sores, and afterwards he touches any other article which may come in contact with a very small skin abrasion of another person. A little bit of this discharge deposited through this medium can inoculate the disease."

The next person in line showed by his dress that he was wealthy.

"Doctor," he said, "I come to consult you about certain symptoms which have been worrying me for about two

months. I have tenderness of scalp, headache, and fleeting neuralgia. From day to day my memory becomes more defective. I have difficulty in falling asleep at night, but I find myself overpowered with a desire for sleep during working hours when my business will not permit sleep."

"In what line of business are you engaged, sir?"

"I am the head of a great business corporation which requires an extraordinary activity on my part, and too much responsibility. For the last four months I have been greatly worried."

I examined him, and finding that every organ was satisfactory, said to him: "Sir, mental overwork is the cause of your disease, which we call neurasthenia. Interruption of all mental activity is most necessary for you. Take a three or four months' trip to a foreign country. It will surely cure you."

"It is impossible for me to do it."

"Surely you can afford it."

"It is not the question of affording it, for the cost of the trip itself would be but a trifle."

"Then why do you hesitate?"

"Some matters concerning my business are too pressing. Perhaps in four or five months I will be able to follow your advice."

As he could not comply with the first request, I gave him some other directions, and he left feeling quite satisfied.

"What do you say of this Will? 'I am rich enough, but my business does not allow me to depart. Perhaps in four or five months I will be able to follow your advice.' Is it not amusing?"

"He must have been crazy to speak as he did. No sane man, I think, would put business before health."

"You are greatly mistaken. We see it every day. Commerce and manufacture as they are organized nowadays

compel business men to be very careful, because failure is easy, while success is difficult.

"I have heard my father say that very often."

"Yes, hard work, insufficient rest, late suppers, the little time given to properly masticate and digest food, the drink habit, and gambling at the stock exchange kill most business men at the time of life when they should be at their best."

A pretty young girl, about eighteen years old, was next. Her mother, who was with her, said: "Doctor, one year ago she was very healthy. Her face was the color of a rose. But now she is pale, and from day to day she seems to grow more and more emaciated. She has no appetite, complains very often of headache, her hands are cold, and yesterday she fainted away. I do not know what is the matter with her."

"What is her occupation?"

"For a year she has been working in a cigar factory."

"Don't you see that this work has made her ill? Make her give up this work. And if you can send her for a short time into the country, her cheeks will look like roses again."

The mother promised to accept my advice and they left.

"Will, can you imagine the number of poor girls to whom work in a cigar factory opens the way for tuberculosis?"

"I am sure I never gave the matter much consideration."

"Is smoking a life's necessity? No. It is positively dangerous. I, like many others, do not smoke. Neither, in general, do women smoke, which means that the majority of people abstain from it. Has society the right to sacrifice the life of a great number of girls to this filthy habit of men? Only men who use tobacco should be permitted to engage in its manufacture."

The man of fifty who next stepped up was asked to sit down and have a little rest before speaking, as he had

shortness of breath and looked very tired. He was apparently filled with anxiety and spoke as soon as it was possible. "Doctor," he said, "I feel a sharp pain which radiates from the neck to the left shoulder and arm. Often, and above all, in the night when I lie in bed I cannot breathe well. Palpitation of the heart occurs when I attempt any slight exercise. I see flashes of light before the eyes. My sleep is restless, and I noticed this morning that my legs were swollen."

I examined him and found that he had an aortic incompetency, so I said to him, "Well, you have a little heart trouble."

He did not seem to realize the real meaning of the statement and answered:

"Well, what shall I do in order to get over it? I wish to be cured quickly. I have a large family and must work, and now I feel that I cannot; so my family is in distress. Give me a good medicine."

"Medicine will certainly do you some good, but your disease will take a very long time to be cured (it was incurable) and you can not work any more."

"Cannot not work any more, did you say? After I die I shall cease work. But while I live I prefer to suffer and work rather than suffer less and see my family in distress." After a moment's hesitation he continued: "You say that it will take a very long time to be cured. Excuse me, but a friend of mine who reads the newspaper told me that the newspaper says there is a doctor who can cure any disease in a few days' time. So I will go and see this doctor." And so speaking, he bowed and went out.

"What a blockhead!" said Will.

"Do not blame a drowning man for grasping a straw," replied I. "As though disease and ignorance were not enough, he is kept in chains and must work. So long as

there are religious sects which indorse the present order of society, they ought to throw their books of ethics into the fire."

We left the office for a stroll among pleasanter scenes, but still continued the discussion.

CHAPTER IX.

"The experiences of to-day," said Will, "have surely opened my eyes to the miseries of humanity."

"You have seen but little. Of the endless number of the wretched and their torments you have but a faint idea. Make the round of the hospitals of the largest cities in the world and you shall see everywhere the sores of our social disease. You have never descended into the bowels of the earth, the dark, dull, damp mines; those true graves of living souls, where no sunbeam ever penetrates, and where hundreds of thousands of men and children work like beasts, from sunrise to sunset, for just enough to keep them alive. You have never visited the factories, where thousands of women are working in a condition that is a disgrace to all who call themselves civilized. Listen! These are the words of a French lady who disguised herself as a laborer, so as to live the life of a factory girl::

"'I rebel inwardly against a society whose economic demands are such as to require the sacrifice of human bodies and human souls. My own physical exhaustion forces me to magnify the compassion I feel for my comrades. I no longer make any distinction among them. I see, now, but a numberless class of slaves, each individual deserving our pity. Work appeared to me under the form of a monster nourished by the lives of human beings. For two days afterward I was unable to undertake my work. Extreme weariness had given me fever. Each one of my bones, each one of my joints, pained me.'[1]

[1] Revue de deux mondes. 1st December, 1902.

"So you see how it affects people of your class, when, even for a few days, they find out, through experience, what wage-slavery in a modern factory really is.

"You have never witnessed that most awful spectacle, which, I think, is the most terrible known to humanity, a bread riot. These have occurred in almost every large city of Europe and America—in some cities again and again. Police and militia always dispersed the crowds, and the upper class never bothered about the cause of the disturbances. Have you ever witnessed real starvation? Let me quote a passage from Leo Tolstoi: 'Elissey turned the knob and entered the vestibule, where she found the door of the room wide open. On the left side of the apartment was the oven, and directly opposite the visitor was the "sacred corner," which contained the holy pictures. In the centre of the room was a table, and behind it stood a bench, on which sat an old woman, with hair unkempt, resting her head upon the table. By her side was an emaciated little boy, who was catching the woman's sleeve and pleading piteously that she would give him something. When Elissey entered the room he found the air very oppressive. On a bed by the stove lay another woman prone upon her face. She did not even look up and seemed to be suffering intensely. She turned restlessly from side to side, and as Elissey approached the couch, the air of the room became still more offensive. Finally she raised her head and gazed helplessly at the intruder.

" 'What do you want?' she asked at last. 'We have nothing left, my dear man.'

"Elissey understood what she meant, and approaching her, kindly said:

" 'I am but a servant of God, and I came here only for a drink.'

" 'Godfather,' replied the woman, 'there is nothing in

the house, and you may therefore go your way.'

"'Is there no well person here,' asked Elissey, 'to care for a sick woman?'

"'We are all sick,' replied the woman. 'A man is dying in the yard, and we in the house.' On seeing a stranger, the boy stopped crying, but as soon as the old woman began to speak he again caught her by the sleeve, pleading: 'Bread! My grandma, give me bread!' And the boy cried bitterly.

"As Elissey was about to question the old woman, the peasant from the yard entered the room and passed toward the wall, intending to take a seat on the bench. Having too little strength to reach it, however, he fell prostrate on the floor. He did not attempt to rise, and while in that position he tried to speak, but his breath came in gasps. He finally managed to utter "Sickness and hunger!" After a pause he nodded with his head toward the boy and gasped: "He—he is dying—of hunger!" Then he began to cry like a child.'"[1]

"Yes, but we have nothing so bad as that in New Orleans, I hope."

"What difference does it make where people live? Do you find any difference between the cry of anguish coming from the tormented souls of your fellow men, because their names sound strange to you? Does it make any difference if this cry comes from Russia, England, Italy, France, Spain, or America? Let us no longer take notice of the barriers by which the tyrants have divided the earth, and with the earth, the men. Is not the unity of mankind our most sacred ideal? The beauty of Socialism consists largely in the fact that it refuses to recognize national frontiers. Do you call a man from Tennessee a foreigner?"

"No."

[1] "Two Old Men"—By Count Leo Tolstoi.

"Why?"

"Because Tennessee and Louisiana are two States of the American Union."

"But suppose that this union did not exist. You would call the man from Tennessee a foreigner, and would fight him if your State demanded it, would you not?"

"I suppose I would."

"Why must nations be divided, and fighting each other instead of being united under one flag, the flag of peace, of work, of justice, of love? For that is the flag under which we can realize *true happiness as the common heritage of humanity.* This was the golden dream of the young Frenchman, Saint Simon, a lad of seventeen, when he was made colonel by Washington on the battlefield, where he was fighting for the liberty of a people who were wholly strange to him, who spoke a language which he could not understand."

"Beautiful! A divine ideal! But to realize it men's hearts must first be good. But you know that the most violent passions agitate our lives. Hate overpowers love. We are born so."

"We are born so, did you say? Oh! Will! Don't you know that the man who first said 'This belongs to me,' and the legislature which first approved and legalized the theft, were the first criminals who sowed hate among men? Don't you understand that tyrants and priests, often typified by only one man, have, in all ages, hypnotized the mass of the people and made them believe what are really nothing but absurdities; terrified them with misinterpretations of natural phenomena, which, it has been said, are supernatural; and made them believe eternal punishment would result if their doctrines (which have been nothing but their will) were not obeyed? Don't you see that the strategem of Moses, who ascended Mount Sinai, made laws which

suited him, descended and told the people that those laws were dictated by God, was much like that used by Greek and Roman rulers, who made people believe that they were differently made, that they were sons of their gods and goddesses, just to have the people blindly submissive to their will? Don't you see that the same means of deception are used at present by kings, who try to make poor and ignorant people believe that they rule by divine right?"

"Then must we give up the Bible, the gospel which so many generations have recognized as their book of morals? Must we not cling to these doctrines, which surely have been sanctified by the good they have done?"

"I make a difference. If you have reference to the doctrine that God is infinite love; that men are brothers; that there should be 'Peace on earth and good will toward men;' then, assuredly, I am in favor of keeping them forever. But if you mean the doctrines which are based upon the stories found in the Old Testament, where it is said that God destroyed cities, led armies in battle, and sanctioned the most terrible crimes; then I must frankly admit that I despise them, and say that the sooner we are all educated above them the better. The Bible has it that God said: 'Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters. Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years: And let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth; and it was so. And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: he made the stars also. And God set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth, and to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness: and God saw that it was good.'

"But how different is the teaching of science. The great French astronomer, Camille Flammarion, says:

" 'Consider, for example, the Shore of the Milky Way, photographed at the observatory of Heidelberg, by Mr. Wolf, the astronomer, who discovered a large number of small planets by aid of photography. I do not know if I am mistaken, and I hope I am not, but it seems to me that it is impossible to look, to contemplate, to examine, to dig, in this field of stars, without feeling a vivid and profound emotion. Suppose that each of these points is a sun equal to that which gives us light and is one or more million times as large as our earth, a center of creation, a focus of a formidable activity alongside of which the dazzling splendor of our sun is but a pale phantom; suppose that each one of these has surrounding it many waves of light, heat, electricity, and energy. Try to count them. Imagine yourself making a journey around each of them, knowing that each projects before the other, at all distances. Try to understand this grandeur, this immensity, this abundance in boundless space; each point animated with a speed so rapid that the velocity of a cannon ball is a tortoise in comparison. With this view in mind, if you do not think that the touching poems of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Aristole, Tasso, Camoens, Goethe, Lamartine, Longfellow, Victor Hugo, vanish like so many ephemeral shadows before the splendors of the heavens, then never waste your time with books of astronomy. . . . . What, then, is the earth, in the face of these realities? An insignificant atom. To compare the emotions of terrestrial life to these grandeurs, pretending that these are inert stars and superfluous creations, that life should exist only on our grain of dust; this would be reasoning like the mole in his cave. We shall not affront our readers by thinking that any of them still believe such nonsense.'

"Will, can you conceive an idea of this infinitude of being so suggestive of the wisdom and power of God?"

"Its magnitude bewilders me when I think of it."

"Would the Maker, then, be like man, controlled by love of gain and other passions, caring not when the poor are suffering? Atheists insult God less by their unbelief than you believers who have transformed the divine idea into a means of oppression."

Without perceiving it, we had walked along Conti street and reached the uptown river side corner of Basin street.

"Look around you, Will. Does anything attract your attention?"

"I see nothing of special significance.'

"I will explain myself better. Look to your right."

"A church."

"And opposite the church?"

"A graveyard."

"Now look a little bit to the left, and at the end of the street."

"I see houses of ill-fame, the city court, and the jail."

"And what is the meaning of it all?"

"I leave the answer to you."

"Listen then. 'Every tree is known by its own fruit.' Because in our society superstition triumphs over science, all these shameful results are the natural fruits of our so-called civilization. In a knowledge of the science of society lies our only hope."

"Doctor, you have made me understand that misery could be wiped out by adopting a new system of administration. But do you think Socialism can cure our evil passions and desires; in other words, our sins?"

"If Socialists were fighting only to give everybody the material comforts of life, their efforts would be commendable, but theirs would not be a sublime and divine ideal.

Indeed, the evolution of our animal life tends to realize the best material comfort of the body, as the evolution of our soul tends to the perfection of our moral acts. Socialism rightly claims that the latter is the consequence of the first, and that one cannot exist without the other."

"So you fight—"

"We fight to put an end to tyranny, an end to the oppression of men, the prostitution of women, and the slavery of children. We want to overthrow the present world; the world of wretchedness, of injustice, of crime; the world of prejudice, of error, of immorality, of darkness. And from its ruins we seek to build a world of true Morality, true Liberty, true Fraternity; a kingdom of Love, of Justice, of Light."

CHAPTER X.

After arranging to meet at the Young Men's Gymnastic Club at ten o'clock the next morning, we parted.

When I reached the club Will was already there.

"Good morning, Will; what is the matter? Don't you feel well?"

"No. I passed a horrible night."

"You did? Why?

"Why! Do you think that a man can sleep at night after passing the day in hell? When I went home yesterday it was dinner time, but I could not eat. I was silent during the meal, and my mother, who is accustomed to see me in good spirits, asked the reason. I said that I was a little tired and wished to go to bed. And, really, I was worn out and dispirited. The elegance and lavish luxury of my home, the delicious dinner just served in plates of costly white Ginori ware increased my pain of mind. So I retired at once. I desired repose, but it was not to be had. I began to turn restlessly from side to side, my eyes rebelling against sleep. All those suffering persons whom I had seen while in your company passed before my eyes, one after the other. Afterward they multiplied and I saw a great wretched multitude standing before me. The illusion was so strong that I seemed to hear their doleful sounds. I recovered myself with a start, and regained my will-power. Then I began to think of the little ones that are suckled by poverty and disease, of the hoarse curses of men working like beasts and degenerated to brutes, of the tears of an army of women selling themselves for bread. I felt ashamed of myself for living in such luxury, for resting upon such an expensive bed; ashamed of my wealth.

As I found sleep impossible, I dressed and took a newspaper to turn my thoughts to other subjects. A staring headline at once attracted my attention: *"The Utterances of Emperor William Against the Socialists."* I read: 'The Emperor, while reviewing a regiment of soldiers today, said to them: "The Socialists are our greatest enemies. Some day, if you should be commanded to shoot them, *shoot,* even though among them there may be your brothers, your fathers, and your mothers."'[1] 'God!' I exclaimed, 'can it be?' and the newspaper dropped from my hands. 'No! It is an hallucination. My eyes are certainly under the influence of my excited mind. Can there be a man—why do I say a man?—can there be a brute on earth who would pronounce such words? No! It can be but a hallucination.' I took the newspaper again and reread the article. Horrors! Those words were there.

"'Will, may I come in?' asked my mother.

"I was glad that she came, so I said: 'Yes, come in, mother.'

"'How do you feel now? You went to bed so early and looked so melancholy that I do not know what to think,' said mother.

"'It is nothing, dear mother,' said I. 'I am tired, that is all. I took a walk with a friend of mine and got a terrible headache. But now I feel much better.'

"'Then I will go to bed and rest easy.'

"'What time is it now?'

"'Eleven o'clock.'

[1] This commandment is said by the Emperor to have been given by God to his father. Compare with it the following:

Honor thy father and thy mother. *Thou shalt not kill.*—Exodus xx:12-13.

Honor thy father and thy mother, both in word and deed, that a blessing may come upon thee from them.—Ecclesiastics iii:8.

Honor thy father and thy mother, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as theyself.—St. Matthew xxiii:19.

"'All right. Good night.'

"'Good night.' And she gave me a kiss. I felt all the tenderness of her kiss, and I embraced her lovingly. She kissed me again. You know the warmth of a mother's kiss, and I thought that if I were a German soldier and my dear mother were among the people who were fighting for their rights, for their redemption and that of humanity; if I should be commanded by a *man* to fire at her, I ought to kill—her! Heavens! Such brutality! And in a civilized country!

"I sat for a long time wrapped in thought. At last sleep overcame me and I again went to bed.

"I dreamt that I was in a vast open plain, at the end of which there was a small hill. The plain was crowded with millions of people—men, women and children. Some were standing up, some were prostrated on the ground, some kneeling down. All looked emaciated. I heard the piteous crying of the children, the feeble groans of women, the hoarse curses of men. As they were looking toward the hill, a feeling of fear overcame them. I approached the hill. A monstrous giant was standing at the top. He held in his hands three swords, with which he seemed to dominate them. The swords were glittering, and each one bore an inscription: *'Ignorance'—'Religious Prejudice'—'National Prejudice.'* I was very near him. I could see his face, but the crowd could not. When, at times, men with hoarse curses went forward, he would pale and tremble, but still kept them off with the three terrible swords. As the crowd turned back in fear he laughed satanically; but the crowd could not see it. Then from the crowd came a murmur like a faint rumble of thunder. All began to turn their faces and look at a bright point which was slowly arising from the opposite side of the monster. I turned, too, and saw a glittering star moving

toward the crowd. I looked at the giant, and saw him gaze at the star and then at his three swords, and laugh again. The star was still moving toward us and becoming brighter and larger. Again I looked at the monster. He had ceased laughing and once more showed signs of fear. The star, now bright as the sun, reached the middle of the plain, directly above the center of the crowd. By its light they saw their misery better. Then a heavenly voice coming from it shouted, 'Wretched of all nations, whom I see here together, why are you afraid of the monster? Look at him. He is trembling. Do you believe that he is as strong as bronze? He makes you believe it, but it is not so. Meet his swords, they will break of themselves. Strike, but all at one time, and the monstrous giant, whose slaves you are, and who, like a vampire, sucks your blood, will disappear.' The voice ceased. The crowd, understanding, began to curse the monster terribly. I looked at him. He was pale as death, and was violently striking the air with swords, and, above all, those representing Nationality and The Church.

"The voice shouted again: 'Wretched of all nations, follow me; I will lead you in the fight.' And the star began to move against the monster. The crowd followed, for they saw that the star had three more powerful swords, on one of which was written *'Wisdom;'* on another, *'Justice.'* and on the third, *'Love.'* When the star reached the monster the earth trembled. The two enemies looked at each other face to face. The monster's three swords became only one. Its name was *Darkness.* The star's three swords became one also. Its name was *Light.* The great struggle began. It was terrible. The earth trembled. Blood flowed in torrents, but *Light* was victor over *Darkness,* and ruled the world.

'Yet my dream did not end. I was in a poor, damp, dark

room, where the air was very oppressive. I felt afraid. I heard loud laughter and looked in the direction from which it proceeded. I saw, near by, a gorgeous room, where sumptuously dressed ladies and gentlemen, some of the latter in brilliant military uniform, were eating and drinking hilariously. The table glittered with plate and costly china, and was covered with beautiful flowers.

"I could not realize how it happened that I was in the wretched room where the air was so offensive, and still see, so near at hand, another room handsomely furnished. I tried to get out, but was attracted by a feeble and painful groan coming from a spot very near where I stood. As I looked, horror struck, I saw that a woman in a corner of the room was prostrated upon the floor, motionless. Her dress was tattered, her hair unkempt, her face so emaciated that I could see the skeleton. The sunken eyes had a look pitiful enough to break a heart of stone. A baby at her bosom seemed to suckle, but really it was dead. I gazed at her. She was not old, but she was dying.

"Pity overpowered me. 'Who are you?' I asked. She moved her eyes slowly toward me and gasped: 'Who am I? Take a knife, strike it deep into my bosom and reach my heart. There is the mystery of the anguish. Go on, open my stomach—there is the mystery of hunger. Tear my arms from my body. In my bones you will find the mystery of the cold. Are you afraid? Rend my body and you shall find, one by one, all the pains of misery. Open my head. Do you think that I have no brain? There is one there. Cut it and there you shall find the mystery of sorrow. Look into my eyes. They are dry and sunken. Do you know why? They have no more tears to shed. I have cried—I have implored so much that I now have not strength to speak. Do you see those people in the other room? I smell what they are eating—I asked for some—

I asked for a dress to cover my nakedness—but they are deaf! Look over there in the opposite corner of the room —look, my husband is lying dead—dead! Do you know why? He worked for them while sick—to give them all this luxury. Some of their cast-off garments could cover my nakedness. The remnants of their meals which they throw away could have saved my husband—my baby—could save me! But they are deaf.'

"I was horror struck. I turned toward the people laughing in their lavish luxury and shouted: 'Oh! you that are eating, drinking and laughing, come here. A woman—do you hear me? A woman is dying. Hurry up. Some of your food can save her from death.' Nobody seemed to listen to me, so I shouted louder: 'Hurry up; stop your revelries for a little while; let us save this poor mother; you will laugh better afterward.'

"They turned their heads toward me and laughed the louder. 'Murderers!' I shouted with all my strength, 'murderers! here is a woman dying, a woman whose blood shall be upon your heads!'

"I think that I really shouted, because at that moment I was awakened by my mother's voice.

" 'Will,' she said, 'are you having a bad dream?'

"I opened my eyes and saw mother, but I could not speak.

"She continued: 'Yes, you have had a bad dream.'

" 'Mother,' I said, 'there is a man who, in speaking to his soldiers, said: "Some day if you shall be commanded to shoot at them, shoot, even if among them there may be your brothers, your fathers, and your mothers." And this man rules!'

" 'Will,' she answered, 'I heard you shouting "Murderers," and now you speak of soldiers. Awake, my dear boy, you are still half asleep. How could such a man exist? On earth there are not such brutes.'

"I was not asleep, but under the terrible influence of my last dream. I asked what time it was. My mother answered 'half past nine.' I hurried and here I am, doctor."

All the time that Will was speaking I dared not stop him. He appeared to me as an inspired spirit. I did not see Will. I saw in him the prophet. I saw in him the American soul not yet contaminated by contact with European rulers; the soul which rebels against tyranny, which is destined to rescue humanity. And I kissed him.

CHAPTER XI.

We heard some noise coming from the gymnasium, and I said to Will: "Let us go and see the boys at work."

We went in where Professor Shoenfeldt was training young boys, between eight and twenty years of age, to vault over the horse in one movement. He stood among them and looked like a Roman gladiator. His athletic form showed what regular exercise does for the body. Some of the boys, especially the older ones, seemed almost as well developed as the professor. They, since the age of eight, had doubtless received his training regularly.

"Look, Will, is it not a pleasure to see boys so well built and looking so strong?"

"It is, indeed."

"I wish that all boys might be like those."

"Your aspirations are beautiful, indeed."

"Yes, they are the aspirations of the divine socialistic soul, of which mine is but an atom.'

We went out, and while walking along Canal street Will stopped and said: "Look at this chromo, doctor." I turned my head and saw the portrait of the Kaiser, wearing his gorgeous imperial uniform. Will continued: "Can you understand why a man should be dressed so queerly in the twentieth century?"

"This man, Will, knows his business. You stopped and made me stop, too, because you saw a picture of a man in brilliant dress. So do all kinds of people stop. You, as an intelligent person, said, 'Can you understand why a man should be dressed so queerly in the twentieth century?'

But the ignorant mass of the European people, what do they think? The knights of the middle ages wore coats of mail in order to protect their bodies. He, like his cousins (they call themselves cousins, you know), wears a golden uniform to impress the population. Does he not say that he rules by divine right? In a letter written to Admiral Hollmann did he not announce to the world—risum teneatis amici—that God revealed himself to his father? So, with uniform made by the *vulgar hands of laborers,* he tries to make the working class believe that he is God's delegate. And he, a first class comedian who knows well how stupid the people are, changes his attire eight times a day. And priests and ministers who have transformed the name of Almighty God into a tool for tyrants, who like ease and pleasure rather than the duty of preaching to the poor like Christ; these priests and ministers, I say, are ready to help him in the impostures with which he fools the crowd. Oh! if we could only show the working people in a series of portraits how wrong our whole system is, and how unrighteous our rulers are!"

CHAPTER XII.

While talking about the ignorance of the European peasant, we found ourselves before a wholesale grocery store.

"Let us stop here, Will, and for a moment look at those men who are busy packing provisions and sending them to the retail groceries. Look at the different trade marks which distinguish articles of the same kind."

"Well, doctor, by what you are pointing out to me I deduce two things; first, that we get the best quality of food; second, we pay the cheapest price for which it can be procured."

"I do not see how. Will you please explain your meaning?"

"It is easy enough to understand it. The factories producing the same article have the greatest interest in making it the best they can, in order to satisfy the public, and sell it at the cheapest price possible because of competition; so they fight each other and the public gets the best of the game."

"That is what you think, or what they try to make you believe."

"What do you mean? Now it is I who do not understand."

"Answer me. Why are the owners of the establishments which turn out food products engaged in that line of business?"

"In order to make money, like everybody else."

"Exactly. But I would say—in order to make as much money as they can. Now, if this be true, is it not more

natural to believe that, being obliged to fight each other, they adulterate their products in order to stand the competition and get large profits? Look here (and I showed him a newspaper). Read only the head-lines. They are sufficient. *'Impure drugs sold by some local dealers; twenty samples taken by the City Board of Health, and twelve of these found to be below the standard of purity.'* Now, what do you think? If men, in order to get money, neither scruple nor fear to adulterate drugs, what must we not suspect of those who manage food production? So in this case they fight each other, as you say, Will, but with this difference; the people get the worst of the game. A celebrated Englishman once wrote to his son: 'Make money, my boy; honestly if you can; *but make money.*'"

"Goodness! Then in our social organization is honesty an empty word?"

"Honesty! Let me answer with Prince Hamlet: 'To be honest as this world goes is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.' And I have pointed out to you only one phase of the problem. Now, who watches over the making of those products which we eat and drink? Are the chemicals which they use pure? If pure, are they conducive to health? Are these products made *clean,* as we understand this word in medical science? Look at those men who handle them; see how filthy they are. Can you tell me the number of dirty hands through which this food passes before we take some from a china plate with a silver fork and put it into our mouths. If you could see with my eyes the sad effects of this criminal carelessness you would certainly come to the conclusion that men are fools and that their governments are shams."

"Let us go. I begin to feel disgusted."

We turned to our left, and after going a few steps we

reached a market. Will stared intently at a stall in which meat was being sold.

"What interests you so, Will?

"What! Have you no eyes?"

"Do you mean that everything and everybody about here is dirty?"

"No! Look over there (and he pointed out to me the butcher's stand). Look at that man selling meat! Is he not the young man we saw in your office with his body covered with contagious chancres?"

I looked at him. It was he.

"Will, how many there are who come to the market to buy food, and instead buy disease—and death."

"Is it not awful?"

"Yes, when I look at our surroundings; when I examine the unhygienic *mileu* where people live; when I consider what we eat, what we drink, what we breathe, our overwork, our sorrows; in other words, when I consider the two classes of enemies, the ones which weaken our bodies, and the others which attack it with poison; when I consider all the dangers to which we are exposed at every moment; and when, notwithstanding all that, I see people still living and resisting these enemies, my soul cannot restrain the cry: If the resisting power of the cells of the human body is so tremendous, what might we all not be if we could live in an uncontaminated environment, according to the laws of health!"

CHAPTER XIII.

"You did not eat yesterday, Will, so you must be hungry this morning. Let us go and breakfast together."

"I feel hungry, but I really don't feel any desire to eat, after all I have just seen."

"But you cannot always go without eating; and it will be the same if you eat now, this evening, or to-morrow."

"Well, let us go. Which restaurant do you prefer?"

"Speaking of preference, I always choose the cleanest."

"Then let us go into one of the cleanest and most fashionable restaurants."

We went to X——'s. There were flowers, china dishes, silverware, and waiters in full dress. Everything seemed proper. We sat down and I said to Will, "What wine do you prefer?"

"Oh, let us have a bottle of California wine."

"And what else?" added the waiter.

"Oranges, two omelettes, two beefsteaks, and some cheese."

"All right, sir."

"Apropos of wine, Will, I wish to relate a little tale I read in a Chicago newspaper the other day."

"Some of a lighter nature, after all our serious discussions, would surely be interesting."

"There was in Chicago a man who made a large fortune in the wine business. He had four or five sons whom he made his partners, in order that they could continue, after his death, to attend to the business. When he was at the point of death he called his children and said: 'My boys,

you have seen the different ways in which I have always made wine, but before I die I wish you to know that wine is also made from grapes."

"Then, perhaps, we are not drinking wine at all."

"It would take an expert to tell what we are drinking."

As soon as we had finished our breakfast we went out. By another door of the restaurant a man came out at the same time, and, seeing me, said, "Good morning, doctor, I am glad I saw you at breakfast. It will save me the trouble of going to your office. I wish to tell you that last night I expectorated blood. What shall I do? Must I continue with the same medicine?"

"Did it continue through the night?"

"No. It ceased after a short time."

"Then continue, as you cannot do otherwise.'

"Did you breakfast here, doctor? How do you like the cuisine?"

"It is delicious."

"I am the cook, sir."

"You are the cook!" whispered Will, with a face so red that I feared the cook would notice his anger. But he did not hear what was said and went back into the restaurant. Will continued: "He cooked our omelettes—our meat! Then, even where everything looks clean; even here we cannot be sure! And instead of eating pure food, we have eaten, perhaps, tuberculosis microbes! Yes, doctor, our world is but an asylum for fools. And tell me, why do you doctors, when you know of such cases as the butcher and this cook, keep it secret? Why do you not prevent them from continuing their work. Are you not winking at criminal deeds, and consequently are you not criminals also? Exuse me, for I do not intend to insult you. I speak generally."

"I excuse you fully, Will. But think quietly about it

and you shall see that we cannot prevent helping a criminal deed, as you say, for the reason that those persons are not criminals at all."

"Perhaps you do not understand what I mean by the word criminal. For instance, here lies a man killed."

"Well?"

"Because this man was not killed with a revolver, or a knife, do you think that you cannot call the man who killed him a 'criminal?' I think that a man who kills another with a pistol or knife is less culpable than one who inoculates those against whom he bears no resentment with a terrible disease, which will bring them to the grave after long and awful tortures. Doctor, I see people killed. The murders must exist. There is no question about that. If, as you say, the criminals are not these persons, nor you doctors, who, then, are they?"

Will was speaking under extraordinary excitement of mind, in consequence, of course, of having eaten a breakfast cooked by a man who had consumption. I asked him to be calm and not permit the breakfast to make him sick. Then I explained the matter to him.

"You are right," I said. "I do not claim that the murderer does not exist; I only say that neither the diseased persons nor the doctors are the criminals to be accused and cursed. Look at the whole situation with an impartial eye. You have been incensed by seeing only two men and only two different contagious diseases. My eyes see more than two contagious diseases and more than two men. You look at New Orleans alone. I look at the whole world, for everywhere prevails the same disgrace. You are not even sure that your cook at home is well. Now listen. All those people affected with contagious diseases are obliged to work, for they are poor. And you have seen that generally the poorer they are the more children they have, and

you know why. Society does not care for them or their families. Now, if our social régime keeps them in the darkness of ignorance; if we do not care for them and for their families, how can you say that those wretched people ought to be of such heroic stuff as to say: 'Let us die of disease and hunger; let our children starve; in order to preserve the rich from being infected.' And we doctors! Can any law compel us to denounce them? No. We ought to keep the secret. Ought such a law be made without first assuring a living to them and their families? No. It would be one of the most infamous laws, which no doctor could obey without both doing wrong and losing his patients. But you spoke the truth when you said: 'Here lies a man murdered. The murderer must exist. Yes, the murderer exists, but you looked for him in the wrong place."

"Then who are the murderers?"

"Those who indorse and defend capitalism—our present social organization."

"Yes, it must be true. But tell me how far are we from your ideal?"

"How far? The monster is laughing no more. The star, bright as the sun, has reached the middle of the plain and shines full upon the crowd; and they see their misery better, and see also their rights and their power. The time is not far off when the two enemies will find themselves face to face."

CHAPTER XIV.

While talking we had reached Canal street. We saw an unusually large number of people on the sidewalks. No street cars were running.

"What is the matter?" asked Will of a bystander.

"The carmen are out on a strike," was the answer.

"It is becoming very serious," said Will. "There are strikes all over Europe and the United States."

"Will, a moment ago you asked me how long we must wait for organization of society. Now, don't you see that these strikes are the skirmishes preceding a greater struggle than any known to history?"

"I don't know about Europe, but the majority of the American labor organizations are not socialistic, as far as I know. So I don't see how you can say that these strikes are the skirmishes preceding the great struggle."

"I know that, but many of the men belonging to the unions are Socialists. And the rest of them, in a little while, will become Socialists also. Perhaps some of them do not know yet what Socialism means, and I know that some of their leaders, caring only for their own interests and speculating upon the ignorance of their fellow-members, are seeking a political position from those whom they claim to fight; willing to sell themselves to the highest bidder. But as soon as the mass of the workingmen will be taught what Socialism means, they will see that it only can put an end to their slavery, and establish true Equality, true Liberty, true Fraternity. As soon as they will understand this, I say, then they will all become Socialists and

will get rid of the leaders who are deceiving them. For they will realize that no matter what form of government we can have, so long as capitalism prevails they will be always beasts of burden."

"I understand and agree with you. But meanwhile you must confess that these strikes are doing much harm to others and to the strikers themselves. And you that fight for the right, the freedom of everybody, begin by violating that freedom. I believe the principle that a man has a right to sell his labor at whatever price he chooses to fix is quite right. And that the right to earn bread for his family by using any opportunity that presents itself is a sacred one. So I admit that workmen may legally maintain a pacific blockade, but may not enforce a belligerent one. They may use moral suasion to induce a fellow workman not to work or to seek employment, but they have no right to use violence. If they in any way use coercion they immediately render themselves criminals. I am sure that you fully agree with me. If not, are you who are fighting against the power of brute force not beginning by using it against others? There is no escape from this conclusion."

"You are using the common argument taught to the public by those who are interested in having it accepted. The hypocrite has always a smile on his lips, and honey on his tongue. The devil, when he speaks, can make you believe that he is a saint, if you do not look at his cloven feet, says a Catholic proverb. Now, before we accept that view, let us examine the case a little further—let us look at the feet. What you say has been printed and repeated in all the newspapers of the United States. It is the way of the *Beati gaudentes*, who feel satisfied with the present régime. The 'scab' has even been defined as 'a very good type of hero.' Of course, that is the capitalist's opinion. I am

sure that Emperor William would order a statue to be erected to the soldier who would put his criminal orders into execution. The analogy is plain. Now, speaking as they do, it proves that 'they have not that equilibrium of feeling required for dealing scientifically with social phenomena. To see how things stand, apart from personal and national interest, is essential before there can be reached those balanced judgments respecting the course of human affairs in general, which constitute sociology.'[1] Now, before they say that a man has a right to do this, and no right to do that, why do they not first establish a principle as to what is right and what is wrong? Up to the present I know only one man, the Pope, who claims that he can say, 'This is right and that is wrong,' without proving it. When I was a school boy, studying mathematics and philosophy, I remember that our teachers, in order to prove to us that 8+8 make 16, first proved that 1+1 make 2; and that there were postulates which science considers self-evident, and nobody disagrees about them. So, beginning by admitting the truth of these postulates, our teachers afterward made us see that results obtained from complicated and difficult problems are true, because based upon the principles first accepted and demonstrated as true. So when they said to me, 'Two parallel lines are lines which lie in the same plane and cannot meet, however far they are extended,' they did not stop there, but proved it by the theorem that 'Two straight lines in the same plane perpendicular to the same straight line are parallel.' So the study of philosophy begins with Logic, which is the science of thought. And one of the first things I was taught in Logic was the nature of a Syllogism, which is a logical formula consisting of two premises and a conclusion alleged to follow from them. And my professor, in order to

[1] Herbert Spencer.

prove to me that I was to die, said, 'Every man is mortal—you are a man—therefore you are mortal.'

"Now, Will, I wonder why men in speaking about strikes do not reason as scientifically as when dealing with other matters requiring logical analysis. But it seems to me that, forgetting the correct method of reasoning employed by the famous writer of the Declaration of Independence, many of the present generation prefer to reason as follows: 'We feel satisfied with the present organization—therefore everybody must be satisfied. We have all the comforts of life, and enjoy all its pleasures; therefore never mind if others starve or live as beasts.'"

"Perhaps they are afraid to speak against the great corporations, which are omnipotent in our country."

"A man who thinks carefully, Will, puts himself above everybody and everything, looks straight at his subject from the scientific point of view, and deals with it regardless of what may follow. Galileo, when he came to the conclusion that the earth moves round the sun and not the sun round the earth, did not mind what the Pope and all the priests said. And when, on his knees, with his hand on the Bible, he was compelled by the threat of death to abjure and curse his doctrine, he pronounced instead the famous words, 'Eppur si muove.'[1] Giordano Bruno, who asserted the plurality of worlds, was rewarded for his labors by being dragged before a court, accused, declared guilty of heresy, and excommunicated. And when he nobly refused to recant he was delivered to the secular authorities to be punished 'as mercifully as possible and without the shedding of his blood;' which was the horrible formula of the delegate of the merciful God for burning a prisoner at the stake. But knowing full well that though his tormentors might destroy his body, his thoughts would still live among

[1] And still it moves.

men, Bruno was not afraid and said to his judges: 'Perhaps it is with greater fear that you pass the sentence upon me than I receive it.'"

"There were heroic men in those days."

"Yes, Will, thank heaven, the world has had men in every age who have zealously sought the truth and struggled to abide by it in their lives. Now let us examine the arguments quoted by you. But, first of all, it is necessary to find out 'what is right and what is wrong.' Otherwise how can we see which of them are right and which are wrong?"

"I agree with you."

"Let us examine the subject of right and wrong actions acording to (1) the will of God, (2) the science of ethics, (3) law, (4) customs. 'The will of God is the only basis of right,' say the deists, 'and what is against His will is wrong.' Very well. But where shall we find the will of God? Not in the Bible. Our most learned assyriologist, Fredrich Delitzche, in one of his last speeches, said:

"'There is no greater mistake of the human mind than the one which leads us to believe that the Bible is a direct revelation of God. The scientific theology for a long time has recognized and demonstrated that it has been by a constant reconstruction, and by a constant adaptation of heterogeneous elements that the Bible became this canon of scriptures which we possess. The Babylonian laws as well as the laws of Moses are of human origin.'

"And really, Will, the Scriptures are so full of absurdities, contain so many things contrary to each other, that they made Shakespeare say: 'The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.' Now, as it cannot be admitted that God can make mistakes, or that He can permit the men inspired by Him to make errors, the Bible must be of human origin. So it is absurd to look into the Scriptures for the will of God. But even if we ought to make such use of

them, the true voice of God could be only the one which says, 'Cain, what hast thou done? Thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground.' That is, the voice of God is always the voice of the right against the wrong, of good against evil, of the oppressed against the oppressor. Consequently some religious creeds admit that the only ultimate standard of right and wrong is always the will of God, which, if not as revealed in sacred Scriptures, must be considered as revealed in conscience. 'Then in the affairs of life evil would arise from continuing to do the acts called wrong, and ceasing to do the acts called right. Otherwise, if from what we say is right, results any evil, then it cannot be right, if we do not think that the will of God brings evil. Then it must be either admitted or denied that the acts called good and the acts called bad naturally conduce, the one to human well-being and the other to human ill-being.'[1] *'A good tree bringeth not forth corrupt fruit, neither doth a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.'*[2]

"Now these premises are accepted by thinking people of all creeds. So, if our social organization is right, no evil can result and it must naturally conduce to human well-being. But apart from the awful misery you have lately seen, showing the disgusting immorality of our civilization, these strikes all over Europe and America mean that enormous multitudes of people are suffering. Therefore, our organization does not conduce to human well-being; therefore it is wrong. And consequently the working people are right in fighting against it.

"Now let us judge the right and wrong of it according to the view of the hedonistic school. Their theory is that conduct is to be estimated by observation of results. When, in sufficiently numerous cases, it has been found that be-

[1] Herbert Spencer—Data of Ethics.

[2] St. Luke, chap. vi., v. 43.

havior of any kind is conducive to happiness, such behavior is right; when, on the other hand, it produces unhappiness, it is wrong. Need I point out to you the sufficiently numerous cases where capitalism works evil and gives bad results in our organization? If it were working good, people ought to be satisfied. But they are complaining, and we admit that they have cause for complaint; therefore our system is wrong and they are justified in fighting against it.

"Now let us judge it according to law. Plato and Aristotle make state enactments the source of right and wrong; and not a few modern thinkers hold that there is no other origin for good and bad in conduct than law. I believe that if all the citizens of a state were properly educated, and the laws of this state were the result of a covenant of the majority of the citizens, based upon the will of God or the principles of the hedonistic school, then we would fully agree with Plato and Aristotle. But up to the present who makes the laws? In Russia, the will of the Czar is the law of the state. And if his will is contrary to the will of a hundred millions of people, *his* prevails, and the hundred millions of people are said to be wrong. If a nihilist, tired of suffering and tired of seeing millions of persons oppressed by one man, tries to kill him, hoping that the result of his act may bring freedom to his countrymen, he is declared to be an outlaw and hung. But he does an act which conduces to human well-being; consequently it is right. Therefore the Czar, who makes the laws, is wrong.

"In Germany, who makes the laws? The Kaiser says: 'There is only one master in this country, and I am he. I shall suffer no other besides me. An opposition directed against the king is a monstrosity.'

"Consequently it is right to kill the mother. It is fortunate for humanity that this Middle Age barbarian is obliged to deal with the learned sons of Karl Marx. In

Turkey there rules a crowned murderer, and thousands of people are massacred every year—but according to the law!

"Now let us consider the United States, one of the most liberal countries of the world. Who makes the law here? You know as well as I what a political machine is. A few political bosses, sometimes millionaires themselves and backed by Wall street, are the lawmakers. Now, do you know what Wall street is? I will quote Leroy-Beaulieu, who describes La Bourse of Paris: 'Everybody knows the theft perpetrated under the pretext of incorporating a stock company. Nothing is more impudent, nothing more criminal. It is one of the worst signs of public demoralization. What, in the remote time of the Middle Ages were great bands of adventurers and brigands, who blackmailed the merchants or devastated countries, nowadays are most of these stock companies. They rob with more safety, greater convenience and larger profits for their chiefs.'[1]

"These generals of finance, in every democratic country, especially the United States, are the true lawmakers. Now, common sense tells us that they do not make laws which are conducive to the well-being of other people, but to suit themselves. Would they spend millions and fight so fiercely at election time if it were not so? A few millionaires, for instance, monopolize the coal, which is a life's necessity. The coal miners are sometimes treated worse than mules. Breaker-boys, whose hands are bleeding, are beaten with sticks if they show a lack of zeal.[2] And the men who own and operate these mines are gentlemen of our "higher class!" Now, when these laborers go on a strike to better their miserable life, which is agony from birth to death, they are treated as outlaws. Are they not? Such laws, which promote only the welfare of their makers, are wrong, and

[1] French Economist, July 21, 1881.

[2] The American Monthly Review of Reviews, Feb., 1903, p. 124.

how can working people be bound to respect them? Furthermore, if they are wrong, then they are not according to the will of God; therefore the strikers are right in fighting against their oppressors, despite these laws.

"Now let us see whether, from the will of God, from ethics, or from law, we can find another way of judging the right and wrong.

"If all men of science agree about a certain matter it is an indication that their conclusion is right. Fortunately, we have arrived at many scientific conclusions which are of inestimable value, because they serve as infallible standards of right and wrong thinking.

"We all agree, for instance, that the sun gives light and heat, that fire consumes and burns, that in order to live we need to eat, drink, breathe and sleep.

"There are other matters about which one people as a whole agree, while another people do not. In Europe, for instance, a girl cannot go alone in the street, cannot take a walk, cannot go shopping, if not chaperoned by her mother, father or brother. She would be insulted if you should invite her to go with you to the theatre, take a car ride, or go to some place of amusement. Here in the United States a girl can go alone in the street, can take a walk, go shopping without either mother or brother, if she likes, and go to the theatre or some place of amusement with whomever she likes.

"Now, there are other things that men of different nationalities agree on, and other men do not. There are men who say that to keep a gambling house is a kind of business as well as another; and other men who do not think so. And even our opinion on a subject is not the same in the case of all persons. Go, for instance, in what is generally called high society. In Europe, if one of the leaders of society relates a vulgar story, the ladies will not be shocked

in the least; instead they will appreciate it and think it witty.

"Suppose that a parvenu, who, through the patronage of some one, frequents this society and tells a vulgar story; every lady will begin to whisper, 'Who is this villain who lacks all semblance of decency?'

"A man keeps a low gambling house. He is a thief. No very well bred person frequents his place, neither would they receive him at their home, nor have anything to do with him. These same persons go to Monte Carlo and would feel highly honored if they can be received by the Prince of Monaco, or, hat in hand, could be introduced to him. I have made only a few observations about our customs. I could speak indefinitely on this line.

"Now let us again go over these last examples. We have seen things about which every one agrees. In consequence, they are considered right. Then we have seen things about which a great community, as a whole, disagrees with another great community. Why? Because one thinks that behavior of that kind would work evil, the other that it would work good.

"Let us now come to the judgment of a single person. The society lady who smiles at the telling of a vulgar joke by the 'gentleman,' and scorns the parvenu for the same act; the gentleman who would not enter a low gambling house, and would not shake hands with the owner, but who instead go to Monte Carlo; why do they act in this way, which is a clear and self-evident contradiction? Because, according to our customs, as the world goes, the society ladies and gentlemen know that to be admired by a social leader, instead of a parvenu, means for them to stand in the forefront of others; therefore it is a source of moral satisfaction and pleasure.

"That is the consequence of adopting the principle that

'Every pleasure increases vitality, every pain decreases vitality. Every pleasure raises the tide of life, every pain lowers the tide of life.' So every power, bodily and mental, is increased by good spirits, which is our name for a general emotional satisfaction. In brief, as every medical man knows, there is no such tonic as happiness.

"Hence the moral man is one whose functions are all discharged in degrees duly adjusted to the conditions of existence.'[1]

"I have chosen two instances taken from the daily life of persons, commonly called 'upper class' people, because we suppose they are thoroughly educated, their moral faculties are better developed, and consequently their view of how the functions must be duly adjusted to the conditions of existence are more noteworthy than those of 'lower class' people. And, really, if you look deep at every act of humanity, it is easy to see that we are generally guided in our dealing with others, and with ourselves, by this rule. The Pope, who forgets the principles of Christ (who never desired to be king and who traveled on foot), preferring to shake the hand of the Czar rather than that of a poor man, acts according to Spencer's principle. From all I have said, then, we can rightly draw the conclusion that any man who aspires to increase his vitality and raise the tide of life (therefore to adjust the conditions of existence in a way to get pleasure, which is the source of his aspirations) is a moral man; and his actions being right, if you want to consider the right acording to the religious creeds, he is acting according to the will of God; or, if you consider the right according to the hedonistic theory, and his behavior, because it gives him pleasure, is right. Now, Will, I have tried to find out what we must think is right or wrong, according to the ethics of our organization, of our civilization,

[1] Herbert Spencer—Data of Ethics, Biological View.

and of God, in order that you cannot say that I started from a socialistic moral principle. And now that we know how to judge the right and the wrong, let us come to the particular case of strikes.

"Let us look, for a moment, at society as a whole. We can see that it is composed of two portions; one which works and consequently produces wealth (we may embrace here all kinds of working people—brain workers as well as common laborers); and another which does not work. The second class we must divide into parts also. One may be said to be negatively occupied—lawyers, soldiers, etc. These I consider as parasitic microbes, which, while they do not infect the organism, yet weaken the body, and expose it to all kinds of diseases.

"The other contains all individuals whose occupations are dangerous and negative. They are rulers, priests, politicians, etc., whom I consider not only parasitic, but also poisonous microbes. Though they do not kill the working portion, still they keep it in a state of chronic disease. Wether you wish to consider these capitalists as brigands (as does Leroy-Beaulieu, the great admirer of capitalism), or if you are charitable enough to think of them as poisonous microbes, it is all the same to me. The fact is that the carmen, as other strikers, belong to that portion of the body politic which does positive work and which is kept in a state of chronic disease by the other part; while the organizers of companies belong to that portion which does a parasitic or poisonous work. Therefore it is of no use to examine one by one the reasons given by the strikers for their actions, nor those given by the companies; the fact remains that a great multitude of persons are complaining because they are suffering. Therefore the action of their masters works evil, is wrong, hence is against the will of God. The fact is that these workingmen aspire to pleasure,

which increases vitality and raises the tide of life, therefore wish simply to adjust their functions to the conditions of existence. Therefore their behavior is right, and hence according to the will of God. Hence, if the strikers fight and are compelled to use violence in order to get happiness, they do exactly what their employers are doing. Now, if they, whom we have called people of the higher class, recognize and act according to the Spencerian theory, they must recognize in others the same right also. So you see that when we use the scientific method of discussion and get to the bottom of the question, we find that workingmen have not only a right to strike, but also a right to seize the means of production and transportation, if necessary, and use them for their own advantage."

"Doctor, you have spoken the truth. I fully agree with you. But if an act that self-evidently appears wrong works good, the act is therefore right. In other words, does the end justify the means, and ought we to do evil that good may come? For instance, a nihilist kills the Czar, hoping that good may come from his action. Very well. A man hates another and in order to get rid of him kills him. The fact is that we have two men killed because they were hated, and if you consider the latter an evil act, I do not see how you can call the first good. Otherwise you must admit that the same cause produces different effects, which cannot be. Then must we accept the theory of Macchiavelli that the end justifies the means? And ought we to do evil that good may come. 'Such a policy surely does not commend itself to a wise and practical statesman, any more than to a rigid moralist.' "[1]

"The objection, Will, is a strong one. But now answer me. Did I admire or justify the society woman who smiles

[1] Wu-Ting-Fang—Chinese and Western Civilization. Harper's Monthly Magazine, January, 1903.

at the leader and scorns the parvenu? Or the gentleman who does not dare to enter a low gambling house, but goes to Monte Carlo and feels highly honored if he can shake hands with the Prince of Monaco? Did I admire or justify the Pope when he prefers to shake hands with the Czar instead of with the poor man? Did I say that those acts are moral?"

"No. You did not."

"I pointed out to you that everybody, as this world goes, obeys the moral law as stated by Spencer. The two examples mentioned by you seem all right; but still they are not. Neither is my conclusion wrong. The man who kills another because of private hate, obeys the spirit of egotism, which is a wrong principle, and which every wise man, every practical statesman, and, still more, every moralist ought to condemn.. The application of this wrong principle is exactly the cause of the evil in our social organization. The nihilist who kills the Czar does not do so because of personal hatred, but because he sees millions of his fellow subjects oppressed by this man. And the deed arises from a spirit of altruism, which would be the cause of human well-being everywhere if adopted by all men. Hence, Will, there are actions which seem wrong to some men, but not to others who are better informed. Acts which are not justified by positive law, and still are right, are said to be justified by natural law. I will explain and prove it to you very easily.

"Suppose that you are a strong fellow endowed with all the means to oppress me, who am weak. I tell you every day to cease your wrong actions, which are the cause of my misery and suffering. Suppose that I have repeated my cry for years and you are still deaf. I come to the conclusion that you do not want to listen to me, and I am convinced and persuaded that in continuing to remonstrate I

will certainly exhaust my breath without avail. Now an occasion presents itself to me, or I look for it, to kill you. Here lies a man killed. Here is the man who killed him. Who is wrong? Evidently the dead was the cause of his own death. When I committed the deed I acted in self-defense, and my act was justified by what, in our society, is called a law of nature. Now take the nihilist as an arm of the whole oppressed Russian people, who are weak, and see in the other the Czar, who is strong, and tell me if he has not caused his own death. Take the other instance now. A man killed another because of personal hatred in a common quarrel, and without first trying to come to an understanding and settle the disagreement according to law. Of course the dead man in this case is not the cause of his own death, and the one who killed him is the criminal. In both cases the act is the same, but as the cause is not the same, the ethical character of the act differs. Hence the principle of Macchiavelli, though generally thought infamous, is right when rightly interpreted, and commends itself both to the practical statesman and to the rigid moralist as well."

"Yes, I see. But let me ask you another question. Can you deny that this strike of the carmen, for instance, does much wrong, not to the rich, but to hundreds of poor girls and other people who have no means to get to their places of work? Don't you think that the newspapers are right when they point out to the strikers this human consideration?"

"Oh! Will! Happy the man who knows the cause of things, said Virgil. Let us see if we can be so successful as to find the cause of such pity for poor people. Let us see if we can find the snake lying 'hidden in the grass.'

"To begin with, not all the newspapers point it out. It is a bad sign when they do not agree on the argument. Will, could we not suppose that the expressions of sympathy

for workers coming through the newspapers are crocodile tears? They have pity for poor girls, for people who cannot gain their daily bread. Do they really pity them? Why, then, do they not prevail upon the operators of the street railway to better the position of their employees? For in many cases the daughters of these employees are the very girls who are obliged to work, because the father does not earn money enough to support his family? These men are fighting to put an end to the slavery of their wives and children, as well as of themselves. They know what fighting means, because there is no struggle of this kind without hardship, and they are prepared for it. The end is worthy of the sacrifice. Great deeds must be worked for, suffered for, died for, if necessary. Pity! What these people want is not pity, but justice. Those who speak of pity belong to the poisonous microbes category. Ask if they have pity, when, after having sowed the seeds of hatred among nations, they stir up the blind people and make men rush upon their fellow-men like wild beasts. And for what? Inquire of the gentlemen of La Bourse and Wall street. Ask them, I say, if they have pity for the dead, for the mutilated, for the widows, for the orphans? Pity! How dare the defenders of capitalism speak of pity for humanity? Well, the history of mankind is a sad history of crime and injustice on the part of the strong against the weak. It has as an object the establishment of tyranny over the poor. The person who told you that 'nothing is right but Socialism' told you one of the most sacred truths, which a truly moral man must accept. The age in which 'religious' and 'moral' men can oppress their fellows six days of the week, and on the seventh kneel down for a few minutes in a church and pray for them is near its end. The day of judgment is coming. 'The night has been long and dark, but the dawn is at hand.' 'Though heaven falls, let justice be done.'"

PART II

TWENTY YEARS OF HISTORY, OR HOW THE WORLD-MISSION OF THE UNITED STATES WAS FULFILLED

CHAPTER I.

It was a beautiful spring morning of the thirtieth year of the Socialist Era, and the twenty-fifth of the Proclamation of the Confederation of all European and American States; in other words, the year 2706 ab urbe condita, 1953 of the Christian Era, the 461st after the discovery of America, the 180th of the independence of America, and the 160th of the Proclamation of the Rights of the Man by the French Revolutionists; dates which represent the seven most famous and remarkable events of the world's history.

The weather was fine, and nature at her best. A slight freshness was in the air, impregnated already with delicious odors exhaled by the new flowers, the new leaves and the soft grass. How beautiful is spring! It is the youth of the year. On the day before, from the top of the Dewey Memorial Arch, I stood for half an hour contemplating New Orleans, so gorgeously clothed in her dress of flowers—the dress of love. Spring melodies of the birds, flitting from tree to tree, caused in my mind the sweet illusion that the beautiful city itself was singing a charming song of love. How glorious it was!

The morning following was still more enchanting .I arose early and opened my window to let in the fresh air. A voice outside was saying: "This is the residence of the doctor for whom you are looking, sir."

"Who could be looking for me so early?" I asked myself. Somewhat curious, I went to the front door and opened it.

"Oh! oh!" we both exclaimed, and embraced each other heartily.

"Do my eyes deceive me? Are you really Will, in the flesh? How are you, my dear fellow? What a time it is since we last met! Who would ever have thought of seeing you again in New Orleans! What has brought you all this distance so late in life? I have not heard of you for such a long time that I thought you dead."

"Yes, my dear doctor, I am still in the flesh, and—"

"And—"

"Fifty years more upon my shoulders. But, tell me, is this city really New Orleans? It seems impossible. When I alighted from the train at the station I thought that I had made some peculiar mistake. And is not this Esplanade avenue? Why did people laugh when I asked for it?"

"No, dear Will, there is no mistake at all. This beautiful place is the Crescent City; but this street is no more called Esplanade avenue. It is now Karl Marx avenue. But I am so anxious to know about you that I do not want to allow you to question me about anything. Answer me first and I will answer your questions afterward. Where have you been all this time, and why did you cease answering my letters? I never doubted your friendship, but still I could not explain your action."

"I understand your curiosity. It was not my fault that I was not able to communicate with you any longer. You will see the reason yourself after I have made a short statement. When, saddened by the sight of such great human misery and injustice, and stimulated by you, I began to study economics, to read works on Socialism, and became a passionate fighter for the new ideal, my father became very angry with me. You know how anxious my father always was to secure a diplomatic position. Well, when I became so enthusiastic about the workingmen's party he used all his influence to be appointed minister to some country in Asia or Africa in order to make me forget Socialism.

Of course, he didn't say so, but I had that idea of it. So when he was offered the position of minister to Persia, he gladly seized the opportunity.

"And we all went over to Teheran. At the beginning I was nearly crazy. Think of it; a young American, accustomed to freedom, to a life of comfort and activity as well, being compelled to live in a country where language, life, religion, customs, in a word, everything is so different! My mother was not satisfied, either. I worried my father so much that to quiet me he said: 'Have patience for one year and we shall return.' But he liked his new position, and, as a clever diplomat, having got from me one year's armistice, he set about skillfully to change my mind and make me enjoy life in the new country, or at least be interested in remaining. He knew that I had been an ardent lover of history. So he took advantage of the situation to stimulate my passion and said to me: 'Why not, in order to pass a pleasant year, do some research work in your favorite subject? Choose some ancient episode, the facts of which are not yet well established. The history of Persia, as you know, is connected with that of Egypt, of Greece and of Palestine. Write an interesting book or prepare some articles for magazines in order to make yourself known among intelligent people in America.'

"He had hit upon my weak point. He saw it, and continued: 'As I am the United States minister, I can,, through the Shah, have every means placed at your disposal.'

"I had already been in the land of the Pharaohs, that wonder of nations in all ages, which surpasses all other countries in its gigantic and stately monuments, the result of immeasurable human labor. I had seen the ruins of Karnak and Luxer, where once stood Thebes, the No or No Ammon of Scripture, which was the famous capital of

Egypt of 2000 B. C.; marvelous remains, consisting of obelisks, sphinxes, colossal statues, temples, and tombs cut in the rock. I had been at the spot where ancient Memphis stood, and seen the famous avenue of sphinxes overwhelmed by the desert sand; the group of nine pyramids at Gizeh, and, above all, King Cheops, which covers an area of more than twelve acres and exceeds 450 feet in height. So it was natural that my father's idea pleased me immensely, and I started visiting the most famous spots of Persia. I saw the place where once stood Ecbatana, called Achmetha in the book of Ezra. You know it is supposed to be the modern Hamadon, a very ancient city surrounded by seven walls, each overtopping the one outside of it, and by battlements painted in five different colors, the innermost two being overlaid with silver and gold. For quite a time I lived at Persepolis, one of the two burial places of Persian kings, and which had also a royal treasury. It has still most interesting ruins of the palace of Darius and the gateway of Xerxes. Pesargada, the other royal place of burial, has the massive tomb of Cyrus, and a colossal bas-relief sculpture of the great founder of the Persian monarchy. So you see that the historical remains of this ancient people are most interesting.

"But what stimulated my curiosity more was their early religion, Zoroasterianism. Zoroaster, according to Plato, was the son of Oromanes, and was supposed by one Greek authority to have lived 5000 years before the Trojan war. Light was thought by these religionists to represent pure spirit, which was the object of their worship. There was thus no adoration of individual natural objects, but of the universe itself. According to this doctrine, light enables men to exercise choice, which they can do only when they have emerged from darkness. Light involves its opposite,

darkness, as evil involves good. Ormuzd (called also Auramazda and Oromasdes) and Ahriman were the two opposite principles. One was the lord of the kingdom of light or good, the other the king of the realm of darkness or evil. Ormuzd is represented as being finally the conquerer in the contest with Ahriman.

"Ormuzd, as lord of light, created all that is beautiful and noble, the world being a Kingdom of the Sun. He is the excellent, the positive, in all natural and spiritual existence. Light is the principle or essence of Ormuzd, and hence came the worship of fire, because Ormuzd is present in all light; but he is not represented as being the sun or moon itself, and this shows the spirituality of the Persian belief. In the sun or moon the Persians worshiped only the light-giving quality, which is Ormuzd. He was held to be the basis of all good, the highest wisdom and knowledge, the destroyer of the ills of the world, and the maintainer of the universe. On the contrary, the characteristic quality of Ahriman (or Angro-Main-yush) is darkness; and the perpetual fire was burned to banish him from temples. The chief end of every man's existence was held to be to keep himself pure, and to stand for purity in society. Such were the doctrines advocated in the book of Zoroaster, Avesta, which the Persians claim numbered twenty-one parts in the Sasanian period; what remains is said to be only four of these parts. Such was the interesting form of belief held by the best of the ancient Persians, who extended their sway over so many nations of divers faiths and degrees of civilization."

"A beautiful belief! How much truth it contains!"

"I do not know in how far, during the life of ancient Persia, Ormuzd was victor over Ahriman; but the coming of a millennium, a time when all evil will disappear from

earth, and when there will remain only what is good, was looked forward to by Zoroaster."

"His prophecy has been about realized, and the time is not far off when the light will shine all over the earth and triumph over darkness. But don't let me interrupt you."

"When I returned to Teheran I was introduced to a most beautiful and charming girl, the daughter of the Italian minister, and I fell in love with her. On that day Teheran became for me the most attractive spot in the world, and I did not give my father any more concern. Two years afterward I married this truly remarkable woman of my choice, and from then on my life was a dream of joy. I quite forgot the great world outside Persia. My mother found a good friend in my mother-in-law, so no one complained more and we were all happy. About ten years after we went over there, the Shah Muzaffer-ed-din, ill for a long time, died; and his successor was not at all animated by his liberal and progressive principles. As serious talk of revolution in Europe and America occasionally reached Teheran, the new Shah, warned by the powerful Ulema,[1] ordered the closing of all schools using European methods of teaching. He also ordered that no foreign news be published without his permission. No mail, except that coming to diplomats, was allowed to enter Persia. All the embassies were notified not to converse with the populace about European or American news. Some time afterward my father received a letter informing him that the new socialistic administration did not need a representative at Teheran. He at once notified the Shah, who told him that if he would remain in Persia he would extend to him his royal favor. As father was already on most intimate terms with the Ulema and acquainted also with many business men of Persia, he con-

[1] The priesthood.

ceived the idea of organizing a pearl-fishing trust. He interested some powerful priests in the business, as well as some high officials of the entourage of the Shahinshah. So he succeeded and made a great fortune. Consequently, he decided to live permanently in Persia, believing that the new government in the United States would result in anarchy. My father-in-law was still the Italian Minister. But four years after father had lost his position, he and the other diplomatic representatives were notified that they need no longer represent their old masters, as masters had been forever abolished. Some of them went back to Europe, but my father-in-law we persuaded to remain with us. The Persian news-censorship was more and more strenuously enforced, and since that time I have been quite in the dark regarding European and American affairs. Many times I was on the point of returning to you, but everyone I loved was opposed to it. They were growing old and undertaking so long a journey is a pleasure for young people only. Now they are all dead; the last one, my dearest wife, passing away last autumn. As I had no children, I decided to undergo any fatigue, any trouble, in order to return to my old home, and end my days where first I saw the light. Such, in a few words, is my story." In speaking of his dearest ones, Will was so affected as to shed tears; so I said: "Here you are no more alone, my dear Will. Old friends, a score of them, at least, are waiting to welcome you."

He gave me a cordial handshake, wiped his eyes and said: "Now it is your turn to talk. Tell me everything. Of course, I knew the cause. The dreams of our young days have been realized. Social crimes are a thing of the past. Still the change seems too great to believe possible."

CHAPTER II.

"Before I shall answer your questions, and take you out to see the city, I must tell you twenty years' history; otherwise you will not understand much that you see and hear."

"Very well. I will listen with great interest."

"We must start with events occurring a couple of years before the time you made the tour of the city with me and started your socialistic studies. You will remember that in those days every great European power was showing friendship for the United States, each trying to make us believe that it was our best friend. In particular, two were quarreling to prove it to us. I mean England and Germany.

"We wondered at such a display of friendship and said to ourselves: 'Is it not funny? Why are they doing it?'

"A short time after, we saw, to our astonishment, England, Germany and Italy united, and, under a pretext of collecting some money, going to Venezuela in order to look for trouble and see if they could gain a foothold there. Then the United States said: 'Now, we understand the meaning of this display of friendship.' And just for the pleasure of seeing our fleet manœuvring in the West Indies, we sent Dewey there with fifty-four men-of-war, 'to keep an attitude of watchful vigilance and see that there was no infringement of the Monroe Doctrine, no acquirement of territorial rights by a European power at the expense of a weak sister republic; whether this acquisition might take the shape of an outright and avowed seizure of territory, or

of the exercise of control which would in effect be equivalent to such seizure.'[1]

"The allied powers saw it, understood what Uncle Sam meant, and settled the trouble with Venezuela.

"Then Dewey spoke for us and said: 'It was an object lesson to the Kaiser more than to any other person. Think of it, fifty-four warships, including colliers and all. Germany could not possibly get a fleet over here that could fight such an aggregation of warships as that.' It seems that the Kaiser was extremely sensitive about his fleet. He became angry and answered:

" 'The American navy is evidently suffering from a disease of infancy—lack of modesty. Its leader evinces something unspeakably immature. Admiral Dewey is a worthy imitator of Captain (now Admiral) Coghlan, who at a New York club gave a boastful toast bristling with insults to Germany, and warmed up the exploded story that Admiral Dewey compelled the German fleet at Manila to lie to, when it refused to respect the blockade. Captain Coghlan seems, however, to have spoken from Admiral Dewey's own heart. Captain Coghlan was disciplined and President McKinley expressed his regret that the incident occurred. The same thing must, perhaps, be done now, in order that superheated Dewey may be cooled down.'[2]

" 'The Monroe Doctrine is an empty pretension, behind which is neither energetic will nor actual power.'[3]

"But the President not only failed to discipline the superheated Dewey, but afterward, in advising our citizens, said: 'There is a homely old adage which runs, "speak softly and carry a big stick, you will go far." If the American nation will speak softly, and yet build and keep at a pitch of the highest training a thoroughly efficient navy, the Monroe

[1] Roosevelt's speech in Chicago, April 2, 1903.
[2] Vossische Zeitung, 28th March.
[3] Prof. Adolph Wagner of Berlin.

Doctrine will go far. I ask you to think this over. If you do, you will come to the conclusion that it is mere plain common sense, so obviously sound that only the blind can fail to see its truth, and only the weakest and most irresolute can fail to desire to put into force. If we prepare sufficiently, no war will ever come. We wish a powerful and efficient navy, not for purposes of war, but as the surest guaranty of peace. If we have such a navy, if we keep on building it up, we may rest assured that there is but the smallest chance that trouble will ever come to this nation; and we may likewise rest assured that no foreign power will ever quarrel with us about the Monroe Doctrine."[1]

"And then the United States began to build up a navy which became the finest in the world, with the purpose of waiting the moment to show what the *navy suffering from a disease of infancy* was capable of, and whether we had *neither energetic will nor power* to support *the empty pretension.*

"The nations of Europe became alarmed at seeing the new colossus developing so rapidly, both as a world power and as the wealthiest of nations. Its capitalist class rulers, instigated by the Kaiser, began first to talk about a commercial league against the United States, and afterwards to inquire whether the time had not arrived to put a stop to the building of such a powerful navy.

"The United States, while preparing for all events, heartily laughed about it. We knew that the revolutionary socialistic movement had become so strong in all parts of Europe that even if they should seriously attempt to put their threats into execution they could not for fear of running the risk of having to deal at the same time with both enemies; and France, nearly controlled by Socialists, was repeating every day that she never would enter into such a

[1] Roosevelt loco citato.

combination against her great sister republic. In Italy the Socialists were so strong that the people were entirely opposed to any such war. The adhesion of the Italian government could not be counted upon. Canada was flirting with the United States. As the Kaiser and his *cousins* saw that there was nothing to accomplish in that line, they changed their tactics and began to flatter the United States and encourage us to go on with such enormous military expenditures, and follow imperialism, with the hope, at least, that we would find ourselves in the same predicament they were. The United States, also, was torn by internal dissensions. The struggle between laborers and capitalists had reached the zenith point. Nearly all the laborers had already become Socialists and were led by the most intelligent citizens. Some important cities had been in the hands of Socialists and had adopted the municipal ownership of public utilities; and while, at the beginning, in some cities, it was a failure, in others it was a complete success; so that it was easily proven that where municipal ownership was a failure it was because the officials in such municipal administrations were nothing but false Socialists, disreputable men who worked with the purpose of making the municipal ownership a failure. So the great majority of the people found that Socialism was the true way to secure the welfare and the happiness of all; in 1916 they elected a socialistic President and a majority in Congress, all being men of the highest character, intelligence and honesty (qualities necessary in such a critical moment of transition). Samuel M. Jones, ex-Mayor of Toledo, was the first President. How well they succeeded in carrying out their difficult task is shown by what I will relate. Everybody saw that the destiny of the world's civilization, that human welfare, was in the hands of the United States. The situation was plain; upon the success or the failure of

this first Socialist administration depended the world's civilization and the happiness of mankind. It was possible, I suppose, that the fall of humanity into a barbarism from which would certainly have followed the worst of oppressions, tyrannies and slavery, might have followed, had the American Socialists failed in their great work. The clever Americans saw it. They were fully aware of the high mission to which they were destined, the highest in all the history of mankind. Honor to them! Theirs be the eternal gratitude of all generations to come! European rulers, while afraid, were still hoping that the new administration would end in anarchy, and throw the country into a state of complete disorganization; and as crows, smelling the odor of carrion, they cherished the idea of having a good meal. But the clever Americans proved that the destiny of mankind could not be confided to better hands. Honor to them! Eternal glory to them! The European Socialists were anxiously watching America and preparing to seize the first opportunity which should be given them to do the same. Four years passed, and in that time the administration had carried out its programme in a satisfactory manner. All were re-elected unanimously as a mark of the great confidence of the people. The population of the United States was blessed by happiness and internal peace, such as surprised even themselves. All social questions were settled one after the other; the acute crisis had passed. The European rulers, deceived in their hope, began to talk about a war against the United States; but the Socialist administration fortunately found itself in possession of the finest navy in the world; for the clever leaders of this administration, since the day on which they began to rule the country, continued to build up as many warships as possible, and to train as many seamen as they could. They knew that a great struggle was at hand. As

Comrade Jones learned the attitude of the European rulers, he, backed by Congress and the people, prepared in the best way possible for war. Meanwhile he assured European governments that the United States did not mean to give either material or moral aid to European Socialists, and not in any way to interfere with Europe, as long as Europe left the people of the United States free to rule themselves as they pleased; but added that if they were looking for trouble, a hundred millions of people were ready for it. At the same time the President secretly told the European Socialist leaders to keep quiet for the time being, and to denounce him for his note, in order to foster the belief that the President's words were sincere, and in this way deceive the rulers. But he assured them that the United States fully knew its high mission, and as soon as America could complete its war preparations it would help them. Meanwhile they were to carry on their programme for the disorganization of the European armies. They did exactly what the President suggested. The European rulers, either because they saw that with a tremendous revolutionary movement at home, a war against America would prove disastrous for them, or because they believed that America would not help the European Socialists in any way, or in order to get time to give a killing blow to the Socialists first, and afterward make war upon the United States, for a year and a half turned their attention to the suppression of the revolutionists at home. Now, at the end of that time the United States were ready for the greatest struggle the world has ever seen or is likely to see."

CHAPTER III.

"I must not forget to tell you that Europe had already begun the tariff war. The United States purposely permitted tremendous overproduction in those early years of Socialism, and when it was thought the time had come to begin the fight, our products were sent to the Old World markets and sold at such a price as to undermine European production. The Socialists purposely boycotted their goods and bought ours. To make matters worse, the labor organizations began to go on strikes for increased wages at every opportunity. The United States enacted a law to stop immigration, so as to increase the distress of the poor and create an idle and dissatisfied population in the European cities. The powers then took up seriously the question of reducing their enormous military expenses, and made a short treaty of alliance among themselves in order to face the new situation. But how could they reduce their war budgets, with the United States so powerfully armed, and with an internal revolutionary movement so strong? They tried then to persuade the United States to agree to disarm, assuring us that they would never interfere with this country in any way, and would even come to an amiable commercial *entente*. So, once more, they hoped to fool us, but our President answered that the people of the United States were satisfied as matters were. The powers understood. There was nothing but an appeal to arms to stifle by all means the revolutionists and batter down the Socialist Republic in America. Ultima ratio regum![1] There are many people in the United States, as you know, who

[1] The last resource of kings.

speak German, Italian, French, Russian and Spanish, as well as those peoples do; so the President sent to each country of Europe some of the immigrants from that country who could not be taken for Americans, in order to put us in direct and secret communication with the European revolutionary leaders; to discuss the best way to begin the struggle and carry it on; to agree upon other important matters, and know how far the soldiers were in our favor, how many officers were secretly with us; in short, to prepare a regular plan of campaign. They carried on their mission most successfully. Most of them returned safely. But two, at the moment of sailing at Hamburg, were arrested by order of the German government. It seems that the Berlin police had discovered something. The two Americans energetically protested, and as soon as the President became aware of the fact, ordered our Ambassador to Germany to ask their release, giving twenty-four hours' time for it; if the Kaiser would not comply with the request, then to leave Berlin at once. This news caused the greatest excitement all over Europe. The Boers, foreseeing the war, took advantage of the opportunity and started a revolution against the hated English oppressors. Australia and Canada declared themselves free from English rule, and as they saw that to be with the United States meant everybody's freedom, they began to sympathize with us. So did all South America. For did not the United States represent the watch tower of the liberty of mankind? It was then natural that the eyes of the masses everywhere were turned toward us. As an answer to the President's request, the Kaiser ordered the arrest of the Berlin Socialist leaders, and told our Ambassador that 'There was only one master in Germany, and that it was he.' Our representative laughed and left Berlin at once,

according to the President's orders. The other powers immediately broke their relations with the United States. An American steamship was waiting at Havre to bring home our diplomats. The Ambassadors at Washington also received orders to leave at once. By a prearranged plan, no steamer was ready to leave at New York. When the President, by wireless telegraphy, was informed that the steamer bringing our representatives was about half way home, the captain's order being to steam at full speed, he allowed all Ambassadors to leave, except the German, telling him that, as the American government believed the arrest of our two citizens was arbitrary, we would hold him as a hostage. A few hours afterward the two Americans were released, and when we knew they were about to come home, the German Ambassador was allowed to leave.

"A meeting of the chief generals and admirals of all the European nations was to be held secretly at Vienna. The revolutionary leaders knew it, and knew also that this meeting would be held at the War Office. The Panama Canal was already finished and fortified; so our warships on the Pacific Ocean in a short time could be concentrated on the Atlantic. Immediately after the diplomatic rupture the President gave orders that all the squadrons should be mobilized and be ready to sail at any moment's notice. The old sea-dog was still living and in good health, with a mind as clear and as active as when he was at Manila. The eyes of the whole nation turned to him. There was only one voice, and it shouted: 'Dewey! Dewey!'

"And the old man answered the appeal of his country with the energy of a man of forty. You should have seen him the day when, amongst the enthusiastic shouts of tens of thousands of people, he took the chief command of the fleet, and hoisted upon *'Light on Earth,'* one of our new and most powerful cruisers, the admiral's flag. We could

see in his face the generous throbbing of his heart, and in his shining eyes the contempt of perils and the earnest desire for victory. Schley, then aged, but with vigor of mind and the elasticity of youth, was also as ready and eager as ever to respond to the call of the nation. He was second in command. Both of them were surrounded by a chosen staff of intelligent young officers. Every one was at his post awaiting the order from Washington.

"The day fixed for the great council of war at Vienna was the fifteenth of November, 1920.

"It was an hour before daylight. They gathered to prepare a plan of war which was to overthrow the freedom of mankind. They went in alive, but they never came out. They entered a beautiful room to arrange for others' death, but they found in it their awful graves. In the dusty loft of an old tenement house, half a mile away, a small group of revolutionists met at the same hour. One of them touched a button. Terrible dynamite bombs did the rest. The palace was transformed into a heap of stones, under which lay buried the bodies and the murderous plans of kings.

"This was the sign of a revolt. The governments tried, but in vain, to arrest all revolutionary leaders. The principal ones, those to whom was confided the direction of the movement, on the day before the Vienna explosion, had hidden themselves in a safe place in Switzerland, and from there guided most judiciously the beginning of the world's greatest revolution. The capitalist governments, discouraged by the loss of their greatest chiefs, and foiled in their attempts to seize the Socialist leaders, dissolved parliaments, proclaimed martial law all over Europe, and began to arrest the Socialists en masse. Then the revolution burst at the same time, as had been determined, in Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Switzerland and South-

ern Austria. That day ten of the battleships lying at Kiel, six German and four Russian, were blown up by heroic German and Russian sailors. The same thing happened to seven others at Southampton, where an English fleet was stationed. The roar of those terrible explosions was the tremendous voice beginning to sing the death song of a perishing Ignorance and Slavery."

CHAPTER IV.

"The suspected sailors were immediately sentenced to death, and all the fleets were ordered to station themselves at a distance from the shore, in order to keep the crews ignorant of affairs on the continent. The belief was fostered among the sailors that the revolution had been checked. It was understood that a great many sailors were Socialists. The commanding officers of the navies began to fear a mutiny. The question then presented itself to their minds: How far could they rely upon such crews? Would the sailors execute their orders when commanded to fight the Americans? Were plans for their own assassination not already complete? The levying of new troops by each power had already resulted in failure. Of every hundred men, only twenty answered to the call. But the powers had hopes of success, because, to their astonishment, the regular army had been extremely quiet. There was no trouble in the barracks and no desertion of soldiers. They thought themselves very wise in sending the soldiers of one country into another. But the soldiers understood the old trick. The capitalist class officials did not understand that all Socialist soldiers had been ordered to keep quiet, but they understood it fully when the revolution burst forth in those countries I mentioned to you. When in every city the people, furious, armed and paraded the streets, and the soldiers were ordered to fight them, it was seen that more than half of the soldiers and many officers passed immediately over to the people.

"In a few days Italy, France, Belgium and Switzerland

were under the control of the revolutionists. The Kings of Italy and Belgium and all their families were taken prisoners. Two days afterward Spain, Portugal and Southern Austria were also in the hands of the Socialists. The newly appointed heads of government, under the old rulers' names (so as to insure obedience), announced by wireless telegraph to the commanders of their fleets that the revolution was checked, and ordered them to come ashore in order to prepare a new plan for the naval struggle with America. The admirals obeyed, and when they landed were all taken prisoners. The command of the warships was then confided to the Socialist officers, and they were ordered to join the American fleet and operate under Dewey's orders. Since the outbreak of the revolution it was gaining ground every day, and the capitalist governments had decided that the allied fleets should meet the Americans and engage in battle, hoping that a victory over the American navy would discourage the revolutionists and raise the spirits of their armies and their party in general.

Our seaports were already protected by the most formidable batteries, and all our harbors mined in such a way that no foreign warship could enter without being destroyed; and hundreds of thousands of people were armed and ready for any event. We knew that the allied fleets, to be succeeded by armies, were coming. Soldiers and sailors seemed only to long for the opportunity of meeting them. As soon as the President was notified that the revolutionists controlled Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Belgium, and that Gibraltar was in their hands, and that those fleets with new commanders were steaming at full speed to put themselves under Dewey's orders, the old commander was informed. He immediately went to join them and took the chief command. The

Kaiser, the Czar, the King of England and the Emperor of Austria had learned too late of the action of the other fleets to intercept them. The new allied fleet was now almost as large as the old one. What tremendous shouts resounded from ship to ship when Dewey took the command! What a beautiful spectacle!"

"Were you present, doctor?"

"I forgot to tell you that six ships of our fleet were used for hospital service. I was on one of these. With the exception of the officers and men necessary for navigation, we carried only surgeons and girls who had been enlisted by the Navy Department. They wished to follow (as they expressed themselves in their petition) our valiant seamen, to attend the wounded, lessen and relieve their pain by kind words, console and sweeten with kisses the last moments of the dying heroes.

"Dewey at once moved to meet the enemy; and on the afternoon of the 19th of November, 1920, which corresponds to the fifth year of the Socialistic Era, and to the thirtieth of Brumaire, 127th, the enemies found themselves face to face.

"I thought of your dream. *Light* and *Darkness* were on the point of beginning the greatest struggle of all generations. Think of it! Six hundred ships of war on the enemy's side, and five hundred on ours! The eyes, aided by powerful glasses, could not distinguish all the lines of battle. While the battle raged round us, other great divisions of the fleets below the horizon were also fighting. What a tremendous and terrific spectacle! With the quickness and precision which always characterized his judgment on such occasions, Dewey's plan of attack was promptly executed. Courageous almost to rashness, yet calm and self-possessed, Dewey would not permit a shot to be fired until the right manœuvers had been fully carried

out. Signals flashed from ship to ship. But immediately upon obtaining the advantage in position, the capitalist fleet was simultaneously attacked in front and rear. The battle had quickly become general, and terrific carnage was wrought on both sides. The use of smokeless powder permitted us to see for miles. Gigantic projectiles resounded against impenetrable steel. Sharpshooters in the rigging and tops poured an incessant and deadly fire upon the decks of the enemy. American machines and marksmanship were equally superior to all others.

"In six hours the defeat of the capitalist fleet was apparent. There could be but one result. Although they fought with desperation and displayed the greatest bravery, they were completely at the mercy of *the navy suffering from the disease of infancy and of superheated Dewey.* The warships, from which came no sign of surrender, were seen one by one to be disabled and wrecked.

"The battle had raged into the night, and when the sun rose over the scene next day the fleet of the kings was but the remnants of floating hulls and burning vessels, tossed about by the action of the waves.

"The rising sun looked to us brighter than usual; it seemed to be the Lord of Light triumphing over the Kingdom of Darkness.

"Ormuzd had destroyed Ahriman."

CHAPTER V.

"As soon as Admiral Dewey, slightly wounded, saw that all resistance on the part of the enemy had ceased, he ordered our gunners to stop firing and try, by all means, to relieve the wounded of both fleets and save from death as many as possible. The enemy's flagship was captured, and the three admirals, German, English and Russian, who constituted the commanders-in-chief of the enemies' fleet, were invited to surrender. When they went aboard the *"Light on Earth,"* Dewey, in the solemn moment of the surrender of their swords, said: 'Brothers, you could not have won. The world's civilization looks forward to and moves toward its perfection; no power on earth can stop it. It is the destiny of humanity. Let us embrace.' These true and beautiful words, pronounced in such a solemn moment, deeply affected the three admirals. One after another they embraced the great conqueror. Huzzas, loud and long, came from the crew, and from scores of ships the cry: *'Long live Socialism! Long live Dewey!'*

"What are battles like Trafalgar, with Nelson, compared with this battle, and Dewey? Why, Trafalgar was the triumph of one tyrant over another. The people changed masters, but the whip remained the same. The battle of the mid-Atlantic was the triumph of science over ignorance, of progress over retrogression, of freedom over slavery, of morality over immorality, of happiness over misery.

"According to the orders of Dewey, we did our best to save as many as we could. Our girls on that occasion showed as great courage and self-denial as they had shown courage

during the terrific fight. What heroines they were! What a touching spectacle it was! For every wounded man they had a sweet word of comfort, of hope; for the dying a tear and a farewell kiss—a kiss that made one of the dying heroes say: 'Could it be in my power to return to the fight, I would again fight gladly to death if the prize would be again your smile and your sweet kiss,' and so speaking, expired. Honor to them! They worthily represented American womanhood. In the book of this wonderful world struggle one of the most beautiful and touching pages is certainly written by them.

"The news of this great victory spread immediately over all the world; and you can fancy with what shouts of joy it was received by all who had civilization's cause truly at heart, and with what sorrow by the ruling class and their partisans. They were waiting for a victory in order to raise the morale of their armies and of their adherents, and instead received the news of the disaster which disheartened them.

"The revolutionists could no longer be retained. The nihilists had already spread terror among the ruling class of Russia. The Czar, with all his followers, his army greatly lessened by desertion, had fled to Spandau, which became the stronghold of the kings. The Sultan of Turkey, the Kaiser, the Emperor of Austria, the Czar, and the King of England, with all that was left of their armies and followers, including all less important kings, princes and nobles, were there preparing themselves for the last struggle. Think of it! A million of regular soldiers, the majority of them fanatical Turks, were encamped in Spandau and its vicinity. The Kaiser had long foreseen that the soldiers to be relied upon to fight Socialists when the time should arrive were the Turks; and he missed no occasion to show to the Sultan his warm friendship, and suc-

ceeded in having the Sultan's soldiers trained according to German methods and by German officers.

"While Dewey was instructed to proceed to the North European seas and attack all maritime cities which were not yet under the revolutionists' control, he met a fleet of fifty-five warships looking as if they had not taken part in the great battle. He disposed his fleet again for battle, believing they were a portion of the enemy. But he soon saw the crimson banner of the revolutionists floating from their masts. Why were they so belated? They had been a portion of the forces of capitalism, but as the great majority of the sailors in those battleships were Socialists, they mutinied and had killed all the officers who would not side with them. They had kept away from the battle, in reserve, and ready to come at any moment to the support of the allied Socialists if it had been necessary. They then placed themselves under Dewey's command, and again shouts arose like the roar of storm: *'Long live Socialism! Down with tyranny!'*

"A fleet of transports had been kept ready to carry to Europe an American army of one hundred thousand soldiers, and an abundance of food and war supplies for the revolutionists. All the surgeons and nurses who had served during the great sea battle were instructed to follow the American expedition. Twelve hours after the news of the victory most of them had sailed. If your fancy were more vivid than that of the greatest poet, you could never imagine the enthusiasm, the shouts of applause, the delirious manifestations of gratitude with which the American soldiers were received at landing, and all along the route from Havre to Wustermarck. Everybody wished to embrace them. And the landing of those thousands of American girls! Europe knew of their heroic deeds more than America. Thousands of mothers and daughters were

on the shore to wait their landing. Their enthusiasm in kissing and embracing them was near to folly. It was the soul of the European woman, enslaved for centuries by man's tyranny, which in that moment kissed and embraced their sisters and redeemers.

"The American, French, English, Belgian and German revolutionary armies, coming via Metz and Frankfort, made their headquarters twenty miles southwest of Spandau. The Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Swiss and Austrian armies, marching via Dresden, made their headquarters twenty miles east of Spandau, while the Russian, Polish, the Northern Germany, the Danish, the Macedonian, the Bulgarian, the Greek, and Albanian armies concentrated themselves twenty miles north of the great citadel. Each great division of the Socialist army was composed of more than a million of men. The brilliant American, General Lee, who had been a lieutenant in the Spanish-American war, took command of the tremendous hosts. The million men of the Kings' army found themselves surrounded by an iron circle. The kings' plan was to move with their forces as soon as the first division of the revolutionists should come within striking distance, attack and defeat them, and, with the victorious army, the Turks, drunk with the victory, invade France and Italy, destroy their cities by sword and fire and terrorize the population into submission. Thus a foothold for further conquest would be secured. When they found that the Socialists had concentrated, they would not venture to divide their million of soldiers into smaller armies and make different attacks; but concentrating at one point, they decided to engage their enemy with their entire army, to be surer of the first victory. But they reckoned without their host.

"The revolutionary leaders understood this fully, and as they wished to make it the last fight and finish this

gigantic struggle, they prepared a better plan. Their plan was to concentrate quickly and destroy the enemy as soon as he should leave his fortifications. General Lee, when ready for the fight, in order to prevent the frightful shedding of blood which must follow, sent a flag of truce to the kings and asked them to surrender, as resistance would be useless. He assured them that their lives, as well as those of all their followers, would be spared. They answered that as long as one of them was alive they would never surrender; and before they could be taken, alive or dead, the revolutionists should pay dearly—*rivers of blood would be shed.*

"The generals of the revolutionary army, seeing that there was no other means of ending the war than battle, made all preparations for the conflict. As the terrible machinery of war would give the advantage to those acting on the defensive, Lee overruled the rasher leaders and awaited calmly the time when hunger should force the enemy to attack. The kings understood the plan and as they really began to be in need of food, on the afternoon of the 18th of December they moved out.

"At headquarters there was a disc of telegraphic machines and in five minutes we were everywhere ready to receive them. For miles and miles I saw the winter sun shine bright upon burnished arms and crimson battleflags. The earth trembled under the marching columns. The forests echoed the cry of 'Long live Socialism—Down with tyranny!' which sounded loud on the frosty air. Our soldiers stood the attack and then returned it with an impetuosity which only a beautiful ideal can awake in men. The awful conflict which ensued lasted all night. For ten hours, eight thousand pieces of modern cannon wrought havoc and deluged the field with blood. After a little rest, near daybreak, the desperate conflict was renewed. Often,

when ammunition failed, great divisions of the combatants would meet at the bayonet's point. At ten in the morning a terrible panic seized a large part of the enemy, who were exhausted and maddened by the awful strain they had undergone during the previous day and night, and at the constant appearance of new masses of fresh assailants sent against them. The cry of 'Every man for himself' was raised. The disorder soon became general, and the enemy began to flee. At precisely this moment twelve divisions of French, Italian, Spanish and Irish cavalry and Cossacks were hurled upon them. Thousands of Turks, throwing away their arms, but refusing to surrender, were ridden over by the triumphant legions. Thus closed this struggle of giants, to which Waterloo and Sedan were but child's play.

"Before sunset Spandau was in the hands of the revolutionists, and eight kings, with their families, were taken prisoners by the Americans. The last and bitterest battle upon earth had been fought. In the dusk of twilight we saw the crimson banner waving. It was the 19th of December of the fifth year of the Socialistic Era. The night, dark and gloomy, had already thrown its black veil over the earth. No moonlight, not a starbeam, illumined the ominous and doleful plain. The terrific rumbling of the cannon and the detonations of bombs of the previous night were heard no more. In this epic battle 'no robbers came after the soldiers,' nor did 'the hero of the day become the vampire of the night.' The deep silence of the darkness was reigning everywhere. Silence, did I say? No! From the dull and gloomy plain thousands of doleful sounds filled the air—hoarse curses, feeble groans and mumbled prayers came through the darkness of the night and reached our hearts and tortured our souls. All night we worked and at daybreak we saw how unfinished was our

task. The carnage had been so terrible that every pathway of Spandau was literally choked with dead and wounded.

"Picture to yourself, if possible, that scene of horror. Dead horses lying upon dead men; arms, legs and heads detached from the bodies which once carried them; faces horribly deformed; brains and bowels scattered here and there; the ground red with blood flowing like a stream.

"Oh! cursed a thousand and thousand times be the ones who were the cause of such human butchery! Eternal malediction follow those who caused men to be transformed into wild beasts; men born to be brothers, born to love each other!"

CHAPTER VI.

"The valor displayed by the American soldiers during the hottest part of the battle was no greater than the heroism displayed by the American girls in relieving the wounded during and after the fight. Their self-denial, their charity, their courage in face of danger, their manner of dealing with the wounded, showed what the liberty and equality of Socialism has done for woman. And Europe has never forgotten the debt of gratitude it owes to these young women.

"The hideous spectacle of such tremendous carnage and the piteous groans of so many wounded made the revolutionists so furious that they would certainly have killed the kings on the spot if they had not been kept from it by the Americans. General Lee, before starting for Europe, had been ordered by the President to prevent the killing of the rulers and their families, if taken alive; because their fate ought to depend upon the will of the majority of the delegates of all the allied nations. He communicated the President's will to the Socialist leaders, who gave the most strenuous orders that the just desire of the President of the United States should be respected. As they saw that the anger of the people against the kings was intense, the anxious rulers were placed under a strong escort of American soldiers.

"With the Americans the kings were safe. They and their families, amid the maledictions of the people, but without any attempt to injure them, were brought to Paris to await their trial.

"The American General, meanwhile, had telegraphed to the President that the kings were safe, but that the European feeling was such that they doubtless would be unanimously sentenced to death. The President then instructed the General to announce to the leaders that he was coming to Paris. As soon as this news spread, Europe prepared to receive, not the man, great as he was, but the United States itself, in the person of their Chief Executive. All the warships were ordered into Havre harbor, and placed in two long lines, between which the presidential flotilla should pass. Ten warships, bringing European representatives, went half way to meet the President, who, before entering the lines of war vessels, was met by Admirals Dewey and Schley and General Lee. All together they went aboard the American flagship, *"Light on Earth."* The entire navy was sumptuously bedecked with flowers, flags and draperies. As soon as the *"Light on Earth"* entered the majestic lines of vessels they began a furious cannonnade. What a beautiful coup d' oeil! How pleasant to the ear was the roaring of cannon which were sending death to no one, but announcing the beginning of the reign of love! As it resounded ever louder it seemed as though the voice of each warship, of each gun, announced that it was an instrument of barbarity no more. No Roman conqueror, nor all the Napoleons of the world, were ever received with such honors, with such expressions of true delight, with such genuine enthusiasm. Compared with it all, the triumphal entrances of the Via Sacra are but phantom shows. Another warship was following the *"Light on Earth"* at a short distance. It was bringing the kings, not to humiliate them, as was the custom of the Roman conquerors, but to show them that democracy is strong and yet magnanimous. When the President's party landed, the thunders ceased; but not the enthusiastic

shouts of the people who were waiting ashore. All eyes turned to the President of the United States. To the surprise of some, the kings passed almost unnoticed.

"Oh, human soul! How beautiful, how divine you are in your manifestation of love!"

CHAPTER VII.

"The 31st of December, 1920, the fifth year of the Socialistic Era, corresponding to the 11th of Nivose, 127th, the delegates of all European nations and of the United States were seated as a judicial body to decide the fate of the kings. The hall chosen for this great occasion was the one where, a hundred and twenty-seven years before, Louis XVI. had been sentenced to death. The assembly at the Tuileries occupied exactly the same place between the Pavillon de l'Horloge (called at that time "Pavilion of Unity") and the Pavillon Marsan (then named "Pavilion of Liberty"). Every delegate was seated in his place. The space reserved for the public was packed. It was four o'clock in the afternoon.

"The assembly first took up the election of a chairman. President Jones was unanimously elected, and he went to occupy the chair and preside over the most remarkable and most famous meeting the world has ever seen. He ordered that the kings should be brought before the assembly. The deep silence suggested the solemnity of the occasion. As soon as they came in, all eyes were turned toward them. One after the other they took their seats—the Kaiser, the Czar, the King of England, the King of Italy, the Emperor of Austria, the Sultan, the King of Belgium and the King of Spain. Thirty-one rulers had been killed in battle or had committed suicide. Those present seemed bowed down by a sense of their misfortune and impending death. As they appeared a murmur arose, and many voices from among the crowd shouted 'Vam-

pires! To death!' The chairman begged the public to keep quiet and then gave the word to the French delegate —Charles Harvet. For a moment there was silence. Then, looking toward the kings, with a firm voice he began: '"To-day, if death did not exist, it would be necessary to invent it."[1] One hundred and twenty-seven years ago these words were uttered in this same hall by one of our great ancestors, when only one king was being judged. Never more so than to-day ought these words be pronounced or accepted as true—"As long as one of us are alive, never will we surrender. And before you could take us prisoners, the revolutionists must pay dearly—rivers of blood will be shed." This was their cynical and ferocious answer to the words of peace brought them by our envoy. We offered them life; we asked them to have pity upon thousands of their blind followers; we asked them to think of the blood already shed; to think of those who might yet die; to think that all this would be useless. And to our words of peace they answered that we "must pay dearly; rivers of blood must be shed." And we paid dearly, indeed! Tens of thousands of our beloved brothers are lying dead; their flesh and bones are scattered here and there over the dull and gloomy field of battle. Yes, blood flowed like a stream! Are you satisfied now? Is your thirst for blood extinguished? Well, we will extinguish it with your own.

" 'Brothers, let us bring them to the same place where our great forefathers brought Louis.'

"Loud shouts of approval came from the people: 'You are right! To death! To death!'

"Silence again prevailed, and the Russian delegate, Leon Penoff, who belonged to an old aristocratic family, rose and looked into the eyes of the Czar. 'Nicholas Ro-

[1] Millaud.

manoff,' he said, 'you know me, don't you? I was one of your courtiers, and, being charged with conspiracy against your life, I was obliged to flee in order to save my head. You discovered on that occasion that many aristocrats were connected with the nihilists. You were astonished. Why? Did you think that all the aristocrats were as cruel as you are; were pleased with your oppression of people? I tell you that you were greatly mistaken. Many of us did hate you, did detest you, as much as did the people Nicholas Romanoff!—the innocent dove bearing in his mouth the olive leaf! The holy man who wanted a peace tribunal at The Hague—while preparing new plans of war for oppressing new peoples. I was near you when you were heartily laughing about your new subterfuge. Brothers, look at this holy man of peace! While he spoke of peace to Europe his stained hand was signing every day the death warrants of thousands of the best Russian people. While speaking of it he was not satisfied with having blood enough for the daily washing of his hands and face. He wanted, one beautiful spring morning, to take a bloody bath, so he ordered the butchery of Kishineff. "Poor brethren, we must kill you. It is so ordered," said some of his emissaries. Oh! if all the tortured souls of your dungeons could speak, the sound of their voices would be louder than that of the cannon at Spandau.

" 'Brothers, there are still fanatic followers of tyrants, and as long they breathe more blood will be shed. Let us make an end with them, once for all.'

"The crowd again shouted 'Death—death—nothing but death.'

"The floor was then given to the Italian delegate, Giuseppe Bruno. He arose, looked at the kings, and said in sonorous tone: 'Nicholas Romanoff, and you damned Turk, can you tell us how many horrible crimes you have

committed? Can you tell us how many of our brothers are buried in Siberia and Armenia; and how many have been thrown into the Bosphorus? I suppose you cannot, because they are innumerable. You have never been moved by their piteous cry of anguish. Have you? Of what is your heart made? With what had you stopped your ears that you could not hear those shrieks? William Hohenzollern, Francis Ferdinand Hapsburg and George Frederick Saxe-Coburg, can you tell us of the fratricidal wars of which your fathers and yourselves have been the cause? Did you know what war means? Of course, you did. And in order to satisfy the brutal, perverse desire of enslaving people, you had not the slightest fear, nor felt the slightest horror, in bringing your last blind followers to butchery. You saw that it was a useless resistance, but the infamous ambition of ruling by your *divine right* made you cherish the *beautiful ideal* of turning drunken Turkish soldiers upon our people and destroying cities with fire and sword.

"'Did you see the gloomy plain of battle, your life's masterpiece? Did you see the thousands of men, which your religion teaches were your brothers, transformed for the time into horrible animals? Did the pietous groans of the wounded and dying reach your ears? Did you hear the curses of all the people against you? Mothers are looking for their boys. Orphans are asking for their fathers. Where are they? Do you sleep soundly? Do not the spectres of the dead move round your bed at night? Do the groans of the wounded and the curses of mothers and orphans come to you in the still hours of the night? Have you pictured to yourselves the horrors of which you are the cause? Have you ever tried to count your crimes? Your priests and ministers have taught us that your God sent His Son to shed His blood in order to cleanse the earth of men's sins, appeasing in this way the God's

righteous anger, thus redeeming our souls. Brothers, let, then, their blood be shed to appease the mothers' fury. The orphans' wail. Let their blood be shed in order to cleanse the world.'

"The faces of the kings became pale. They saw that the gallows awaited them. Were they pale for fear of death, or because remorse tortured their souls? Some, including the Kaiser, seemed to cringe. Others shed tears. The Sultan alone appeared fearless and unmoved. Again the voice of the people followed the last words of the orator: 'Death—hang them—let the martyrs be avenged!'

"And then the German delegate, Karl Hegelich, arose and said, bitterly: 'There you are; not all, but a good many of you. Did the rest find their death on the battlefield or did they kill themselves? Such as were too cowardly to live have spared us, at least, the trouble of dealing with them. Why did you not do the same? To-day we should not then have had this painful sitting; and the civilized world would have been happy not to hear of you any more. Were you still attached to life? Had you still some hope? The United States, that blessed country, showed you that Socialism does not lead people into anarchy, which was your earnest desire. Why did you then live, if it was not for this hope? Are you still attached to life as a natural instinct. It seems strange that you have no desire to appear before Him who invested you with the right to rule us. Did you feel all the horror of seeing your wives, your children, flesh of your flesh, left to starve? If you did, then you have still some feeling. Then you have love for those children. I thought, judging by the way you have treated the parents of other children, that you had no knowledge of parental affection. I have made a discovery. You caused war among men. You kept tremendous armies and navies. You converted the sweat and

blood of working people into barbarious, murderous weapons. Why? To keep yourself and your class in power. "This piece of land is mine," says one. "No," answered the other, "it is mine." "You insult me; you offend the patriotic feeling of my people," continued the first. "The pride of my nation never will tolerate it," replies the second. "Let us appeal to arms!" cry both. And then men rushed against men, brothers against brothers, like wild beasts. Did you really mean what you said, or was it skillful playing? Was it truly for the piece of land? Was it truly for the offense to *the patriotic feeling* of your people? Or was there another cause? What does war mean for the defeated country? It means to give a whole community over to pillage and misery. What does war mean for the victorious nation? Hilarious drunkenness for a people who have paid for the war, but who receive not one cent in return. War enriches the gentlemen of la Bourse, not the people; the generals, not the soldiers. Pensions and honors await the generals, misery awaits the soldiers, the hospital their last home. If they live they may end their days in beggary! But they had received a recompense. Their general, after the fight, says to them: "The King orders me to express to you his thanks; to tell you that you are heroes; that he is proud of you. Soldiers, be satisfied. You have done your duty. I, also, am proud of you. Posterity will say of each of you, 'He was in the great battle.'" And the poor, blind soldiers, made drunk with such empty words, shout "Hurrah! Hurrah!" And the king proclaims that "We must be prepared for war, otherwise the defeated state will seek revenge." And your priests say to the people: "Obey the King. Suffer, my son, for the sake of Christ, and you shall get Paradise after death." And the people obeyed, and did not see that the ones who said to them, "Suffer for Christ's sake," enjoyed

all the pleasures of this life while waiting for the other in idleness. Were the feelings of those fathers, of those mothers, who watched the torments of their children, different from yours? Had they no love for the flesh of their flesh? And when grown old, you snatched their boys, their only support, for the military service, teaching them to kill their parents when you commanded it; and when in war you took away the husband from the wife, the father from the children, leaving them in misery; did you give the least thought to their distress? You thought of them as you think of beasts, did you not? They can feel no sorrow, you said. But they did feel the cold, and the pain of hunger and thirst. But in defeat and victory your glass has always been full. Were we barbarians, as cruel and ferocious as you, we would make you suffer, one by one, all the pains of misery; make your wives sell themselves in order to buy bread for your children; make your children starve, so that you might feel what the feeble cry of a starving child is to a father's or mother's heart. But we are not ferocious savages. We do not believe in your religious creeds. And still we are a million times more human, more merciful, than all your priests. Our hearts could not endure the sight of you and your children suffering from our misdeeds. I have searched my mind trying to find some excuse, some reason, which would justify your last actions; but I have failed. Therefore I vote for death, because if you live you are a danger to society, an obstacle to the peaceful development of our institutions.'

"The people became clamorous and the other delegates refused to speak, and cried, 'Let us vote; let us vote.'

"There was not the slightest doubt that the vote for the death of the kings would be unanimous.

"Then President Jones, in the midst of that confusion,

arose. Again there was silence in the Tuileries. What would the American President say?

"He looked deeply affected. With a voice trembling from emotion he began:

" 'Brothers, it is with a broken heart that I have listened to your burning words. I have not been on the battle-field, so I have not seen the gloomy fields where thousands of our beloved comrades are lying dead. I am not covered with dust nor sprinkled with human blood, as you unfortunately are. But, though I have not witnessed these terrible scenes, I have fully pictured them to myself. Could you look into my bosom, you would find my heart bleeding like yours. I hear the cries of mothers asking for their boys; and a piercingly cold shiver runs through my veins. I hear the doleful groans of the wounded; and I feel their anguish. What can I say to these mothers? Nothing. The mother, her most delicate feelings wounded, becomes a wounded lioness. Nothing but blood can appease her fury. What can I say to you who represent the intelligence of society, who have been the heroic apostles of the most beautiful human ideal? I will say what seems to me to be right and true, and leave the result to your mercy as well as to your sense of justice. Comrades Harvet, Penoff, Bruno, Hegelich: I do not say that your righteous anger is not justified. The crimes of these men have been awful, indeed. There is no punishment too great for them if we exacted the full measure of justice. But how far are they responsible for it? I speak to men of learning.

" 'Science teaches us that we have no will. Our acts result from stimuli. If a man be destitute, and the appreciation of the dishonor of becoming a thief is a stronger stimulus than the pain of an empty stomach, he will prefer to starve; if not, he will become a thief. A normal man,

whose environment, since his boyhood, has been always soundly moral, will be righteous. But the same man, if, since his boyhood, he had lived among thieves and murderers, would have become one of their kind. What has been the environment of the kings? In what school have they been educated? You know better than I do. How, then, can we hold these men responsible for acts which are the effect of external stimuli coming from their surroundings? Your surroundings had given you the stimuli that made you do acts which make for human well-being, as their surroundings had given them the stimuli which made them act in a way conducive to human ill-being. If this be true, we have the right to prevent them, by all honorable means, from doing any more harm to society. But have we, in an absolute sense, the right to kill them? No. That would be admitting that we seek revenge, and are willing to take their lives because they were born and lived where fortune placed them. Otherwise we must give up the teachings of science. But if we had not other means to deprive them of the power of being dangerous to society, then death would be justified, would be right. Have we no other means? Comrade Penoff rightly said, "There are still fanatic followers of tyrants, and, as long as these kings breathe, new blood may be shed." He would be justified in his statement if we should set them free and allow them to go assemble their blind followers, and seek again to establish kingship and capitalism. But we can take them to the United States of America, and, with the idea of Bancal in mind, say: "Let us see the last kings of the earth forced to work in order to earn their livelihood."[1] Look at them—believe me, the agony of to-day is worse for

[1] The exact expression of the French Conventionalist was "Exile. I want to see the first king of the earth condemned to a trade in order to earn his livelihood."

them than death. Two hundred and seventy-one years ago, when the English Revolutionists, eight days before the trial of Charles I., had for the first time removed the canopy from his chair, and altered the ceremonial of his meals, the prisoner king said bitterly: "Is there anything in the world more despicable than a prince who is degraded?" Looking at these kings, I can see in their faces, I can read in their minds, that they prefer death to life. But it must never be said that Socialism shed one drop of blood more than was necessary. How could these rulers have committed all their crimes had they not been helped by millions of their partisans and blind followers? Then, to be consistent, we ought to look for all those fanatics and continue to shed blood until the last one of those misled mortals, whom we should consider our brothers, is dead. Let our passions not direct our course, because if they do we shall certainly resort to torture. Let only our intellects speak in this most solemn moment. This struggle, so sublime in its purpose, so terrific in its deeds, so beneficent in its results, has not been the struggle of one tyrant against another for a sordid end, or of one country against another to appease national hatred. It has been the struggle of Good against Evil, of Light against Darkness. You would diminish the grandeur of this struggle by killing a few individuals, who, by their living in the United States, can do no harm. Comrades, this is the last day of the year. To-morrow let a new sun rise to illumine the world. Let it, throughout Christendom, never see the shedding of human blood according to law. It is not I who ask their lives. It is the people of the United States who ask you to show mercy!'

"As soon as the President was seated all the delegates rose and said as with one voice: 'Let their will be done.'

And the people showed their approval by loud and prolonged applause.

"The hall-clock struck the hour of midnight. Again the President arose.

" 'Brothers, let us sign the treaty, or rather constitution, which lies on this table; the treaty of the *confederation of all European and American States.*'

"One by one, as their names were solemnly pronounced, the delegates signed the treaty. At this very moment the telegraph announced to all the world the great event, and all the fleets at Havre, all the forts of Europe and the United States, began a tremendous cannonade which continued until dawn. With the morning sun of that day came Light, at last.

CHAPTER VIII.

"What a marvelous epoch! What a titanic struggle! How great were those heroes! How grand must have been the sight of those delegates and the crowd of people whose just anger was controlled by reason, and who answered without hesitating a moment, 'Let the desire of our American brethren be satisfied!'"

"Yes, Will, science and the people found themselves united in the same answer. One hundred and twenty-seven years previous, in that same hall, another American, Thomas Paine, on a similar occasion, had said:

"'The man whom you have condemned to death is regarded by the people of the United States as their best friend, as the founder of their liberty. That people are at present your only ally, and they have just asked you by my vote to delay the execution of your decision. Do not give the English despot the pleasure of seeing you send to the scaffold the man who delivered your American brethren from tyranny.'

"But his voice was the one clamans in deserto; and Louis XVI. was sent to the scaffold. Those two great struggles had something in common, but in many regards they differed. Jones was listened to by the delegates and the people. Paine was not. It was natural. At the time of the first revolution the United States was the beneficiary, France the benefactor. In this one Europe was the beneficiary, the United States the benefactor. Furthermore, while Paine was wrong in his judgment, Jones was right. Jones, in speaking to the learned delegates,

appealed to their reason, while to the people he appealed in a sentimental way. Paine thought likewise to touch French hearts by speaking of their relation to America, but he did it in the wrong way. 'The man,' he said, 'whom you have condemned to death is regarded by the people of the United States as their best friend, as the founder of their liberty.' He did not see that, in speaking as he did, he would offend the dignity of the French people. What should have been attributed to the French people he attributed to one man. It was not Louis XVI. who delivered America from English tyranny, but La France. When Paine said 'that the American people were the only ally' of France he did not see that the spirit which animated the French people at that moment was so strong that France would not have feared two Europes united against her."

"Yes, you have clearly pointed out the difference."

"The French revolution was grand, but ours was far greater and far more important. From that hall came not death, but life; not hate, but love. It was not the beginning of a new Reign of Terror, of an endless series of wars; but the beginning of the kingdom of peace. There were no Girondins, no Montagne. On the following days there were no Marats stabbed, no Dantons and Robespierres guillotined; no way was left open for a new Napoleon. The American and French revolutions were really the beginning of a great series of struggles of which ours was the closing act."

"How happy I am that the United States played the first role. We appeared last among the great nations and it seemed that we could not aid human civilization, nor have any peculiar influence upon the character of the western world, as had the Romans and the Greeks, and as in modern times the people of Italy, France and Germany. We were rich—the Croesus of our century; but to be rich is

not to be great. I remember, in the time of the Venezuela imbroglio, that I read with anger the words of Professor Adolph Wagner, of Berlin: 'Aside from some technical and business spheres, what have the United States done of importance for the real civilization of the world? What have they done that has deserved to be named in the same breath with the achievements of Italy and France?' "

"But really, Will, to have been rich was of little importance. To have been powerful in war, the ideal of nations in our past civilizations, was not a sign of true civilization. We often misunderstood the true meaning of civilization, so that a very learned Chinaman of that time, speaking about Europeans and Americans, said:

" 'What crimes have not been committed in the name of civilization! There is a disposition in some quarters to confound civilization with political ascendancy. Civilization does not mean merely the possession of the most powerful battleships or the most effective guns. It means rather the victory of man over his environment. The truth is that civilization is the natural fruit of peace, not of a war. It is the sum of man's efforts to advance from a lower to a higher level.'[1]

"Carlyle, in one of his lectures printed in 'Heroes and Hero Worship,' said: 'Yes, truly, it is a great thing for a nation that it gets an articulate voice; that it produces a man who will speak forth melodiously what the heart of it means. Italy, for example, poor Italy, lies dismembered, scattered asunder, not appearing in any protocol or treaty as a unity at all; yet the noble Italy is actually one. Italy produced its Dante; Italy can speak. The Czar of all the Russias, he is strong with so many bayonets, Cossacks and cannons, and does a great feat in keeping such a tract of earth politically together; but he cannot yet speak.

[1] Wu-Ting-Fang—Chinese and Western Civilization.

Something great is in him, but it is a dumb greatness. He has had no voice of genius to be heard by all men and times. He must learn to speak. He has been a great dumb monster hitherto. His cannon, his Cossacks, will all have rusted into nonentity, while Dante's voice is still audible. The nation that has a Dante is bound together as no dumb Russian can be.

"In other words, Will, achievements in the intellectual life are not to be compared to success in a material sense; the first are immortal, the second only mortal. If the Greeks and Romans had been great only in wealth and power, few would remember them. They would be almost entirely ignored in the history of civilization. But, because they were great also in the intellectual life, though their power and their people have gone forever, they are still living and will live forever. Through their masterpieces in art, through their masterpieces in literature, they speak. If the United States had been satisfied with its abundant wealth only; if its voice had been only the voice of Morgan, Rockefeller and Carnegie, its civilization would have been productive of no lasting good to the world. But now, if it had played only this one beautiful part in the world's history, of which I told you, its influence for good, happen what may, could not perish. For it has spoken."

"Has the United States yet achieved anything remarkable in the intellectual and æsthetic life of the race?"

"We shall speak about that later, when we go about the city."

CHAPTER IX.

"What was the role played by the Pope during this great struggle? You have quite forgotten to mention him."

"Yes, I did forget, but I will tell it to you in a few words. You know that there was a kind of prophecy characterizing each one of a certain number of Popes. Leo XIII. was characterized by the motto 'Lumen in coelis.' And the Catholics explained that it suggested his intelligence and learning; and being in need of miracles to fool the people, the priests showed that his reaching old age, retaining the full use of his faculties, was nothing but a miracle. Now, I knew many poor men who reached his years, after having worked like beasts, and, strangely enough, no one thought of it as being miraculous."

"But it was not only the priests who made that statement of Leo XIII. Even Doctors Manzoni and Lapponi sometimes expressed themselves in such a way and they were men of science."

"That they were skillful doctors is true. But that they were 'men of science' I doubt very much. If they sometimes expressed themselves as you said, I do not wonder. I became a Socialist after having seen poor people enslaved and tortured by needless disease; after having convinced myself that Socialism was the only form of government capable of allowing medical science to realize its grand ideal of destroying disease. These two doctors, after having kissed a hundred times la santa pantofola, no wonder that some of the holy pantofle remained on their lips, and they spoke like 'holy men.'"

"I understand. Go on."

"Leo died a short time after you went to Persia, and the next Pope, Pius X., had for a motto 'Ignis ardens.' He proved to be a superheated Pope, who, believing that he could not make mistakes, made such a large number of them that in the few years of his pontificate he had time enough to prepare a good ground for the next, whose motto was 'Religio depopulata.' And religion was not only *depopulata,* but the end of all such religions had come; and he was the last of the Popes. We have a humorist who says that the day of judgment was but the day of the trial of the kings, and the 'Just Judge' predicted by the visionary of Patmos was nothing else than the Socialist delegation, which really proved to be a very merciful court. St. John said:

"'And there appeared a great wonder in heaven, a woman (Altruism) clothed with sun (science).'[1]

"'And she brought forth a man-child (scientific and practical Socialism) who was to rule all nations.'[2]

"'And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is come salvation.'[3]

"'The time is at hand.'[4]

"'Behold, he cometh with clouds and every eye shall see him.'[5]

"'Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come into him, and *sup with him and he with me.*'[6]

"'These (Kings—Ignorance) shall make war with the Lamb (Socialism) and the Lamb shall overcome them, for

[1] Chap. xii, v. 1.
[2] Chap. xii, v. 4.
[3] Chap. xii, v. 10.
[4] Chap. i, v. 3.
[5] Chap. i, v. 7.
[6] Chap. iii, v. 20.

he is Lord of Lords and King of Kings.'[7]

"'And they (all the victims of rulers) cried with a loud voice, saying "How long, O Lord (Socialism), holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them (the rulers) that dwell on the earth?"'[8]

"'And the third part of the sea became blood (he meant the portion of sea where Dewey won the battle).'[9]

"'And the kings of the earth, the great men (the kings' tools) and the rich men (the bad ones) and the chief captains (the ones of kings) and the mighty men, and every bond man (the kings' followers) hid themselves (in Spandau).'[10]

"'And I saw the beast (priests and ministers), and the kings of the earth, and their armies, gathered together to make war against him (Socialism) that sat on the horse (meaning science, justice, love) and against his army.'[11]

"'And there were voices, and thunders and lightnings (the description of the battle) such as was not since men were upon the earth.'[12]

"'And the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet (the religion) that wrought miracles before him (the people) with which he deceived them that had received the mark of the beast (here beast means ruler); and them that worshiped his image (capitalism).'[13]

"'And I saw an angel standing in the sun, and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all fowls that fly in the midst of heaven:

"'Ye may eat the flesh of kings (the ones killed in the

[7] Chap. iii, v. 21.
[8] Chap. xvi, v. 14.
[9] Chap. vi, v. 10.
[10] Chap. vi, v. 15.
[11] Chap. viii, v. 8.
[12] Chap. xix, v. 19.
[13] Chap. xix, v. 20.

battle) and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses and of them that sit on them, and the flesh of all men (who were in the great battle of Spandau as a hygienic means to prevent the pest).'[14]

" 'Therefore are they (the people) before the throne of God (Socialism) and serve him day and night in his temple (science, justice, love), and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.'[15]

" 'They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more.'[16]

" 'For the Lamb (Socialism) which is in the midst of the throne (the Socialist Republic) shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God (Socialism) shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'[17]

" 'And the woman which thou sawest is that great city (Altruism and consequent confederation of all civilized nations) which reigneth over the kings of the earth (egotism).'[18]

" 'And after these things, I heard a great voice of much people saying, Alleluja, Salavation and glory and honor, and power unto the Lord (Socialism) our God.'[19]

" 'For true and righteous are his judgments, for he hath judged the great whore (Ignorance, Lies), which did corrupt the earth.'[20]

" 'And the four and twenty elders and the four beasts (all the defenders of Ignorance and Lies) fell down and worshiped God (science) that sat on the throne (governments), saying Amen, Alleluja.'[21]

[14] Chap. xix, v. 17.
[15] Chap. vii, v. 15.
[16] Chap. vii, v. 16.
[17] Chap. vii, v. 17.
[18] Chap. xvi, v. 18.
[19] Chap. xix, v. 1
[20] Chap. xix, v. 2.
[21] Chap. xix, v. 4.

"'And a voice came out of the throne (the voice of President Jones when he saved the kings' lives) saying: Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to him (Socialism) for the marriage of the Lamb (Socialism) is come, and his wife (Science) hath made herself ready.'[22]

"'And he (Socialism) hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written King of Kings and Lord of Lords (because Socialism embraces Science, Justice, Love).'[23]

"'And I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away (the past civilizations).'[24]

"'And God (Socialism) shall wipe away all tears from their (men's) eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.'[25]

"'And he (Socialism) that sat upon the throne (of past rulers) said: "Behold, I make all things new." And he said unto me: "Write, for these words are true and faithful."'[26]

"'And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega (in Paradise, it seems, that they speak Greek), the beginning and the end. I will give unto him (all persons without any distinction) that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life (Science) freely.'[27]

"'And he showed me a pure river of water (the teaching of Science) of life, clear as crystal (no lies in science) proceeding out of the throne of God (Science) and of the Lamb (Socialism and Science married).'[28]

[22] Chap. xix, v. 7.
[23] Chap. xix, v. 16.
[24] Chap. xix, v. 1.
[25] Chap. xxi, v. 4.
[26] Chap. xxi, v. 5.
[27] Chap. xxi, v. 6.
[28] Chap. xxii, v. 1.

"'In there (socialistic community) shall be no more curse.'[29]

"'And there shall be no night (Ignorance) there; and they need no candle (the ones of St. John's time), neither light of the sun (because of the electric light).' "[30]

"O, doctor, you say all that so seriously that you add to its humor. "But still does it not seem true?"

"Doubtless St. John foresaw that a great revolution based upon justice and love would make all things new, and destroy the former immoral civilization, as Zoroaster foresaw the triumph of Light over Darkness, of Good over Evil. But the only trouble is that St. John saw also beasts full of eyes, before and behind, saying Amen; and he saw a star fall from heaven to the earth (which the astronomers say cannot be). And he told us of men in heaven, on earth and under the earth."

"Just think! There were persons in the twentieth century who believed such 'prophecy.' Were St. John alive nowadays no man on earth could prevent him from being placed in an asylum."

"I presume so, Will. But to continue with the story. The last Pope renounced his claim of being king of Rome and allied himself with the King of Italy and the other rulers. He would have made an alliance with the devil in order to save *La Santa Bottega*.[31] He began to excommunicate all persons who were not in favor of capitalism and kingship. Think of it! To be excommunicated by the ally of the Czar and the crowned murderer of Turkey. To be excommunicated by the successor of John XII. (called the infamous), deposed for adultery and murder, whose Holy Ghost was Marozia, the most famous Papessa

[29] Chap. xxii, v. 2.

[30] Chap. xxii, v. 5.

[31] The Holy Shop.

Giovanna; of Benedict IX., who became Pope by purchase at twelve years of age, and was expelled afterwards for vices; of Alexander VI. (Roderic Borgia), poisoned at a feast by drinking from a bowl he had prepared for another; of Gregory XIII., who ordered a Te Deum to be performed, with other rejoicings, for the butchery of St. Bartholomew's Night. But the people refused to take hell in a serious way, so the excommunications made everybody laugh."

"I suppose that a great many of the old monuments, and, above all, the churches, have been destroyed by the revolutionists. There has been no war, especially no revolution, without destruction of some interesting monuments by the enraged people, or by the victorious army."

"What you say is quite true; but our great revolution was different from others, even in that respect. Socialism meant the triumph of science, and of intelligence. Had the kings been successful they would probably have permitted the destruction of many interesting monuments. Everything in the way of pillage would have been permitted to the drunken soldiers in order to subjugate the people. All the intelligent Socialists were instructed to prevail upon the people and prevent them, at any cost, from destroying anything of value whatever. It was especially desired that no masterpiece of any kind be destroyed. As we were victorious in a single battle, no monument was even injured. Socialism could never have tolerated an act of barbarity. During the last years of capitalism some of them were in great danger. In fact, parts of historic old towns had been 'rebuilt' for 'business purposes.' When you go to Europe you will be delighted to find how carefully all that remains is being preserved."

"But what of religions?"

"We have no more so many sects differing upon unim-

portant details of an outworn theology. Later you shall see the reason."

"What has become of priests and ministers?"

"A great many, of course, are dead. A very few still living. Of course, the new government left them free to continue their preaching as they liked. But they were forced, like other people, to earn a living for themselves. So when all those idlers were obliged to work in order to get their daily bread, and saw that their theological doctrines could not be converted into money any more, about ninety-five per cent. of them gave it up. A few continued to preach with fervor to the few old persons who were still anxious to listen to them."

"These few were the bishops and cardinals, were they not?"

"No, you are mistaken. These few were the humbler ones."

"But is there now no form of religious worship in Europe and America?"

"Yes and no. The new generation is quite generally divided into two portions; one believes in a first cause, which they still call God; the other does not believe in the existence of such a personality. It is really interesting to hear scientifical and philosophical discussions of this question by the best representatives of both sides. And what is more delightful, they discuss it without asking any pay from people. It was amusing in the old times. A priest, who was said to be a delegate of God, wanted to convert people and to persuade them to do this instead of that, and believe in one thing instead of another. Well, that was all right. I understood it. It was his duty, if he really believed in what he preached. But why I should have to do as he said, and not as he practised, or why I should have to pay to believe what he said, I never was able to under-

stand. I tried to convert you to Socialism. But what would you have said, if, after all I told you, I should have calmly asked a fee? I was a priest of the new religion of humanity. I worked and earned my bread as everybody else did, and afterward, when I had time and opportunity, I tried to gain new adherents for what I believed was the only right form of social life."

"Yes, it is plain enough. They liked *il dolce far niente*. But tell me, how can a people be united if it has not the same belief? The worshiping of the same God constitutes, I should say, the strongest social tie."

"We have it, though all may not worship."

"What, then, are your churches?"

"Our schools and our workshops."

"Your religion?"

"Love."

"Your Bible?"

"All science."

"Your God?"

"The universe."

CHAPTER X.

"What became of the kings and their families?"

"They were brought to the United States. At the beginning there was much talk about the advisability of sending them to one of our islands and giving them all the necessary utensils for doing the kind of work they might prefer; let them live alone. But this plan was rejected, because all but the King of Spain had, according to our organization, reached the age at which a man need not work any more. There was the question also of educating their children according to our ideals. We thought that it would have been barbarous to send their parents to an island, and keep them in America. At last we came to the conclusion that the best solution was to send them, by families, to various cities of the United States. So the Kaiser was sent to Washington; the Czar to Chicago; the King of Italy to Boston; the King of England to New York; the King of Spain to San Francisco; the Emperor of Austria to New Orleans; the King of Belgium to Philadelphia, and the Sultan to Baltimore. The members of all the families of the other rulers who were killed in the battle were permitted to live where they pleased, reporting changes in residence, of course."

"Did they give you any trouble?"

"Not in the least, with the exception of the Kaiser. All the others saw that it was a foolish thing to cherish any hope, so they resigned themselves to the new state of things and began to be interested in the practical working of Socialism with the curiosity of those who see a machine run-

ning perfectly, when they had thought it could not go at all. Some of them, including the Czar and the King of Italy, confessed afterward that they had never been so happy before in their lives; that they had never enjoyed eating and drinking so much (of course they had no fear of being poisoned); that they had never known how pleasant it is to go about without attendants and breathe pure air without the fear of being murdered. In other words, they said that they were better satisfied as plain citizens of a Socialist republic than as kings of great countries. The Czar even went so far as to say that he would have helped to organize the new administration, and would have liked the honor of being the first president of his country."

"You don't say!"

"You will not wonder after you see the city and our way of living."

"And the Kaiser?"

"Well, he was the only one who remained unreconciled. His nervous system, which had already sustained so many shocks, was exhausted. His mind, not quite normal even before you left, became extraordinarily affected during the great struggle; and since the day of the trial his eccentricities exaggerated themselves greatly. He was brought to America quite insane, and so was placed under the care of physicians. For a short time I was one of these attendants. But I soon became tired of his folly. To quiet him we gave him all his gorgeous uniforms, more than twenty in all. One day he said that God appeared and spoke to him, assuring him that He would come with an army of angels to restore him to his throne. Some days, from sunrise to sunset, he would change uniforms continually, and slap the face of his attendant because that person would refuse to treat him like an emperor. While dressed in his uniforms he would make plans for battles

and afterward would ask whether these plans were not far superior to those of Hannibal, Caesar, Cromwell, Napoleon, Wellington, Moltke, Lee and Garibaldi, taken all together. He knew English well, so we could follow his madness. One day he made a religious speech as follows: Text—Ecclesiastics, eighth chapter, second, fourth and fifth verses, and tenth chapter, twelfth verse: 'I counsel thee to keep the king's commandment, and that in regard to the oath of God.' 'Where the word of a king is, there is power.' 'Whoso keepeth the commandment shall feel no evil thing.' 'Curse not the king, no, not in thy thought.' After finishing his speech, he asked if people did not consider him greater than Bossuet and Savonarola. But then one of the doctors asked him about Ecclesiastics, third chapter, twelfth and thirteenth verses, and fifth chapter, seventh verse: 'I know that there is no good in them, but for a man to rejoice and to do good in his life.' 'And also that every man should eat and drink, and enjoy the good *of all his labor,* that is the gift of God.' *'That all the labor of a man is for his mouth.'* At this he became extremely angry and answered that the right to read the Bible is only for kings; that the people should listen and obey. Once he made a political speech and afterward asked it were not more eloquent than the Philippics and the orations against Catiline and Antonius, and if he was not to be considered a more clever statesman and orator than Demosthenes and Cicero. He would give whole days to interpreting the Bible, and inquire whether he were not a greater reformer than Luther and Calvin. He spoke of philosophy and thought himself to be deeper than Aristotle, Kant and Spencer. We were greatly bored by his long talks about art and literature. He believed in his insanity that he was one of the finest critics living. But you should have seen him when he asked to see the statue he sent as a pres-

ent to the United States, and we were forced to tell him that the statue was in a museum. He became so enraged that we were forced to bind him. Fortunately for himself, he lived but two years after coming to us. General paralysis put an end to the restless life of this peculiar man, who, if he had been born poor, would probably have been an anarchist, like Ravaschol, Bresci and Czolgosz.

"The King of Italy, who died ten years ago, was the only one who took an interest in anything worth while. He asked to be put in charge of the department of numismatics at the Boston Museum. At the request of our government, Italy restored to him the rare collection he had previously made. So Boston is now in possession of one of the most rare and interesting collections of the kind. The last coinage bears the image of the collector. He became a good citizen, and obeyed the laws as if he was born and educated in a socialistic republic. He was fond of his wife and of his two daughters, Yolanda and Mafalda. He would repeat to his daughters some verses of his favorite poet, but altered by him to suit his purpose:

" 'Una volta, perdonate, vi bramavo un fratello
Che come voi lo siete, fosse nobile e bello.
Che tramandasse ai figli, pura ed intatta come
Io la tenni dai padri, la gloria del mio nome.
Iddio non mel concesse. Savie leggi le sue!
Ei vide non piú regno, ne posto piú per due
Nel mio cuore. Oh Mafalda! Oh Yolanda! voi che adoro
Di piú che una corona, di piú che ogni tesoro!
Ora se ci ripenso, sono meco adirato.
Per quel tanto d'affetto che vi avrebbe rubato.'[1]

[1] Once, forgive me, I wished you to have a brother, noble and beautiful as you, who could transmit to his children the glory of my name, as pure and intact as I received it from my ancestors. But God did not grant it to me. His laws are wise. He saw that there was no kingdom for him, and in my heart place but for

"Very pretty, indeed. The King of Italy was then a poet!"

"Well, an Italian is always a poet. It is the beautiful sky, the picturesque scenery, the enchanting variety of Italy's glorious landscape that make poets of all Italians. When first I saw this king driving on the charming beach of Naples with his wife (they were then a newly married couple) he gave me the impression that he really married her because he loved her, which is very seldom the case among royal persons, who were obliged to satisfy the exigencies of politics rather than the feeling of love. Now I see that I was not mistaken."

"And what became of the other kings?"

"The Emperor of Austria, the King of Belgium and the King of England were all great lovers of sport. Even the Czar continued to enjoy fun, although he showed signs of repentance for all the death warrants he had signed. After the death of the Kaiser he said that in all the European courts there was never such laughter as when William announced that God had revealed himself to his father. The Kaiser, as you know, was always unbalanced. All of these kings lived happily, enjoying the pleasures of life as is permitted to us all in these days. One after the other they died, the last about eight years ago. The poor Kaiser might also have enjoyed the last years of his life if his doctors, long before the struggle, had felt free to tell him the truth, instead of speaking as courtiers. I almost forgot the Sultan. As I said, he lived at Baltimore. What bothered him was the loss of his many wives, for he came quite alone. Still fortune appeared to favor him. He did not drink liquor, so an old maid, who had been a

two. Oh! Mafalda! Oh! Yolanda! I adore you more than a crown, than any treasure.

Now, when I think of it, I become angry with myself, for he would have stolen a share of my love from you.

famous temperance reformer before the revolution, married him. It is said that he was soundly punished for his many crimes, and she for that worst of follies, social reform quackery, when revolution was needed."

"And all the royal girls and boys, though living and educated in a socialistic community, probably preferred to marry amongst themselves, did they not?"

"Oh, no! On the contrary. They knew that their blood was more or less tainted; that many hereditary diseases were in their families; that more than other people, they must mix with sound stock. No Americans were happier than they. And when they began to enjoy freely the pleasures of our life, without any fear of being compelled by the rigors of etiquette to do what they did not like, they were as sensible as other people. We have seen no more daughters of Don Carlos eloping with an Italian painter; or Princess Louise of Coburg with a French professor; no second edition of Archduchess Stephanie of Austria, and of the Princess Royal of Saxony."

CHAPTER XI.

"And was Europe as quiet during this time as the United States? What became of the aristocracy of blood and of wealth? Did they lose hope entirely?"

"Did they lose hope? Why, no. No portion of the European population was more benefited by the revolution than they."

"You asked me whether the aristocracy tried to resist the new government. Looking carefully into history, I can tell you exactly why they did not. We must divide the aristocracy into three portions. One was good-natured, but opposed to Socialism, because it believed that Socialism meant what an Italian poet said (long before true Socialism had appeared):

" 'E tutto si riduce a parer mio
Levati di qua che ci voglio star io.'[1]

"Another portion really believed in kingship and nobility as a sacred right, not to be molested nor spoken of lightly. I am reminded of an incident which shows this position. In one of the most aristocratic families of Rome there was a discussion about beauties. Some one said Madame F—— is more beautiful than Queen Margherita. At this a girl, whose mother was at that time Queen Margherita's dama di corte, began to cry and say that no lady could be more beautiful than the queen. And this was so, not because her mother was at court, but because she really felt that no one could be in any way su-

[1] The reason for any kind of a struggle, in my opinion, is condensed into these words, "Stand aside, I want to occupy your position."

perior to royal persons. This portion could have been called "i cretinoidi."[1] The third portion of the aristocrats was composed of idlers, who, seeing in Socialism the end of their idleness and debauchery, were fiercely opposed to it. Now, the first portion, when they saw that they had greatly misconceived Socialism, did not only offer no resistance, but became most excellent citizens. The second, as idiots, became resigned to the new state of things, but they have always spoken with regret of the 'good old times' when there were kings and queens and servants. The third portion saw that to resist meant to be locked up and laughed at, so they remained quiet also. Of course, the children of this class mix and lose themselves completely in our society. Yes, Will, intelligent Socialists always knew that the only difference between aristocrats and commoners was in their bringing up; therefore that it was foolish to hate the members of the upper classes as individuals. But the Socialist leaders, long before the struggle, made the mistake of forgetting that the first portion I have mentioned needed only to be converted along with the ignorant mass. They failed to demonstrate to those people with the exactness of mathematics that every one would gain and no one would lose by instituting Socialism. I want to relate also an episode of my life, to give you an idea of the first portion of the aristocracy, and prove to you that they could have been converted. While I was studying medicine in Rome, I was a good friend of Princess R.'s family. She had a very pretty little girl with golden hair and blue eyes, who was remarkably intelligent for her tender age; *un amore di bimba,* as we say in Italian. The girl became ill of typhus fever, complicated afterward with meningitis. For about a week I gave up my studying and attended, day and night, the little angioletto.

[1] Half idiots.

The mother, as good and charitable as she was beautiful and intelligent, was also constantly in attendance. I stood for those days near the mother, watching her dying child. I counted all the throbbings of her heart; I saw the way in which her eyes were fixed upon the doctors who were in consultation. I saw the way in which she gazed at her little one. I heard her sighs; I anatomized all the anguish of this mother. As, unfortunately, the little girl was getting worse every day, the mother began to turn her thoughts to the Virgin Mary, the famous one for miracles at that time being the one under the name of Madonna di Pompei. I cannot tell you how many thousands of dollars she promised to the Madonna, together with all the pearls, diamonds and other precious stones she possessed. But when she saw her pet nearly dead she would have given all her fortune and her own life, if both had been required, to snatch the little one from death. She would have cursed, when she saw her darling dead, our past social organization and its defenders, could she have guessed that all that evil, all her misfortune, came from it. Afterward I came to America. Just about the time you lived a doctor's life for one day I received a letter from a charming lady with whose parents I had been very intimate, the Duchess L. Some lines of this letter I have never forgotten. I will repeat them to you: 'You will hardly succeed in reading my handwriting. If you could guess how my hand is trembling! How my thoughts are confused! Think of it! My little pet, who bears the name of my mother, has been dying; and, while I am writing to you, she is still in danger; she has not yet recuperated her mental faculties, does not speak, does not see, does not hear. Think of my broken heart; of my anguish; of the torture of my soul in seeing my dearest one expiring, moment by moment. And this continued for a whole month. Yes, it has been a month of awful

tortures; a month that I have not been in this world; that I have not slept; that I have been doing nothing but watch at the bedside. The Virgin Mary of Rosario and Pompei will save her life; will spare me the greatest sorrow that can come to a mother.' By the way that this letter was written you can easily guess what a loving mother she was, and is yet, because she is still living. By the manner in which she expresses herself you can understand that she is an intelligent person. Her heart was as good and kind as her face was beautiful. I do not know what she promised the two Madonnas, but I am sure that in order to save the life of her child she would not only have favored the abolition of capitalism, but given her life also. I knew one nobleman of Milan who was quite a Socialist, because as an intelligent person, he was fully aware of the evils of our organization and understood what Socialism really meant."

"Yes, that is true. I, when traveling in Europe and afterward in Persia, met many such persons who were very good Socialists indeed. But tell me, in these few lines of your friend's letter there was mentioned the Madonna del Rosario and the Madonna di Pompei. What does this mean? How many Madonnas had you in Italy?"

"Those priests were remarkable inventors, full of resources. They needed many Madonnas, many kinds of Christ, different Gods, while saying that all were one. So, when a believer said to them, 'Father, I have so implored the Madonna of Rosario, or the Holy Child, or the Eternal Father, and have not received the grace I prayed for,' the priests had a means of escape. 'My son,' they would say, 'ask grace of the Madonna of Pompei, of Lourdes, or of Christ, or of the Holy Ghost.' By the way, in our time, the people of the United States thought themselves the greatest trustmakers of the world."

"And I think they were."

"You are greatly mistaken, Will. The organization of the greatest trust in the world was in Italy."

"You don't say! How?"

"The greatest trust in the world was not the United States Steel Corporation, but the Catholic Church trust, with its branch offices all over the world. The central office was in Rome; the president and almost all the directors were Italians. It manufactured and sold religion, salvation and mercy."

"I think you are right. I never thought of it in that way."

"Was there, at that time, in the United States, a trust which invented and monopolized an article of no value, which, without costing its inventor and manufacturer a cent, yielded an enormous revenue?"

"I do not know of the invention of which you speak. We had many men who stole or purchased patent rights and made big fortune, but it always cost some money."

"The marvelous invention of Purgatory, Will, is the one I mean. Have you ever thought of the enormous amounts of money which the priests received from it? Those pictures of Purgatory in all the churches, and the ones distributed to every believer, pictures of men burning in the fire, with the tales which went with them, was a greater money-getting scheme than any ever concocted by the gentlemen of la Bourse or Wall street. For who would care for a few dollars if, through the priest, you could have appeased the wrath of God and made the souls of your beloved dead come from burning flames and go into Paradise?

"It really seems incredible that in the twentieth century, when science had made such wonderful progress and men accomplished more marvelous deeds than Greeks and

Romans attributed to their Gods, that men were so stupid as to believe in such absurdities."

"But what was really most amusing was to see that the God of Moses, who called unto him and spake unto him out of the tabernacle of the congregation and made laws relative to sacred oblations, burnt offerings, meat offerings and peace offerings; who, at that time, wanted as sacrifice cattle, bullocks, sheep, lambs, goats, fowls and, above all, turtle doves; with the passing of time changed his tastes and spoke again, demanding pounds sterling, dollars, francs, marks and roubles. To Moses he said: 'When any will offer a meat offering unto the Lord, his offering shall be of a fine flour; and he shall pour oil upon it, and put frankincense thereon.' But afterwards, when he spoke to the new Moses, he wanted fine flour still, but without the oil and frankincense upon it. And if the offerings were extensive enough they assured to the donor, not only the Paradise, but earthy recompense. He was made knight, count, marquis,[1] or prince, in order that at death he could be recognized better by the angel sent for him; and St. Peter could, without questioning and with proper politeness, allow him to take a seat very near to the Throne. Oh, Almighty God! I believe that your patience must have been infinite, not because you so long endured the sins of men, but because you have seen in silence, for so many centuries, what priests of all kinds have done and said in your name.

" 'They sacrifice flesh for the sacrifices of mine offerings,

[1] There are many persons upon whom have been conferred titles because of their large gifts to the church. In a newspaper we read:

POPE CREATES AMERICAN A MARQUIS.

Rome, May 13.—Cardinal Satolli recently applied to the Pope to confer a title of nobility on Martin Malony, of Philadelphia, Pa., because of his *large church offerings*. The Pontiff has issued a brief creating Mr. Malony a marquis.

and eat it; but the Lord accepteth them not. They have set up kings, but not by me; they have made princes, and I knew it not; of their silver and their gold have they made them idols, that they may be cut off.'[1]

[1] Hosea viii:4, 13.

CHAPTER XII.

"In Europe, Will, as in the United States, there has been profoundest peace since the day of the trial. And to-day we have, of course, a different Europe than formerly."

"Have you been over there in these last years?"

"Of course I have. Traveling, you see, is now so cheap that I have been there often. When, in those old days of capitalism, I once made the trip I was disgusted. What a dreary spectacle! Everywhere there were barracks, forts, soldiers drilling and the clang of arms. It was but two years after I first came to America and I thought, are we Europeans still such beasts as to be ready at any moment to tear each other to pieces? Is this really the Europe which is mother of so many great men of science, of so many geniuses who have tried and are trying day and night, in the silence of their laboratories, to snatch secrets from nature, secrets that may save lives? Strange paradox! Civilization and barbarism living in the same room! I thought and said to myself: Why have you, oh, Pasteur, Jenner, Virchow, Lister, Koch, Roux, Metchinkoff, Behring, Sanarelli, Pane, De Renzi, Lustigo, Yersin, Traser, Calmette, Marmorek, Grassi; why have you spent, and why still do you spend, your lifetime sacrificing yourselves to save other men's lives, if the hellish mouth of a gun is waiting to tear them to shreds? Let them perish of diseases which will permit them at least to die in their beds, receiving the last kisses of their beloved ones, and not on battlefields to furnish food for crows and wolves. Why do you labor to save that others may destroy? Why have you,

geniuses of the two worlds; Lovoisier, Berthollet, Brandly, Liebig, Gioia, Fulton, Whitney, Faraday, Morse, Edison, Marconi—why have you tried to rob nature of her secrets? Why have you achieved such marvels, when the fruits of the ground are reserved for a few vampires; when your machines, instead of lessening the work of humanity, throw them into misery, enriching only the few and starving the many? Oh, geniuses who are sleeping the eternal sleep, and you who still live, have you not repented? Are you not sorry for achieving what you have, when you see what use a few men have made of your triumphs?

"But when I went to Europe the last time—how changed it all was. No more soldiers and no more arms were to be seen. But the implements of honest toil were in the hands of all. No more clouds of war in the sky, only the stars of hope and peace! All national hatred abolished, and peace enthroned! Nobody would think that the Europe of to-day was connected with the one of thirty years ago. Long live Socialism. Blessed be all the heroes who worked for its realization, who fought and died that it might live.

"As soon as all nations were through with their economic organization and all the great lines of development determined upon, then the greatest and most important work of all was taken up; 'the happiness of humanity and the embellishment of the world'—the golden dream of young Saint Simon. But what do men need in order to be happy? All the comforts of life your fancy may picture may not make a man happy in the least, if he is not in a condition to fully enjoy them; in other words, if he is not in good health. As Socialism, of course, had put an end to all pain and grief resulting from economic causes, the first question which presented itself was the eradication of diseases of every description.

"The International House of Delegates then called a

congress of all the leading European and American physicians and said to them:

"'Gentlemen, Socialism has already attained its greatest purpose and everybody begins to enjoy its benefits, but the socialistic administration cannot assure the happiness of every one, unless you fight successfully against disease. This great struggle is the task of your profession. All the wealth ordinarily used by society to the detriment of itself, the millions which rulers were accustomed to spend in war and preparations for war, these are at your disposal. Use them well in order that this great ideal of a healthful people may be realized. Anything you ask of government will be granted. We await with profound interest the results of your labors.'

"No men of science were ever so happy as those doctors at that moment. It was the moment in which, at last, science was the true ruler of the world; the moment in which medicine could show humanity of what it was capable.

"Now, Will, let us go out. I will show you the wonders which medical science has achieved. By one city you can picture to yourself the others; by the happiness of our fellow citizens you can gain some idea of the happiness of all European and American peoples.

PART III

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF MEDICAL SCIENCE UNDER A SOCIALISTIC ADMINISTRATION

CHAPTER I.

We stopped at the corner of Karl Marx avenue and Jean Jaurés street, the old Bourbon street of the past. Will was so enchanted by the sight of the beautiful avenue that he was looking around like a man who does not believe he is awake. And really it is a beautiful sight. All the houses of old Esplanade avenue are gone, and in their places are charming cottages, rivalling each other in beauty. Each is surrounded by a lovely little garden, with all varieties of flowers and beautiful plants; the Acacia Farnesiana, the Anthurium Giganteum, the Dion Edule, the Araucaria Excelsa, the Dracaenas Terminalis, the Areca Landeriana, and the Cycas Revolutas. In the past there were only two lines of trees in the middle of the avenue; now there are two more. Flowers and trees are now cultured with great skill and are superior to those we used to see in royal parks. Will looked like a man dreaming that he was in a city inhabited by nymphs, so I said:

"Really, you look like a rustic on his first trip to the city."

"Well, I do not wonder at my own appearance; remember in what condition I left New Orleans, and that I have just come from Persia."

"Yes, I understand your astonishment; but let us not take too much time to see the streets and parks now; you have plenty of time for this, and as we proceed you will be more astonished. Let me explain the paving of the street. The physicians said to the government: 'We wish all the

streets to be, first, clean; second, noiseless.' And the engineers constructed all the streets according to our request. We required also that the streets must be kept moist. So the engineers had built at different points large reservoirs for water, which are now monuments of the art of modern engineering. Do you see how the street is constructed? The two sides of it incline toward the sidewalk, and the two sidewalks incline towards the street; so they converge in a perforated sheet of iron communicating with the sewers. In the middle of the street there is, as you can see, a large pipe having holes on both sides, and a similar pipe, but smaller, with holes on one side only, is situated on the inner edge of the sidewalk. At intervals, varying with the season, a powerful stream of water from the middle pipe washes the street, and at longer intervals the sidewalk is treated in the same way. In this way the city is kept as clean as possible and no dust circulates through the air. In summer time the city is also kept cool by this system. Now let us go to see the river bank, as we are near it."

"Yes, it is but a few steps away—Royal street, Chartres street and Decatur street."

"You must forget all those old names. The new ones are Enrico Ferri street, Millerand street, and Edison Boulevard."

"So you have changed the names of all the streets?"

"Nearly all. Some of the old names were acceptable."

When we reached the place Will drew a long breath which he converted into a long exclamation—"Oh! Is it not magnificent? Is it not a wonderful sight?"

I understood his wonder, of course. No railroad, no old dirty markets, no going up and down of floats drawn by horses and mules; but a large, beautiful boulevard with eight rows of luxurious trees made to grow in such a way

as to form six leafy arches; and among the trees, bushes of myrtle.

"Will, these rows of trees serve two purposes. They increase the strength of the new levee, and greatly beautify the river front. Such scenes can be enjoyed all along the river front, which is the place where the people come in the afternoon, after work is over, to take a walk and enjoy the cool river breeze. It is our favorite promenade."

"You are indeed fortunate. But the steamships—where do they cast anchor? Their smoke does not seem to spoil this beautiful promenade."

"Not at all. They increase the beauty of it; especially in the evening when they are illuminated. You forget that we no more have steamships, but electric ships, and they, as our new generation of men, do not smoke."

"I did not think of that."

"Down the river we have four big storehouses for the loading of cargoes. That work is almost entirely done by electric machines."

"Are the same methods of generating used as in the old times?"

"The problem attacked in our times by Dr. Borchers, of Duisburg, of cold combustion of the gaseous products of coal and oil in a gas battery, and its direct conversion into electrical energy has been solved; and the utilization of coal without the wasteful intervention of the steam engine is to-day an accomplished fact."

"Let us go and see Canal street. If you have beautified all the streets I can fancy what Canal street must be."

"It is indeed one of our most beautiful thoroughfares. But it is no more called Canal street; it is Washington Boulevard now. Let us take the automobile just passing. It will carry us to the part of the boulevard which you will most admire."

While smoothly gliding along at a rate of twenty miles an hour we passed one of the sub-departments for the delivery of commodities.

"Doctor, all these beautiful squares! All these splendid restaurants and shops! What—"

"Have a little patience. I will explain everything to you at the right time."

People in the automobile were looking at my old friend with deep curiosity as he asked me questions. In a few minutes we reached the most beautiful square, where Dewey boulevard crosses Washington boulevard. To describe the astonishment of Will when he found himself confronting the marvelous Dewey Memorial Arch is quite impossible. And really, the handsome square, in the middle of which stands our masterpiece of modern architecture, the vista down the two avenues, and the whole enchanting panorama of the city is worthy of any one's admiration. I never go there without being impressed to the degree of solemnity. Washington and Dewey Boulevards, the latter (once Claiborne avenue) prolonged in a straight line to opposite sides of the city, are doubtless two of the most beautiful boulevards in the world. And this is not because of the magnificent public buildings and beautiful cottages; not because of the lovely gardens and groves; not because of their great length which makes them appear unending; but because of all these things combined, and, above all, those rows of chinaberry trees, alternated with magnolias, which, with their evergreen leaves, for miles give those streets the appearance of drives through tropical forests. Visiting Europeans speak of this as New Orleans' greatest attraction.

"Doctor, I cannot find words to express my sense of the beauty of this place. Why did I remain away so long?

St. Charles avenue, how handsome it must be, judging from what I have seen of the city."

"You mean Bellamy Boulevard. Yes, it is also one of our most beautiful avenues."

"Oh, you named it in honor of the author of 'Looking Backward,' did you not? I remember reading the book before going to Persia."

"Yes, I wish that he might have lived to witness this realization of his hopes."

"What symmetry marks the city as a whole! New Orleans seems lost among trees and flowers."

"Yes, according to the plan drawn by the commission of engineers and upon the request of both physicians and landscape artists, in every street were planted trees; and of the entire area of the city more than one-sixth was transformed into gardens. Every variety of tree and flower which Louisiana can produce was made to grow."

"But is this display of trees and flowers not almost too luxurious?"

"We physicians said that every city must be in the midst of a wood. Oxygen is to the lungs what wholesome food is to the stomach. It was a very strange thing in our past social disorder. Efforts were made to keep trees, but not where they were most necessary. Is this not too luxurious? you say. Why, it cannot be so. Are flowers not nature's dress of love? Does not nature, when in full bloom, look like a bride? Is there any vision that can surpass her in beauty? Can you conceive an Eden without flowers? Can there be anything else which can so increase the happiness of a people? This display of colors, this glorious beauty, this delicious variety of odors, are the true elixir which makes men live and dream and love."

CHAPTER II.

We descended. My old friend showed in his face the satisfaction he felt in seeing his dear birthplace transformed into an Eden. He exclaimed:

"Yes, doctor, I was and am a Socialist; but to tell you the truth, at that epoch I never thought that under a Socialist administration men could have achieved such wonders! Oh! father! Why are you not living? You thought that Socialism would lead to anarchy. What are all the luxuries of the Persian court, which you liked so much, compared to what I now see?"

"But you have seen very little of our city and us."

"Very little, you say! What more can I see?"

"Well, until now, you have seen barely the beginning, I should say, of what medical science has achieved. Look at the houses. I regret that I forgot to have you look at mine, but any way, I shall describe to you how they are built; and this evening you will see the inside of one with your own eyes. You notice that every house is isolated and has many windows. Thus the air circulates constantly through every room, and when all the windows are open in the morning the air is entirely renewed. Closets are removed from the houses. New inventions, coupled with stringent municipal regulations, have entirely removed this constant danger to health under the old régime. A modern bathroom is near the sleeping rooms. Every room is provided with a heating apparatus corresponding to the necessities of hygiene, and with which, in winter time, when necessary, we warm the rooms at our pleasure. Electric

fans are placed in every part of the house in summer time. Now, there seems to be a new discovery through which liquid air will be utilized to cool our dwellings. Electricity is used for illumination."

"And the kitchen?"

"There are no kitchens in the houses."

"Do you eat no more, or have you discovered some wonderful elixir of life which keeps men alive without eating? I tell you that anything of the kind would not meet my approval, because I would not renounce for anything in the world our delicious lunches and dinners."

"Even the meals prepared from the meat touched by that young man we saw in the shop, and cooked by the consumptive person?"

"Please do not force me to see that again. You have no idea how my mind was troubled for a long time after that day; you made me almost tired of living."

"Do not fear. Even if I would, I could not. You will understand later. But now I can assure you that you shall have a breakfast and afterward a dinner such as you have never eaten in New Orleans, at Teheran with the Shahinshah, nor in any European capital of the old time. Do you feel hungry?"

"Not yet; it is early for breakfast. And beside, I know nothing of your new restaurant system and its schedules. So I will leave it with you. When the time for breakfast comes you will please tell me. Now I am more than anxious to understand all about the new life. Though I studied Socialist ecenomics I did not fancy half of what I see, and I have seen but very little, you say. You will remember that in those days there were many problems suggested by our adversaries for which we could find no clear solution; above all, those concerning the 'intellectuals.' I never was able to understand perfectly how doctors could

work well by any other system than the one in which you were then organized."

"Did I not show you how we were wholly unorganized in that epoch?"

"Not satisfactorily. You showed me a very dull but true picture of the medical profession in its relation to society; you made me understand that, like other workingmen, you yourselves were not rightly treated;; yet you never gave to me a clear idea of how doctors were related to one another as workers, or just what they conceived their social function to be."

"Yes, maybe I was a little afraid to speak ill of doctors who were obliged 'to make business.' But I will explain it to you now, and more easily, because as I show you how the medical body is organized to-day, I can explain to you better the difference between the old and the new. Recall to your mind all the questions for which you found no satisfactory answers at that time; ask them of me as the opportunity peresents itself, and I will answer you. That will make my task easier."

CHAPTER III.

Without perceiving it we found ourselves at the corner of Washington Boulevard and Longfellow avenue, the old Rampart street; and Will, seeing one of our beautiful new elementary school buildings, stopped and looked at the inscription over the entrance, which read:

To know instruction, to perceive the words of understanding. To begin to receive the instruction of wisdom, justice, judgment and equity. To give subtility to the simple, to the young man knowledge and discretion.

"Doctor, is not this excellent inscription taken from the proverbs of Solomon?"

"Yes."

"Does the new civilization take the Bible as life's guide, then?"

"Among the tales, which are but the history of the Hebrews related by kings and priests with fervid oriental imagination, there are a great many moral truths and much excellent counsel, which, because they are so, are carefully studied in our schools. In a few words I will tell you our attitude toward the Bible. The rulers of the old times accepted all the bad advice, which they praised with words, but refused to accept the moral maxims of the Bible. In our schools we adopt and teach all the moral truths and demonstrate scientifically the absurdities which the old governments were interested in having people believe. In seeking true aims and methods of education, Socialism has accomplished a vast revolution in this field. In the past, governments often had the children taught lessons

which they should never have been taught; and they were not taught truths which they should have learned. We have corrected this voluntary fault of the past rulers. And a pleasing characteristic of our plan is that atheists and deists have agreed upon it. So, for instance, this inscription you just read was proposed by deists and was heartily accepted by atheists. This should cause no wonder, Will, for we have the one common scientific method for the discovery of truth; which means a love of truth and right; which causes only good, and cannot work evil. Our deists simply say that the universe, in its essence, has as first cause a personality. As a consequence, none disagree as to the education of children. Both accept every new discovery of science with joy. One class is confirmed in the belief that the matter is eternal; the other finds new cause to magnify the wonder of the creation and exalt the infinite wisdom of the Maker. Doctors, who have played a great role in the field of education, said to the governments: 'Until the age of seven let there be no school for children; give the brain time to develop itself well in order to be ready for high training. From seven to twenty-one, no one must work; all must go to school. The development of the intellects of children must be combined with hygienic exercise of the body. The hours' study must be hygienically alternated with the hours of gymnastic exercises and with rest.' Do you remember the training class you saw fifty years ago in the Young Men Gymnastic Club?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, we have something like it, but more perfect, more scientific, because to-day these professors are very learned physiologists."

"So the boys, when they reach the age of twenty-one, are as well developed as Professor Schoenfeld was?"

"Usually they are stronger than he was. You shall see the reason afterward."

"Oh! Socialism! How divine you are!"

"Keep your exclamations until you have seen more. Words cannot describe our results."

"And the girls and young women?"

"Well, I was just about to correct you. You said all the boys. You should have said all the boys and girls. Their training differs only in this—the girls' gymnastic work is lighter."

"Yes, I understand. How beautiful the young men and women are whom I have seen on the streets."

"Yes, they are made both strong and beautiful. All the Amazons of the Middle Age, as we fancied them, cannot stand comparison with our girl athletes. And it is the glory of medical science.

"We doctors said also: 'No more purgatory and hell in the schools, nor outside; and a severe law against the parents who scare children with such tales.' This law was necessary at the beginning, when people could not fully understand and appreciate the danger of such hideous stories to the general health of the child. Now that the new generation is thoroughly educated according to our ideas, this law exists only for some ignorant old men and women of the past."

"Does the lawbreaker require a jail?"

"Not at all."

"How, then, is the law enforced?"

"You shall see also how that is done."

"So these happy children do not even hear more of such nonsense?"

"The atheists have nothing of the kind, of course. The believers have a better idea of the great Maker than to attribute to him a great many qualities similar to those of

humanity, which is absurd. Of the unknown we can say nothing, except that it can have no attributes of which we can think, otherwise it would not be unknown. So even these new believers laugh when they speak of the religious people of the old time, who believed that God could have spoken 'For three transgressions of Damascus, and for four, I will not turn away the punishment thereof; because they have threshed Gilead with threshing instruments of iron.'[1] 'But I will send a fire into the house of Hazael, which shall devour the palaces of Ben-hadad.' 'I will send a fire on the wall of Gaza, which shall devour the palaces thereof' (a thorough anarchist). 'God is jealous, and the Lord revengeth; the Lord will take vengeance on his adversaries, and he reserveth wrath for his enemies.'[2] (Even in our past civilization a man of this kind would have been considered a man with a very mean nature.) 'I have loved you, saith the Lord. Yet ye say: Wherein hast thou loved us? Was not Esau Jacob's brother? said the Lord; yet I loved Jacob.'[3] 'And I hated Esau, and laid his mountains and his heritage waste for the dragons of the wilderness.' Do you know why? Hear the reason why God hated Esau: 'Ye offer polluted bread upon mine altar; and ye say: Wherein have we polluted thee? In that ye say; the table of the Lord is contemptible.' But it seems that Israel did not understand, so God continued, bringing a clear comparison showing why he was offended: 'And if ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? And if ye offer the lame and sick, is it not evil? (Certainly, because such offerings would have given a disease to the priests who ate them.) Offer it now unto the governor. (God did not dare to compare himself with a king.) Will he

[1] Amos, i:3, 4, 7.
[2] The Vision of Nahum, i:2.
[3] Malachi, i:2, 3, 7, 8.

be pleased with thee, or accept thy person?' Can you imagine the great Maker angry for all that? No, Will, even the believers of to-day do not believe in different kinds of hell. So we do not teach falsehoods to children."

"You said 'different kinds of hell.' How many kinds had we? I knew only the one taught by the priests."

"While speaking to you I had in mind the clever classification of hells made by Lauerteig. He said: 'Hell to the old Romans was not the fear of Pluto—for whom probably they cared little—but of doing unworthily, doing unvirtuously, which was their word for unmanfully. With the Christians it is (we can say it was) the infinite terror of being found guilty before the just Judge. With the modern English (and Americans) hell is (was) the terror of not succeeding, of not making money. So, Will, we don't frighten children any more. And as science teaches that man, like other animals, has some hereditary fear, parents have been taught that children should not be sent alone to bed in a dark room. Psychologists know the evil consequences of fear, one of which is to excite the nervous system."

"Do the children live in these magnificent buildings day and night, or do they go for school only, and after that return home?"

"They spend all day there, because every building is equipped with conveniences for furnishing meals. The city is mathematically divided into quarters, each one having two similar buildings; one for boys and one for girls. Each contains a dining room sufficiently large to accommodate its children, a cuisine, and a gymnasium. Two high school buildings, fitted in much the same way, are in each of these quarters. In each high school there is also a library. From this the boys at the age of twenty-one and the girls at the age of eighteen are graduated into the work-

ing class. A relatively small number pass to the university in order to continue their studies. These are such as are best adapted for a specialty requiring such training—engineering or medicine, for instance. Now let us walk a few steps and I will show you a high school building and will speak of the new subjects which the physicians requested our government to have taught in every high school."

CHAPTER IV.

We reached the corner of Bellamy Boulevard and Howe street (the old Common street), where one of the high school buildings was situated. Again the inscription above the entrance attracted our attention:

"Get wisdom, get understanding, forget it not. Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding."

Will asked me whether there were inscriptions over all the other entrances. As I said yes, he wanted to go around and read them all. He stopped again at the one facing Howe street and read:

"Wisdom is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her. The Lord by wisdom hath founded the earth; by understanding hath He established the heavens. By his knowledge the depths are broken up; and the clouds drop down the dew. My son, let not them depart from thine eyes."

And over the Bell avenue (Carondelet street) entrance:

"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of wisdom are the issues of life. For my mouth shall speak truth, and wickedness is an abomination to my lips. The wise shall inherit glory, but shame shall be the promotion of fools."

And finally, as we came round the building to MacCormick (Gravier) street, we found still another of the same kind:

"A man shall be commended according to his wisdom; but he that is of a perverse heart shall be despised. A man

shall be satisfied with good by the fruit of his mouth and the recompense of a man's hands shall be rendered unto him."

"These are excellent thoughts for your mind," said Will.

"Solomon teachings; nothing but the proverbs are quoted here," continued I.

"And the high school building for girls contains the same inscriptions?"

"Yes, with one more, which is over the main entrance, and reads: *'A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband; but she that maketh ashamed is as rottenness in his bones.'* Now I wish to tell you what the doctors requested the government to have taught in the schools to all children as essential to the welfare of society. In the high school, we said, there must be a short course in physiology, a thorough one in hygiene, and, above all, the part of it concerning alimentary hygiene, bacteriology, and the hygiene of the body. To-day every boy and girl of twenty knows more about these subjects than an ordinary physician of our past civilization. What an idea of education they had in those days! Knowledge, which is simply a necessity for every person, was possessed by a few and sold for money to those who could pay for it."

"Why were parents so criminal as to the education of their children?"

"I do not know myself. The new generation thinks of it as one of the paradoxes of the past. To-day no woman would be astonished if dust should kill a person with a wound; nor is there another who would not believe that a piece of wood containing the tetanus bacillus could kill her boy. You will remember that the old State of Louisiana once enacted a law preventing persons from expectorating in the streets."

"Well, was that not a good measure?"

"A very good hygienic regulation. But how could people be compelled to obey a law which they did not understand and which could not be enforced by the police? It requires not only a city kept in such hygienic conditions as you see now, but, above all, that every citizen be very well acquainted with bacteriology to secure obedience to such a wholesome regulation for the prevention of tuberculosis. Now, how many did understand that law? Outside of the doctors, a very few, whom you could have counted on your fingers. Even the well-to-do and educated people were as ignorant as the masses about bacteriology. To-day such a law is no more necessary, because every one knows what he must do and not do. Every one is taught this from the day he says 'mamma;' by the parents first, by public teachers afterward. But you will understand all this as you are permitted to see."

"I see it now. The laws of hygiene rule people."

"We physicians also asked for public training schools for cooks and those who serve food, male and female."

"I know that it is right, but it seems funny. A cook, a cheesemaker, or a meat-dresser must be graduates from a training school?"

"Why not? These professions are as important as those of chemistry and medicine. Through different ways they all make for the welfare of man, and in this noble rivalry these new professionals play a very important role."

CHAPTER V.

"Now let us take the automobile and go to a very interesting spot which is called *'Mother' City.'*"

"What is this mothers' city? I do not remember anything of the kind."

"Of course, you cannot remember a thing that did not exist when you were here."

"What is it, then?"

"You shall see it in a few minutes."

We boarded the automobile which makes this trip every ten minutes, and Will continued:

"Doctor, it seems strange that I have not seen a single drug store, when, before my departure, there was one at almost every corner. How is it?"

"We have none."

"I have seen such miracles performed under the new administration that I do not doubt your word at all. I must acknowledge, though, that I do not understand you."

"Have patience. Do not expect to see everything at once."

"It was a very good idea to get rid of the old electric cars and adopt automobiles for street service. They are very pretty and greatly improved since I left America. I must acknowledge that we travel more comfortably now than in the electric cars of the past."

"Yes, even in the old time we could have guessed that the future of the automobile was very bright, and its use conducive to public health. At the time of its first appearance some of its defenders made statements which time

proved to be true. For instance: We call the horse man's best friend, because he relieves us of the trouble of walking and is useful in bearing our heavy burdens. We eulogize "horse sense" because of the facility with which the animal's instinct can be subjugated to human intelligence. Yet whatever the horse can do, the automobile can do a hundred times better. Where the horse would drop from fatigue, the automobile knows no weariness. Where the horse would slip and flounder over impassable roads, the automobile will carry its human burden safe and dry-shod. Where the horse may "eat its head off" in fodder, the automobile only feeds when it works. Where the horse may shy or bolt in spite of its horse sense, the automobile knows no terrors. Its fidelity is limited only by the intelligence of the man who guides it. It is the horse's best friend as well as man's. It relieves the horse of its burdens.' And that is only one feature of this invention. Now they have been greatly improved and respond better to the demands of medical science. As the streets have been constructed so as to render transportation as noiseless as possible, the automobile with its rubber wheels was the *desideratum*. It does not spoil the streets in any way, and makes almost no noise."

"But why do you insist so frequently that everything should be 'done on the q. t.?' I, myself, do not object to some noise. It suggests activity, and hence life."

"Permit me to explain. Suppose that you look at a bright light for pleasure. What would be the result?"

"I could not endure it long without running the risk of ruining my eyes."

"The effect of noise is the same for our central nervous system. The extraordinary noise of the city was one of the frequent causes of the widespread disease which Beard, an American neuropathologist, called neurastenia; not

mentioning that noise, irritating the nervous centers, facilitates the development of other nervous diseases."

"I never appreciated the seriousness of the problem."

"So we requested that all kinds of manufacture be carried on outside the city limits, or, rather, at a distance from our residences."

"Are these automobiles not subject to many accidents?"

"When the automobile was new and an accident happened to one, the fact was published in newspaper headlines throughout the two worlds. A thousand accidents occurred from horse carriages, thousands of people were killed in railroad wrecks, and little was thought of it. Nobody came to the conclusion that horses and railroads should have been suppressed. One might get run over by horses, or electric cars, and the general feeling was that he should have kept his eyes open. In other words, in the past, instead of tracing the cause to the ignorance or carelessness of the one who was responsible for the accident, they imputed it to the harmless machine. There have been no machines of this kind that were not considered, at first, very dangerous. Excessive speed for pleasure, ignorance on the part of the men who operated them, non-regulation of their manufacture. These were the causes of wounds and death. Now those causes act no more. The speed is fixed for each service. Drivers of automobiles and trains alike are required to be graduates. In our city, as you see, one street is designated for automobiles going up and one for those going down. There are many other regulations rendering conveyance almost perfectly safe."

CHAPTER VI.

We reached our destination, alighted, and found ourselves before the main gate of a quiet village situated along the river front where Edison Boulevard terminates.

"But this is not a city at all. It is a village among the groves," said Will. "And why in the world is it called 'Mothers' City?'"

"This little Eden is the spot where every pregnant woman is sent as the time draws near for the birth of her child. She is assisted by specialists, and lives in an aseptic environment until she gets entirely well. Then she is allowed to return home. In our so-called civilization of the past, how many poor mothers found death in a function which gives life to a new being! Do you remember that poor mother you saw with me, the dog-kennel where she lived and the filthy bed where she lay? See what true civilization has achieved. Mothers are no more afraid. We triumph over death when it tries to come through this window. Will, if you could only guess how life became a positive torture for thousands and thousands of poor women in the past, because of ignorant midwives and unskillful doctors, you would feel as I do. Have you noticed that handsome building over there upon which is inscribed 'Mothers' School?'"

"What is its purpose?"

"To-day every young woman, as soon as she becomes engaged, must follow for five months a course of training which includes the following subjects: Hygiene of the Pregnant Woman; Physiology of Pregnancy and its Path-

ology; Physiology and Pathology of the Puerperium; The Hygiene of the Puerpera and of the New Born Infant; The Hygiene and General Care of Infants and Young Children; Care of the Eyes, Mouth, Teeth and Skin; General Hygiene of the Nervous System; Food, Sleep, Exercise and Air for Infants; The Care of Premature and Delicate Infants; Growth and Development of Larger Children; Peculiarities of Diseases in Children and its Prophylaxis."

"How extremely practical! How vitally necessary!"

"I should say so! You cannot imagine how many diseases this has prevented, and how many little lives it has saved. We can say now that mothers do not cry any more over empty cradles."

"I see that medical science works in another way now, thanks to her sister, economic science."

"Exactly. We always knew the windows through which death entered prematurely. We have already closed a good many of them."

Will wished to walk for a little while before taking the automobile and returning to Washington Boulevard.

"And so, doctor, he said, "to-day mothers know as much about maternity and the care of children as skillful specialists of the past?"

"Yes, indeed. A funny custom we once had. Mothers were kept in ignorance of the most important function of their lives, upon which the health and the happiness of humankind so largely rests. How we used to struggle to correct the deformities of those poor infants, which were but the result of diseases contracted before birth! To-day we have no more children born blind, deaf, dumb, lame and emaciated; the innocent victims of the sins of their parents and of a rotten society. The young woman whose body has been ideally developed by skillful gymnastic exer-

cises, whose mind has been thoroughly developed, is taught also that she is responsible for the health of her beloved little ones. Motherhood is held, in modern society, as the most sacred function in the life of woman. And young women know that nothing entitles them to so much respect and admiration as a family of healthful and well trained children. Gymnastics at school are not the only means we use to make people healthful and strong. I have shown you that we begin to care for the new being since the day he is conceived. We place the mother, healthy and well nourished, in the best hygienic conditions, in order that the new life may not be disturbed in any way. He comes forth, and the hands which receive him are skillful. He receives the first care with affection, and those who care for him know what to do. He breathes, and in the air which penetrates his lungs there are no poisonous microbes. He eats, and his food is wholesome and the quantity well regulated. He drinks, and his water is not contaminated. As he grows he does not see misery, nor live in filthiness. His skeleton is not arrested in its development by a pitiless machine in a factory, but is carefully delevoped in a scientific way. His intelligence is trained according to its inclination. He hears no curses. He does not see hatred pictured in the faces of others, but love; not sorrow, but happiness. As he grows older he never finds in his neighbor a tricky competitor, but a brother. Physically, intellectually and morally, he is a man. True manhood and womanhood is thus the aim of all science, all work, all life."

"Oh, happy children, happy people of to-day! When the sun rises and when it sets, kneel down and give thanks to the new society. With all your heart, with all your wisdom, with all your understanding, give thanks to those who worked and suffered to make this possible. Oh! poor little ones of the past! You who endured hunger and dis-

eases; poor children whose lives were wrecked in the factories and in the bowels of the earth; abandoned, sleeping in the streets, in stables, in ruinous tenements, whose lives were but martyrdom from birth to death; your piteous cries were one of the forces which changed the nature of the race. Doctor, I am seventy-five years old. I have seen humanity suffer in all lands. I can restrain myself no longer. Let me bow and give thanks to those Supreme Powers for good in our race, which have culminated in Socialism."

He knelt down, looked at the brightly shining sun, at the cloudless sky, at the forests and the happy people, and big tears came to his eyes; tears of grief for the martyrdom of numberless little ones of the past; tears of gladness for the happy present. I also was affected. Kneeling down, I embraced my dearest friend, and once more I kissed him.

CHAPTER VII.

Again we boarded the automobile to return to Washington Boulevard. I wished to breakfast with my friend and afterward take him to visit our State Sanitarium.

"Will," I said, "think of the strange inconsistencies of the old capitalist society. Men carefully bred horses and dogs, for instance, but what little thought they gave to the rearing of their own species! They perceived clearly that good or bad qualities in animals were subject to hereditary transmission, but they acted as if the same laws were not applicable to ourselves; as if men could be bred well by accident; as if the destiny of each criminal and lunatic had been determined, not by the operation of natural laws, but by a special dispensation too high for the reach of human inquiry."

"Doctor, you remind me of an article on Socialism I read in one of the leading newspapers of this city a short while before I started for Persia. The writer of the article, judging by the way he wrote, knew of sociology and other positive sciences as I knew of the Chinese tongue. In the twentieth century, when there were speaking machines; men flying through the air trying to reach the North Pole; when Professor Loeb made the first of those discoveries which are tending to snatch the mystery from life and death; when Marconi, without wires, put Americans in communication with their European brothers; this writer, who acknowledged the rottenness of our society, had the audacity to write that 'the benevolent theories of the

moderate Socialists are impossible of realization until the human race shall be regenerated by divine power.'"

"This writer reminds me of a pretty tale I was taught when studying Italian literature. It seems that there was a gentleman who fought several duels in order to defend the superiority of La Gerusalemme Liberata over L'Orlando Furioso. At last, when mortally wounded, he avowed that he had never in his life read either poem. It was just the same with Socialism in the time you refer to. Men who even ignored the fact that sociology existed, who had no idea of physiology and psychology, who had not even an elementary notion of logic, did not care to study at all before dealing with so intricate a subject as sociology, but were satisfied to repeat the untruths stated by others."

"It was so, indeed. But, doctor, I wish you to tell me whether women are the professors in the girls' high schools, in the the mothers' school, and who are the surgeons of the 'mothers' city?'"

"They are women, of course. There was a time when even Christian theologians doubted that women had souls; and we find in books of the past such lines as these: 'The discovery was made at an early period that women had hearts; an advance in civilization was required before it was conceded that they had souls; but it has been discovered quite recently that they had minds also.' We have found that their average intelligence is equal to that of men; and to-day we have learned and skillful women specialists in every field of human knowledge and endeavor."

CHAPTER VIII.

As we alighted at Washington Boulevard, Will remarked that he felt hungry.

"We are bound for the restaurant," said I, "and while walking across this beautiful square I will tell you in a few words about our restaurant system. As you have seen, the family's burden has been greatly lessened, as everybody prefers to go to the restaurant to take his meals. About every five blocks there is a handsome one."

"But when the parents have three or four children under the age of seven, let us say, do they also go to the restaurant?"

"If they wish to. If not, as every house is provided with the new wireless telephone system, the mother has nothing to do but to send word to the nearest restaurant and ask for what she wishes. The only difference is that it costs a little more."

"Yes, I understand. Is living as expensive now as in our time?"

"No. That is, if you mean the necessities of life. If you mean some other things that in our time were not only luxuries, but were dangerous to health, cigars and strong liquors, for instance, they are much more expensive than formerly."

We entered the restaurant and took seats at a table glittering with silverware and glass. A beautiful bouquet of flowers was in the center. Young men dressed in white suits were serving the meals. Will looked round, and seeing all the restaurant walls covered with glass instead of

wallpaper, exclaimed: "Doctor, this luxurious dining room reminds me of the one I saw fifty years ago in my dream."

"With this difference, Will; near it is not the other room you saw, where the woman lay dying. She is now permitted to enter here, take a seat and eat as well as the 'gentlemen and ladies' you saw. Now, what do you wish?"

"I leave it to you."

"Then bring us the regular breakfast," I said to the waiter.

"All right, sir."

"Of what does the regular breakfast consist?"

"Before I tell you what, let me tell you why. We know that, because of the vital phenomena of nutrition, we constantly lose nitrogen, carbon, salts and water. These losses in twenty-four hours amount, on the average, of the nitrogen, twenty grammes; of the carbon, three hundred and ten grammes; of the saline matters, thirty grammes; and of the water, three thousand grammes. Hence the necessity of supplying the body with new elements to repair this waste and the reason why food should contain all these elements to repair the waste. Fifty years ago, when men, because of misery, of ignorance, etc., did not supply their bodies with these elements so necessary to life, their bodies became good ground for the development of peculiar diseases. On the other hand, the millionaires, as deeply ignorant of physiology and hygiene as they were skillful in making money, ate rich food to excess, and other peculiar diseases followed. In a general way, for one reason or for another, no man of that time supplied physiologically the waste of his body, hence we have the principal causes for unending complaint of unhealthiness."

"Do you mean, then, that our body must be treated as an electric battery, where the development of electricity is the result of the just proportion between pure sulphuric

acid, water, and bichromate of potassa?"

"Exactly. To-day we have positive proof that the body should have been treated like an electric battery in order to insure health. And that all the external enemies which injured our bodies should have been destroyed to prolong our life. But I will tell you more of this subject as we go about. We know, then, that these physiological losses of the body vary according to the work we do, and according to age and sex. Hence the necessity of every one supplying his body with the exact quantity of the elements I just mentioned to you. We, to-day, with the exactness of mathematics, know what each one needs. So we have these regular meals, which contain exactly what each one of us needs. The waiter saw we were two old men. He went into the kitchen and said to the chief cook: 'Two regular breakfasts for two old men.' We shall get now what we need. You saw, did you not, that everybody, before coming to the table, went into the lavatory and washed his hands. The river water, filtered by a modern system, is pure. The soap is antiseptic. The small towel which is used only once, as you saw, is sterilized. All this could not have been possible except under a Socialist administration. And Socialism was not, therefore, only a question of the stomach for some people, but was a question of the health and happiness of all people."

"Doctor, I feel ashamed of my youth; ashamed that I followed my father to Teheran and preferred the pleasures of that life to the noble struggle which led to such a marvelous civilization."

"Do not permit that to disturb your peace of mind. All the riches of the past, all the Morgans, the Rockefellers, the Carnegies and the Rothschilds of the world could not buy what you may now enjoy. They were satisfied with the old state of things just because they had money to buy

a nation. But with all their money they never ate a wholesome breakfast, such as every one eats now. They seldom breathed pure air. They were poisoned by their cooks every day."

"Of course, what you say is true. But tell me—while to-day I wish to eat the regular breakfast, lunch and dinner, to-morrow I may wish to eat something else—may I?"

"Certainly. There is a great variety. I cannot explain to you how all these dishes are prepared, because it is not my business. But after we have finished our breakfast I will take you to visit the kitchen. The cook is a good friend of mine and he will be pleased to meet a gentleman who was a Socialist in a time when it was despised by the ignorant, when we were thought to be dreamers, and the gentlemen of La Bourse, lawful murderers and vampires, made the masses think of us as anarchists. Now, as to your desire for a great variety in your bill of fare. As you are not educated to our life this desire is justified; but no one here thinks now of demanding a variety merely to satisfy taste."

"Pardon me, but this really seems most peculiar."

"Well, everybody of to-day, educated concerning the laws of health, knows the fatal result of carelessness in their diet. Believe me, no one wishes to become ill. Life is now worth the living. And this stimulus is sufficient to make people eat only what is good for them. But of course, if a grown person wishes to do as you say, that is his business. It is he who falls sick, not I."

"I understand that my idea was one of a man of the past. But tell me, as I cannot prevent the thought from coming, do you know the cook through the practice of your profession? Would you still permit an ill person to cook for you?"

"Don't fear. Our society obliges no sick man to work. Instead, it forces to be cured."

Meanwhile the waiter brought us our breakfast, including a small bottle of wine.

"I can guarantee to you," said I, "that this wine is not made after the fashion of the Chicago merchant, but of grapes. Some day we shall go to California and I will show you all the State wine presses, operated by scientists who have no interest in poisoning their fellowmen."

We began to eat, and judging by appearances, our regular breakfast received Will's most hearty approval.

"Do you know," said he, "that I have never eaten anything in my life so good, and so excellently cooked? The bread, especially, is most excellent. And this wine, though not strong, has a fine taste."

"I do not wonder at your pleasure. I am as old as you, and, like you, was poisoned everyday for a good many years. As to the wine, I can tell you that science found that Proverbs, xxxi:7, is right in saying, 'Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish.' As we are not in a hurry to perish, we drink only pure wine and sparingly at that."

"How do you do, Doctor?"

"Oh! Professor Romanoff, how are you? Unfortunately we have just finished our breakfast."

"And I am just going to breakfast with a friend of mine from New York."

Each of us then introduced his friend and we all chatted a moment before parting.

"Who is this gentleman?" said Will, afterward." He looks more athletic than the other young man of the new generation. His name sounds familiar to me."

"Of course it does. He is a grandson of the Czar and prefers to live down here. He is a very good boy, extremely intelligent, and though not yet thirty years old, is Professor

of Physiology and Gymnastics in the high school."

Will glanced back at him.

"If Socialism had not triumphed," he soliloquized, "he certainly would have been a tyrant like his forefathers, sick and compelled to eat and live in fear of being murdered. And now he is happy, full of life, and useful to society."

"You shall have the pleasure, Will, of being acquainted with him and others like him, and you shall hear what they think of the past."

CHAPTER IX.

"Now let us go into the kitchen. I remember that when, fifty years ago, I invited you to breakfast with me, I wished to do the same. But I refrained because I was sure that we should be disgusted and nauseated. But now I am sure that it will increase our appetite for dinner."

We entered the kitchen. The cook was a good friend of mine and took delight in entertaining me because he deeply loved all of the survivors of the great struggle.

"Good morning, can I do anything for you," he exclaimed as soon as he saw me.

"Yes, you can render me a favor this morning. But first let me introduce you to a dear old friend whom you will be very glad to meet. He also was a Socialist, but his father was sent as United States Minister to Teheran, and he could not conveniently return till now. After fifty years in Persia he has now come back to New Orleans. I have been busy telling him the history of the struggle and showing him our city."

"Well! Well! Let me shake your hand most heartily, sir. How delightful it must be for you to find all things new. You are then like a man from the moon."

"Exactly, Mr. Stevenson."

"It will give me the greatest of pleasure to show you the new kitchen. To begin with the dishes—all the plates, spoons, knives and forks seem to be of silver; but really they are only plated with silver. The inner part is composed of a light metal which is very strong and serves our purpose very well. Do not permit their beauty to give you

the idea of luxury. We seek cleanliness and economy as well as beauty, in our equipment."

"Economy!"

"Yes, sir, economy. I understand your wonder. Come into this room . . . do you see the waiters? When they bring back those utensils after the people have finished eating, they put each kind into a special receiver, in which, by electrical machinery, they are washed, dried, sterilized, and taken to a place where the waiter can take them again for use. Now you see all those utensils are not subject to breakage, and, hygienically, are just what we want. If we should have to use your old plates and glasses the community would be compelled to employ an army of people for dish-washing, and hygienically it would not be so ideal. Calculate, sir, the labor-time saved in this alone and you will see the point."

"Yes, you are right, sir. But how do you prepare all those delicious dishes? The Doctor told me that for every age, sex and so on, you must prepare food in a way that responds to the requirements of alimentary hygiene. Your work must be so complicated that I do not see how it can be done satisfactorily."

"There is no complicated work at all. As the Doctor knows, a normal man between thirty and forty years of age, for instance, loses per day twenty grammes of nitrogen and three hundred of carbon. These twenty grammes of nitrogen represent one hundred and twenty-four grammes of dry proteic matters. Now as those proteic matters contain sixty-four grammes of carbon, if you subtract from the three hundred necessary to the nutrition, there remain two hundred and thirty-six grammes of carbon which should be furnished by the starchy and fatty substances. There is a constant proportion between the proteic aliments, the hydrocarbur, and the fatty matters, and this proportion

is as one to 3.47, and that of the fatty matters as one to 0.45. This proportion constitutes what we call the nutritive relation of aliments. These proportions are represented by the two formulas

$$\frac{MA}{MNA} \text{ or } MA : MNA$$

$$\frac{MA}{mg} \text{ or } MA : mg$$

"By MA we mean the nitrogenous, by MNA the hydrocarburi, by mg the fatty matters. Now sir, the ultimate purpose of food is the development of heat and other modes of motion which together constitute the physiological phenomena of animal life. The potential energy with which food is stored becomes converted into actual or dynamic energy, and is manifested in the body as heat, constructive power, nervomuscular action, mechanical motion, and the like. But as food also supplies the materials which are required for the development and maintenance of the living fabric, as well as for display of its various kinds of active energy, it may be inferred that inorganic and organic substances are both necessary. The organic matters alone are oxidizable, or capable of generating force; while the inorganic matters, though not oxidizable, are essential to the metamorphosis of organic matter which takes place in the animal economy. Hence, both classes of constituents must be present in all ordinary articles of diet, whether they be derived from the animal or vegetable kingdom. As the phenomena of nutrition depends mainly upon the chemical interchanges of nitrogen and carbon with oxygen, different articles of diet have been estimated according to the amount of nitrogen and carbon

which the aliments contain, and we have a table in which everything is mathematically estimated; so it has been only a question of mathematics to establish and to combine all varieties of dishes which the new cookery has invented and of which we have the printed list of combinations. If you wish I can show and explain to you all of them."

"No, thank you. I am a man of the past, newly arrived among a marvelous, really civilized people, and now my mind is so occupied that even if I were as learned as you, I could not understand the formulae you use, but your explanations are intensely interesting to me, for they show what science has done. You cannot imagine the change in cooking since I last saw New Orleans."

"Yes, we read of your cooks of the past, and of the waiters, that they were the most ignorant and filthy of the whole world. We cannot understand how people could eat. Because, to say nothing of other things, there was in the food such a great number of microbes that everyone must have been constantly ill. Notice the cleanliness of our kitchen. Our heat is generated by electricity. The time required for the exact cooking of each variety of food is accurately known to us. You see that in the place of the old kitchen we have a place where science is supreme. In our laboratory we try, in our hours of study, new combinations of food materials, and watch the transformations brought about by varying degrees of heat. Let us watch this man make cakes and candy—Mike, will you kindly give this gentleman, who knows nothing of your work, some idea of what you are doing?"

After shaking hands with us, Mike commenced his explanation:

"Look for instance, at this sugar. Let us add a little water and place it over a fire. I put a thermometer in the liquid mass. Watch the temperature rise. When it reaches

so many degrees we remove and cool slowly. As a result we have an opaque mass of pure candy of this variety. Taste it. But if we let the temperature rise higher we obtain different results. If, instead of letting it cool slowly, we let it cool quickly, the result will be still different. More than a dozen forms of candied crystals are obtained by a careful measuring of the degrees of heat. Proceeding further with our experiments, we begin to add other ingredients. A little butter—what a change it produces! A hundred combinations may be made, each depending for its success, not upon "deftness" but upon scientific exactness—exactness of measurement, exactness of degrees of heat, exactness of time."

We thanked Mr. Stevenson and his friend for their kindness and went out.

CHAPTER X.

"Is the food produced in the country delivered directly to the restaurants?" asked Will, as soon as we were out.

"No. It is usually placed in large storehouses and then distributed. In these storehouses are inspectors (chemists and bacteriologists) who examine all animals, game, poultry, fish, meat, fruit, vegetables, flour, milk, etc., before they are delivered for consumption. Of course, in a few sentences I cannot explain the working of such a highly organized department."

"Are all the cooks as learned as Mr. Stevenson?"

"Yes."

"I think that few physicians of our time could have spoken as well as he did on his subject. Do you know that, were I young, between a doctor's and cook's profession I would choose the latter."

"The excellence of Socialism is shown by your statement. What, in our past civilization, were regarded as degrading occupations, are now professions, and each has its peculiar attractions. Would you not prefer to drive an automobile?"

"Why ask me this, when you know that is was a hobby of my youth?"

"And still as you knew little of mechanics and were not thoroughly educated in this particular profession, it would have been impossible for you to take any pleasure in it, outside of the sport."

"That is true."

"Let us take the making of shoes, for instance. It is

now all done by electric machines. The operatives, like everybody else who uses machines, must know mechanics. And the shoe factories are so hygienically constructed and are kept so clean, that when some day we will visit one you will hardly believe that the shoemakers of to-day are the successors of those of the past. The same is true in all occupations. Barbers must study the hygiene of the skin and of the face. Tailors give advice as to what kind of clothes should be worn to insure health."

"Yes, it is a most excellent system."

"Now, let us go to see the State Sanitarium."

We again boarded an automobile which carried us to where Metchnikoff Boulevard joins Edison Boulevard, in order to take one of the automobile trains which run from the city to the Sanitarium every quarter of an hour.

"Doctor, can this handsome Boulevard be the old Elysianfields Avenue?"

"Yes, the Elysianfields—of the past. I think that a jester of the old days called it 'Elysian' in mockery and the name clung to it."[1]

The automobile train started at a comparatively slow speed, so we were permitted to enjoy the beautiful streets, especially Lister (Galvez) and Marconi (Broad) avenues.

"I have been thinking," said Will, "that you must have a hard time to get people to live in the country, and there must be always some trouble in sending men to till the ground. Is it not so?"

"Now I am reminded by your remark that you were an idealistic, sentimental Socialist, which was all right in your case. You were not well acquainted with those teachings of Socialism which showed that we wanted development, not remodeling, of industry. First of all, the agricultural

[1] At the time to which I refer this street, having railroad tracks extending along its whole length, was constantly dusty and in very bad condition. It had no trees at all.

cities are as beautiful and healthful as ours. Secondly, have you any idea of the means and methods of modern agricultural science?"

"I cannot imagine."

"They have become great centers for most important and interesting scientific research."

"You don't say! Of what kind?"

"Of many kinds; agricultural chemistry, for instance. Do you think that the earth, our good mother, is still cultivated by ignorant rustics, as of old? If you still think so, I understand your query. But think instead that those chemists who analyze soils must pass a difficult examination. In their laboratories they make carbonic acid, ammonia, lime, potash, magnesia, soda, sulphates and phosphates. These are used in the cultivation of the ground. But a score of sciences contribute to agriculture. Think of the vast experimental work in the raising of vegetables, fruits, grain, fodder, etc. In these agricultural cities are botanists, chemists, landscape gardeners, agricultural engineers, foresters, veterinary physicians, and many other professional men. Those whose work is actual tillage are occupied but a few hours a day, except during harvest. Would you not like to live in the 'country?' Travel is now so cheap that everybody can afford to come to the great industrial cities when they wish to. Many of our boys study the agricultural sciences with the purpose in view of securing a position in the country. And you must not forget that the farmer's boy of the past is now the chauffeur of an automobile for agricultural purposes. To-day, because of the application of science, the soil, all over the civilized world, produces many times more than it produced when it was in the hands of ignorant farmers."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I would prefer to deal with plants and flowers than to be a cook."

"You are surely variable in your tastes. A moment ago you preferred to be a cook instead of a doctor; now an agricultural chemist instead of a cook. The truth is, my friend, that you think still the thoughts of the past. Understand this: In our life, every ocupation has peculiar attractions, and our boys choose freely the one for which they are fitted. Everybody receives a thorough education. So, to-day, the only difference between professions is that a doctor knows more about medicine and surgery; a cook about cookery; a chauffeur about an automobile; a tailor about clothes. And, as workingmen, we are all equally respected. If a barber or a shoemaker loves the daughter of a doctor, and if the girl loves him, the parents of the girl have no objection, because there is no more hateful distinction of classes. All work is noble. All workers are respectable gentlemen. There can be neither idle rich, nor degraded poor. Keep that fact firmly in mind and it will help you to understand us and our ways."

"Doctor, where are we going? I thought that you were to take me to see the Hospital, and we are going toward Covington," said Will, as we crossed the Lake.

"Now, don't worry, we are going toward our State Sanitarium, or Covington, if you wish to call it so."

"I understand. The new Hospital was built at Covington. But were its citizens satisfied? Did they not say 'keep your sick in New Orleans?' "

"Now have a little patience. Enjoy this beautiful trip among pine and magnolia trees. When we shall have reached Covington, ask its citizens whether they are satisfied or not."

CHAPTER XI.

When we alighted from the automobile, we found ourselves at the magnificent main entrance of the Sanitarium upon which is written:

"*Health and good estate of body are above all gold, and a strong body above infinite wealth.*[1] *The gladness of heart is the life of man, and the joyfulness of a man prolongeth his days.*"

"You see, Will, that here live none but the sick. No Covington citizen complains for the reason that they live in New Orleans now."

"I might have guessed it. This spot was pretty even when I left, but now your artists have made it exquisite."

"The Socialist Government turned its attention first to this institution. It appreciated the fact that the sick were most in need. The plan has been to build a cottage sanitarium. The doctor's request was that the village of cottages be erected in an airy open place, yet in the vicinity of pine forests. So we of Louisiana chose Covington, it being considered the healthiest place in the State. That large building in the middle of the grounds is the Polyclinic, where the young men who have passed highest in the entrance examination are sent to study medicine. The other building at your right is the restaurant for professors, students, nurses and all other employees. On the left is the chemical laboratory where all medical prescriptions are filled by chemists; there are very few such prescriptions because the new school has few standard medicines, their method of treatment being based always upon hygiene."

[1] **Ecclesiasticus, xxx:15, 22.**

"I hardly grasp the meaning of your remark."

"Well, suppose, for instance, that one of our patients needs the mountain air; we send him to a mountain sanitarium. Others who require a mild climate and pine forests are sent down here, even though they must come a long distance. We have separate pavilions for each class of diseases. This group of pavilions is for surgical diseases. So there are special pavilions for diseases of the eye, throat and nose. Their large number is explained also by the fact that there is a special building for each sex. If the disease is not in any way contagious, each room contains two beds; if contagious, there is one for each patient. Every room is designed for the purpose it must serve. So, while we have no more typhus fever cases, just to give you a plain idea of what I mean, a room for such a purpose is constructed and furnished in a way entirely different from one which serves for a patient who has a disease of the eye.

"The food also is prepared according to the special disease and individual. To tell you that each room is provided with a bath of its own, that the drainage and disinfecting system is perfect, that they are carefully heated and cooled as the needs of the patient may require, is perhaps unnecessary. Each group of pavilions, as you see, is surrounded by a very large garden and the lawns are always kept wet. That pretty building at the farther end is the gymnasium, where convalescents are permitted to exercise according to orders. Special games have been devised for some kinds of convalescents. Excellent music is furnished in the evening. In a word, all kinds of amusements which can make them forget their torments is supplied. When a patient arrives he is thoroughly examined and then turned over to competent specialists, because all physicians are now specialists."

"But, Doctor, as no one is now rich, how can any one afford such elaborate treatment?"

"Afford it! Is it not enough for an individual to be tortured by disease without paying for it?"

"Yes, yes, I acknowledge my error."

"If he is married and has children under seven years of age the Government gives his family all the necessaries of life. As soon as he gets well, he returns to his place of work, and the Governmental support, of course, ceases. Thus there are no more sick persons in the cities, and consequently . . . no drug stores."

"What a new people! What a marvelous civilization!"

"There is nothing marvelous about it at all."

"What?"

"Nothing marvelous at all, I say. It is only plain civilization. The trouble is that in the old time we misnamed things. We had some civilized manners of life, but in a great many things we were but barbarians, ferocious and brutal. We were, in reality, not civilized, because our society was based upon individual greed. And it was the same in Europe as in America. I will give you the whole thought, as it has been worked out by historians, in a few sentences.

"The ninteenth century was one of vast progress. There were many inventions—for instance, dynamite. Now dynamite was used in war to kill men. It was thus put to a barbarous use. It was also used, let us say, to lessen the work of men in mining coal. Here it was conducive to a higher civilization.

"A man made a discovery or invented a new machine through which the labor of a man could have been reduced from ten to one and production enormously increased beside. Now, if one nation used it for the benefit of its whole people, having them work less and enjoy more of

the pleasures of life; and the other used it to enrich a few persons and throw into misery ninety men out of a hundred who were employed before at the same work; which was barbarous and which civilized?"

"You have already answered."

"Our great mistake was in misunderstanding civilization. We in America, especially, thought it meant merely mechanical genius. While in reality machines barbarized a working population once quite civil, and debauched an upper class once cultured and useful.

"A nation whose laws are for the welfare of the whole people is more civilized than another whose laws are for the benefit of a few, even if the first is not as far advanced in mechanical progress as the second. By the way, I remember the keen irony of Wu Ting-Fang: 'China,' he wrote, fifty years ago, 'is a country that does not recognize the aristocracy of wealth.' Greater importance is given to intellectual and moral superiority. A scholar and a gentleman commands greater respects than a mere millionaire. Indeed, the aim of Chinese education is to make of a man a useful and desirable member of society—a kind father, a dutiful son, a loyal subject, a good husband and a faithful friend—with enough intellectual culture to impart the necessary polish to his personality. Moral training may be regarded as the foundation of the Chinese educational system, while mental training is the superstructure.

"Since a man is bound by so many social ties in China, there is naturally less freedom given to the individual there, than in America. A man in this country is not tied to any place by family associations. At the age of twenty-one he is at liberty to cut loose from the home of his parents and go elsewhere to seek his fortune. He is not obliged thenceforth to do anything for his father or mother at home. This is impossible in China. Everyone in China

is taught from his childhood that he owes certain duties to the family to which he belongs; and that of these duties, those to his parents are paramount. He is not allowed to leave them in their old age to shift for themselves. He must provide for their comfort and support.

"Now, Will, we have in this description an excellent comparison of the American and European civilization of the past with that of China. Which was more civilized; China without machines and formidable men-of-war, or Europe and America with their busting industry and great power?" and America with their bustling industry and great power?"

"China, undoubtedly."

"Hence we agree that in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries the Chinese were more civilized than we Europeans and Americans, while we were more progressive. And our robber capitalist governments sent poor soldiers over there to kill and be killed, while our ridiculous religious organizations sent missionaries 'in the name of civilization.' Buffoons! Why did they not say 'in the name of pillage?' That would have been more honest. Why did they offend and insult the majesty of the word—'CIVILIZATION?' To cover up their sordid business, of course. It was Madame Roland who uttered these burning words, on the scaffold: 'O Liberty! Liberty! What crimes are committed in thy name!' Civilization in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries is one of those catch words that have been used to cover all sorts of wickedness. What crimes have not been committed in the name of civilization? The division of continents into 'spheres of influence;' the seizure of territory by the strong in utter defiance of justice; the laying waste of populous and prosperous regions, with reckless shedding of innocent blood; all such crimes have been committed on the plea that the cause of civilization would be advanced thereby. It would be in-

deed strange if the cause of civilization could ever be advanced by a resort to barbarous methods. One might as well try to kindle a fire by pouring water on the fuel."[1]

[1] Wu-Ting-Fang, loco citato.

CHAPTER XII.

"Now you have seen the care which medical science takes of man from the day of his conception until he is twenty-one years of age. You have seen how many of death's windows we have closed. Let me now suggest to you the ultimate ideal of the science of medicine; for it is marching triumphantly along that it may realize this highest ideal of which men can conceive."

"I am listening most attentively."

"For many centuries disease was to man a hidden enemy; the unknown adversary against which struggle proved always unsuccessful. But since the day in which the great Pasteur discovered and gave a visible body to our terrible enemy, science has known whom it should destroy. The poisonous microbe becomes the enemy against which men of science turn their arms, and a noble struggle is on. But for a time we fought according to a wrong plan of battle. Even then we triumphed over some diseases. Serums, for instance, snatched from death many lives.

"We knew the enemy who mined our life, but had we not some unknown one who earnestly defended our body? We had a powerful enemy, had we not a powerful defender, also? That was the question which another giant of medical science, disciple of the one who discovered our great enemy, asked himself. And he found it."

"Who was this great man?"

"I had the honor to meet him. A few years before I invited you to spend two days with me, I went to Paris in order to perfect my knowledge of some special diseases. I

studied with two other Italian physicians who were in Paris for the same purpose. We went to visit that celebrated temple of science, l'Institut Pasteur, and first of all I wished to visit the tomb of the great Frenchman. So we asked a gentleman of modest appearance if he would be so kind as to show us the tomb. He saw that we were Italians and with kindness led us to the place, where, in humility, we knelt down and meditated. Then we looked about and admired the beautiful chapel in golden mosaic; and the gentleman, to please us, said: 'Is it not very beautiful work? You see it was done by Italian workmen.' When we wished to know the name of the gentleman who was so kind to us he answered, 'Metchnikoff.' We were before the two giants of medical science, one dead, the other living. I looked at that man, so modest and still so great, and felt myself so little and insignificant—almost ashamed that I should have troubled him. That little chapel at that moment contained two of the greatest men of the world's history. I was standing before the discoverers of our enemy and of our defender . . . Metchnikoff was the originator of the phagocytose doctrine.

"After that great discovery it should have been very easy to prepare the right plan of battle; the new tactics should have been clear: destroy the enemy by all means and assist in every way our defender."

"It seems plain, even to the uninitiated."

"Still, because of our social disorganization, science was obliged to follow its old plan of battle. Socialism was necessary in order that medical science could adopt the right tactics. Had not Socialism triumphed, mankind would have continued to run toward its own destruction.

"In the Old Testament, you know, we are told that:

" 'All the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years, and he died.

"'All the days of Seth were nine hundred and twelve years, and he died.

"'All the days of Enos were nine hundred and five years, and he died.

"'All the days of Mahalaleel were eight hundred and ninety-five, and he died.

"All the days of Lamoch were seven hundred and seventy-seven, and he died.'

"Reading the Bible and studying secular history, we see that the life of man since that time begins to decrease, to decrease until the days of life of man in our last days of the past civilization came down to seventy years. A man eighty years of age was an exception; a life of ninety or a hundred years was considered a wonder; a miracle for the priests if they needed such a 'miracle.'"

"Doctor, are those accounts in the Old Testament true? I remember that even the priests admitted that there must have been some mistake; and men of science come to the conclusion that in that epoch time was not measured as it is now."

"Priests were very funny people. When an absurdity served their purpose they defended it by all natural and supernatural arguments; but when the holy shop lost nothing by their agreeing with science, then they seconded the teachings of scholars."

"But these figures were mere supposition, were they not?"

"My idea is that those figures suggest the very great age attained by people in that time. The fact is, undoubtedly, that those men reached ages that since then no one has reached. But now that men may again live according to the law of nature, I am of the opinion that the time will come when men may reach an age twice as great as is now considered exceptional."

CHAPTER XIII.

"Doctor, I understand that the microbe is our enemy, but I have not yet understood who our defender is."

"It is impossible, of course, for one unlearned in medicine to understand it perfectly; I will make it as plain as possible. The cells of the body are our defenders. Their nature is such that they tend to defend the body against any poison coming from the outside. Suppose an attack of fever. At the beginning these cells react against the poisons introduced and a struggle ensues. The outcome of this struggle is life, if the cells overcome the poisons; death if they are overcome. The cells secrete a specific chemical substance which tends either to destroy the invading bacteria, or to neutralize and render harmless the toxins formed by them. Hence the new plan of the battle of science is to destroy all our enemies and fortify our body."

"I understand you now. Do you still seek for new serums?"

"No. Science has found something better. It has put mankind in a state in which it will not need serum. We had the anti-diphtheria serum, which was already recognized as truly effective. Still were you indifferent to the idea of contracting diphtheria? While having more hope to recover, were you less afraid? Did you and all your beloved ones suffer less for that? Your health was affected for some time afterward. And, admitting even that a serum for a certain disease would prove entirely effective, how long would humanity have waited until the right

serum for each disease could have been discovered? That is the question."

"I see that our situation was quite hopeless, so far as curing disease was concerned."

"Now medical scientists know that the unhappiness of mankind, in a socialistic community, is originated by four causes; 'physical imperfection or discords of nature, diseases, old age and death.'[1] Our body is lined by organic ruins, which are rudimentary organs, having no function, and whose number, according to Widersheim, is a hundred and seven. These useless organs were sometimes the places from which tumors start. Science has shown that some of them are not without any function, as was thought. And by making our body develop itself perfectly from conception to maturity, and keeping it in the best hygienic surroundings, we have prevented these organs from becoming starting points for tumors. Hence the physical life of man not being regulated sufficiently by blind nature has been consciously regulated by science. You have seen also how it is impossible for the new generation to contract an infective disease, as the new school, through law, has stopped all the springs of infection. At the same time scientific treatment has enormously increased the power of the cells in resistance. Thus we hope to make man finish his normal cycle of life, because of our precaution, as disease is not a guest born with us, but an intruder."

"But, doctor, all diseases are not caused by microbes; there are good many which are not of parasitical origin."

"For instance?"

"Heart disease and some nervous diseases. Am I not right?"

"You are. But were you a physician, you would easily understand that all those diseases were the result of a dis-

[1] Metchnikoff.

turbed foetal life, or of poor nourishment of the foetus because the mother was not healthy; because of childhood passed in unhygienic conditions; because the father was not healthy; because of the pitiless struggle for life. Sometimes it was because of all these causes combined. Men were born sick, or permitted, through ignorance, to the coming of disease afterward. Thus the normal cycle of life became a pathological one. Now, society to-day is so perfectly organized, our machines in all branches of work have been so perfected that no one overworks and no one needs the necessaries of life. Hence all diseases originating in fatigue and misery are extremely rare. Ordinarily they result from foolish disobedience. I have not heard of a dozen cases in that many years."

"And old age?"

"The giant of medicine, of whom I have spoken, proved that old age as we knew it was not a normal evolution of the body, but the result of diseases more or less apparent. Hence, he used to say, old age itself was a disease, and if the life of a man could evolve naturally we might have a hundred years upon our shoulders, but their weight would not be heavy. What was considered an old man, in other words, would enjoy much of the virility of youth. That is what this new generation will enjoy. We can easily foresee it. That is the result of the Socialism which blockheads used to call 'anarchy.'"

"So old age will have no more terrors? And what of sclerosis and its effects?"

"Will, old age sclerosis was the same phenomena presented by persons affected with certain chronic disease. Hence it was evident that it was not necessarily the result of many years of life, but of other diseases, some of which we knew. The new school has not established the main cause of it, being satisfied that with the destruction of all

other enemies, it destroys this one also. The two principal causes of it were syphilis and the immoderate use of alcohol. To put an end to these, medical science and government have done all that human wisdom and good will can do. The use of alcohol was the cause not only of physical, but also of moral disorder. It disturbed the digestive apparatus which resulted in dyspepsia. It deeply affected the nervous system and produced delirium tremens, general paralysis, and many other nervous diseases. And syphilis! Of what trouble was it not the cause? Both were causes of disease, misery, crime and madness. Now *everybody* knows these facts. People take alcohol, for instance, as in our epoch they took a dose of any other bad medicine. Both alcoholism and syphilis not only killed men, but extended their ravage further. They put in jeopardy the future of our race by creating idiots, epileptics and criminals. But it was not only disease which ravaged society. Under capitalism many persons were killed by ignorant doctors, because the training of physicians was entirely wrong. Humanity, Will, never could have discovered any other serum to prevent such a plague than Socialism."

"That is a very strong statement."

"But not too strong. We were imposters and murderers, generally speaking. Yes, I might as well tell that under the old system we murdered by butchery and poison, and all according to the law."

"It seems to me that you are a little too bitter in your criticism."

"I say just what I mean, but do not misunderstand me. We were murderers because our organization made us so. It also made thieves of merchants, turned stockbrokers into highwaymen, caused priests to lie, maintained and educated in killing a class of soldiers, and turned the world

into an asylum for fools. Suppose that in a very difficult problem of higher mathematics you made a mistake in the very first principles of mathematics. The consequence would be that all your work would be wrong, and if this calculation should be used in building a palace, the palace would fall. So was our organization. Based upon a wrong principle, the result could not have been but disastrous for mankind. Of me it made a murderer, as of you it made an idler."

"Yes, I was a worthless individual."

"Oh, surgeons of the past who did not know what surgery was, rise up from your tombs and write your lives as did Rousseau, that the new generation can count all the persons you butchered! Oh, physicians of old, rise from your tombs, write your lives, that the new generation may be able to count all the lives you foolishly extinguished or rendered miserable! Will, think also of newspapers in those times. The editors knew that the quackery was but an organized theft of the poor, of the very ones who were in need of the money to buy bread. Why, for instance, did they advertise patent medicines and help the criminal class? Because they enjoyed telling lies? No. But in order to secure what was then most desired, wealth. And the law! It had no eyes for that. It was blind when it looked in that direction. Could it have been otherwise? 'Dixit ladro ad ladronem'[1]—*Let me live in peace!* So much for quacks. Now, the regular physician really acted worse, but in the name of science. I remember that in the Congress of the American Medical Association, held at New Orleans in 1903, the statement was made that the population of the United States required, on the average, two thousand medical graduates every year; while the average number of graduates throughout the Union was five

[1] The robber said to the robber.

thousand a year. Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace! What were the three thousand to do?

"Say, Will, it seems that when the angel announced, in the words I have just quoted, the birth of Christ, every one was not glad. Among the sorrowful ones were the ass and the ox, according to a witty poet. The ass said: 'My poor back shall know no peace, when, receiving blows of the whip, I shall be obliged to carry him into Jerusalem.' And the ox said: 'My poor flesh shall indeed have peace when, in the marriage in Cana of Galilee, he and his disciples shall eat me.' When we were young, people throughout America and Europe could have exclaimed each year at the coming of the new graduates: 'My poor body, you shall know, when they will deal with you, how heavy are their hands.' Suppose that, under capitalism, you had a disease of the eye and you came to consult me about it. I was not a specialist, but do you think that I would have said to you: 'Go to consult another, because I am not skillful enough in this specialty?' No. All physicians were too much in need of the two dollars to be so kind."

"It was, then, entirely a matter of getting the money?"

"Well, no. There was another reason. When we graduated we believed that we knew everything. In reality we knew very little and a good many of us knew nothing at all. Many doctors then killed men simply to cover their own ignorance. We shall never know the number of them. And the reason, as a general rule, was always the same; to 'make money, honestly if possible, but make money.' Auri sacra fames! And the surgeons in the hospitals were very often chosen because they wielded political influence instead of being in possession of knowledge and skill. Thus the condition of the poor was very often this: If they were afraid (as it often happened) to go to the hospital, they fell into the hands of a quack; or if they went to the hos-

pital, they served as subjects for a person who was trying to learn medicine or surgery. They escaped from giving their heads to the axe and knocked them against the block. Think of it! The torments of others were the source of our income, so we took pleasure in others' pain. Was there ever anything more hideous?"

"Did the leading physicians act in this way?"

"Were they born leaders?"

"That was the answer I looked for. Now, are these doctors naturally skillful, or do they become so after years of practice?"

"Our system takes bright young men and makes excellent workmen of them in every profession. For instance, a boy who chooses the medical profession must be intelligent. He studies general medicine at first, but afterward he must choose the specialty which he likes best. In choosing he is carefully advised by his teachers. For a sufficient period of time he then assists a professor who is prominent in his specialty. The professor, whose only aim is to create a helper or a successor before he retires, has no more fear of creating competitors. Hence his pride before retiring consists in having his place filled by a creation of his. As soon as it is perfectly safe, the young specialist is allowed to perform simple operations under the guidance and assistance of the professor; afterward more difficult ones. If accidents occur now, it is not their fault—ad impossibile nemo tenetur. Yes, Will, the new doctors shall no more be tortured by remorse. They can sleep in peace; nobody is made orphan, no mother cries to them asking for her dead child. Honestly, when I look backward and muse upon the dead customs of the old beast Capitalism, I come to the conclusion that the world, from the time Cain killed his brother Abel until 1916 A. D., was a menagerie of untamed animals. I remember a tale which a priest told me.

It is quite to the point. It seems that a Cardinal, addressing himself to a newly elected Pope, said: 'Quod sit mundus, sancte Pater?'[1] And the Holy Ghost, speaking through the mouth of the Pope-elect, replied: 'Est cuglionatio inter nos.' There is no doubt but that this Pope knew men very well."

[1] What is the world, holy father? We try to fool each other.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Doctor, what is that noble monument in the distance?"

"It has been erected in honor of the city's dead."

"It does not take the place of all the beautiful tombs of old and the cemetery, does it? Our cemetery seemed like a little city of the dead hidden by trees and flowers."

"I remember it. In that summer time after I finished my day's work, I would take the Esplanade belt to reach Canal street, and every time the car passed between the cemeteries I could not restrain myself from exclaiming: 'How strange! Every tomb, beautifully built, is surrounded by flowers and trees. The dead who do not need oxygen have it and the living starve their lungs!' No, Will, in our new civilization there is no room for superstition. We burn the dead and put the dust in a pretty small urn, which a relative may keep, if he wishes to, instead of leaving it to decay and become food for worms. A new electric apparatus for cremating purposes does the work in a moment. In fact, the public health required the change of system."

"And I see that majestic stone building in the distance is marked 'Hospital for the Insane?'"

"Yes, that is our asylum, as we used to call them."

"I think it was a mistake to build one. How can men become crazy now?"

"Still, it was necessary. There are still some people who abuse themselves, no matter what society teaches them and does for them."

"Is it not strange? I thought your new civilization

would have prevented persons from becoming insane and instead—"

"Let me interrupt you and say that your thought is right, but you do not understand that most of the inmates are the last victims of the priesthood and other institutions of the rotten past. We expected it. This building is also our new kind of jail for the law-breakers; because one who breaks the law now can be but a lunatic, and science treats him accordingly."

"I understand very well now."

"We hope that in the future few will be affected by such an awful disease as incurable insanity, because the brain becomes diseased, just as the heart, liver or lungs, from known causes. The main aim of the new civilization, in that line, is to teach man to understand himself, and to understand the nature which surrounds him, and of which he is a part and a product, so as to enable him, as its conscious minister and interpreter, to bring himself into harmony with the nature of his thoughts and actions and so to promote the progressing evolution of nature through him, its conscious self. The highest evolution of which man's being is capable, physically, morally and intellectually, through knowledge of and obedience to those natural laws which govern not only the physical world, but, not less surely, every thought and feeling which enters into his mind, is the aim of our new education, which is founded on a truly scientific psychology.'[1] The life of an individual during the capitalist régime was a life in which the worst use was made by priests and the ruling class of his physical, moral and intellectual capabilities. Socialism makes the best use of it. There is no doubt but that this exception-

[1] Responsibility in Mental Diseases—By Henry Maudsley, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in University College, London.

ally beautiful building will soon be used for another purpose."

"When?"

"When the last man of the past, figuratively speaking, will be dead. Oh! look! Here comes Professor Matas. He is quite old now, but still possesses his wonderful memory. Everytime I see him I like to talk with him, as I love to speak with men of science. He was one of those who knew his specialty well. I remember that at the ending of our first day, so long ago, I met him at the corner of Canal and Baronne streets. He was waiting for the St. Charles car. I took the car for the pleasure of speaking with him, and fortunately, as he took a long ride, we talked for half an hour. I foresaw at that time something of what you see now, and hence I told him my ideas. He said: 'Of course, the result ought to be as you say; but how can we make people live as they should live? How can such a transformation be realized?' Now every time I meet him he likes to recall those questions and their answers. He comes here once in a while because he is the Honorary Director of the Surgery Department, his old place now being filled by young doctors educated by him in the way I described to you. Every time he meets me he prefers to speak Italian, which he speaks and pronounces as well as I do. He is a very kind old gentleman."

"Come sta, dottore? Siam pur troppo diventati vecchi"[1]

"Yes, sir; it is so, indeed! But we have done something good at least. Professor, the impossibility of yesterday is the accomplished fact of to-day."

"Yes, it is true. What are you doing here to-day?"

"Let me introduce to you my old friend, Mr. William Luckyborn, a New Orleans man who comes from Persia

[1] How do you do, doctor? We are getting old, are we not?

after fifty years of absence. I am showing him our State Sanitarium. He speaks Italian, also, because his wife was an Italian."

"Piacere tanto di far la sua conoscenza. La dev' essere ben sorpresa di trovar tutto un mondo nuovo addirittura."[1]

"You cannot fancy my wonder, Professor. It seems to me as if I were dreaming."

"Ha visto il nuovo laboratorio delle scienze mediche?"[2]

"I am just going to show it to him."

"A rivederci allora."[3]

"A rivederci, Professore."

"Doctor, you spoke to me about natural physical imperfections, about diseases, about old age; but you mentioned also death. You have forgot to tell me something about this."

"Will, look at this building. It is the new Laboratory of Medical Science. Read the inscription above the entrance:

"'*Seek not death in the error of your life, and pull not upon yourselves destruction with works of your hands. For God made not death; neither hath he pleasure in the destruction of the living; for he created all things, that they might have their being; and the generations of the world were healthful, and there is no poison of destruction in them, nor the kingdom of death upon the earth. For God created man to be immortal and made him to be image of His own eternity.*'

"Solomon, you see, again speaks to us. From this new laboratory will come the word which will settle the dispute between deists and atheists. How many generations will

[1] I am pleased to form your acquaintance. You must really be surprised to see a new world.

[2] Have you seen the new Laboratory of Medical Sciences?

[3] Au revoir, then.

roll by, I cannot foretell; but if there be a road which leads to this end, it is the new road where man marches hand in hand with science."

CHAPTER XV.

"Before we return to New Orleans, Will, look once more at the whole sanitarium. Of all those pavilions and other buildings only the Laboratory will be necessary to the New Orleans of some future time."

"What do you mean?"

"Let the old generation pass away; let humanity, with the passing of years, purify its blood which was so contaminated by the sins of the fathers; let accidents be avoided; then surgeons and physicians will have reached their new ideal. They will have written their last page in the history of the human race."

"You think——?"

"I mean that they will have destroyed themselves, or rather their profession, because in that time men will have no more need of doctors."

"Nothing seems impossible to me, now."

"Let us board the automobile and return again to New Orleans. The old vision comes again. I would that it were forever gone."

"What?"

"Let us once more look backward, now that you have seen how doctors are educated, what their ideal is, and what they have already accomplished, because of Socialism —Imagine again this tableau of the old time. A poor father of a family, ill—very ill. The doctor visited him, and his care was proportioned according to the money he thought he could obtain. The man died. Then came the undertaker and asked the wife, who was crying over the

dead, if she wanted a first, second or third class funeral. With greedy hands he took the money wet with tears. Last came the priest. With the name of Almighty God and Christ on his lying lips, he sold to the poor widow some water that he had already soiled with his sinful hands, and asked if the church funeral should cost five, ten, fifteen, or twenty-five dollars. It remained for him to rob the widow and the orphans of the last cent. Nothing was sacred in the past. Sorrow, tears, torments, great misfortune, and the name of God were the means used to secure money by doctors, undertakers and priests."

"Yes, I remember the doctor we met who asked you, 'How is business.' Could you guess how hideous his face appeared to me when afterward I found myself before that man suffering from erysipelas! How noble these physicians of to-day appear to me! But let us forget the past.

"Suppose that an acident happens and it is impossible to bring the patient here, what is done in that case?"

"As you have learned, every one has some scientific knowledge of medicine; so some one is capable of helping the patient until doctors arrive. Every factory is provided with the necessaries. The State Sanitarium is provided also with emergency automobile ambulances. The telephone message indicates which specialists are required. If the patient cannot be moved, the doctor goes to him and takes all things needed. As soon as the patient can be taken to the hospital he must go there. If the doctor thinks it necessary the house is disinfected; also all persons who came in contact with the patient. So any one who goes to the Sanitarium to see a relative or a friend having a contagious disease, before going out, must be carefully disinfected. Doctors and other attendants come under the same rule. They must change their clothes before going out. We would not think of having children and friends

live in contact with persons affected with contagious diseases. The best doctors, not students, go out to take charge of emergency cases. You know that we used to send students when the skill of best doctors was necessary. I almost forgot to add that all the towns have resident consulting physicians, who also act in emergencies. They are usually sent from the Sanitarium for a few months at a time when they need the change and rest. Everything is well arranged now. But as I told you, all this is necessary only while we are outgrowing the effects of the old regime. Afterward there will be little occasion to practice medicine. Disease will be reduced to a minimum."

"I see. But has the world achieved such wonderful progress in all the branches of human knowledge?"

"Certainly. It will be very easy to make you understand it. It is only a question of using the first elements of mathematics. The progress of the world is based upon discoveries and inventions, which are made by men of genius, or of science. A genius must be cultivated; a man of science becomes useful only after careful preparation."

"That much is true."

"Now, how many were born with genius, and because of poverty they died without even learning how to write their names? How many were lucky enough to receive a thorough education? And of these, how many could say: I need not struggle for life, hence as I am deeply interested in some line of scientific research I shall devote myself to this only? Let us calculate.

"The United States, for instance, had in 1903 eighty millions of people. Suppose that of these, one million had received an education sufficient to make them scientifical in their thinking; and let us say that half a million were rich enough to be exempt from the "struggle for existence." From that number we derived half a dozen geniuses, let

us say, who really did something strikingly new, and a few dozen scientists who widened our field of knowledge. Let their social value be represented by unity. We took one step forward in a generation. You have already made the calculation. The proportion is as a hundred and twenty to one. We take a hundred and twenty steps forward in a generation.

"It is clear. Still in that epoch some said: 'A true man of genius, even if poor, finds always a way to succeed. We have seen it hundreds and hundreds of times.'"

"Yes, it was true for some but not for all. Now think of this; in our past civilization, when people found a diamond did they take it, only? When in some oysters they found a pearl did they seek no further? When they found some small nuggets of gold were they satisfied? Were they? Or did they rather say: 'We have found a diamond here and gold nuggets there. It is a sign that here should be more of them. Let us dig in this ground, let us search this desert, let us look in the depths of the sea for more.' You see they wanted gold and pearls and diamonds. The future enlightenment of the race did not concern those blockheads. Among poor people there were mines of such geniuses and scientists as have made the progress of the world possible. Socialism was not deceived in its hope. And to all this was added the new principle 'Each for all and all for each,' instead of the old 'Each for himself and Devil take the hindmost.' When you remember all this you shall wonder no more that socialism has done in all sciences as much as you have seen it has done in medicine."

"I readily believe you. Running at such a speed what shall be the progress of the world and the highest degree of human civilization in the future?"

Who can foresee it? Did, for instance, Euclid foresee the great achievements to which, with the rolling of cen-

turies, men should be led? No. He was satisfied to give the elements of a science, which, being true, and applied to nearly all sciences I should say, have led to wonderful works. Socialism is based upon a true principle of which we have now seen great results. But can we foresee to what heights of civilization it will lead the world? Can we foresee what wonderful discoveries and inventions will be made because of Socialism? If our past society was ruled by wrong principles and humanity yet achieved wonderful deeds, what may we not expect, now that science rules the world?"

CHAPTER XVI.

"Doctor, there was a time when, in philosophy, the pendulum of thought swung toward idealism. Beginning with Kant, and continuing down to Hegel, who was the greatest, doubtless, of Kant's followers, we learn that the mind of the world was influenced by the doctrine that truth, the light of our mentality, does not consist in conformity of thought to things, but resides in mind alone, and that reality should coincide with thought, not thought with reality; the mind thus becoming supreme, with no test, no guide, no restraining force outside itself. You know, better than I do, the great role played by philosophy in the evolution of human civilization. Now which was the main principle which influenced the human mind, as, during the last half century, it has built up this wonderful civilization? Which doctrine is held by scholars to-day?"

"You put me off the track. I have tried to show you what medical science has been capable of under a socialist administration. When we were members of the old society the right of discussing philosophical topics was only for professional philosophers, as the one of speaking authoritatively concerning religion was for priests. Were those gentlemen still here to protest against scientists leaving their problems in zoology, chemistry or medicine and discussing philosophy and religion, I would not dare to answer you. But fortunately we now live in a time and in a society where it is no more necessary to be a priest, or the favored of such and such a coterie, in order to express our thoughts. I will try to answer you. But don't forget, if you fail to

understand me, that I am a physician and not a philosopher."

"If you were a philosopher and I were not, I could not understand you. Hence if there is any chance for an ordinary man like myself, who still claims the right to know and understand a little philosophy, it is certainly when a non-philosopher speaks of philosophy."

"If that is your opinion I will do my best to answer your question.

"That which led humanity to this degree of civilization, the highest point of which we cannot foresee, was exactly the reverse doctrine of Kant; namely, that truth, the light of our mental world, consists in the conformity of thought to things and does not reside in the mind at all. To state it sharply—thought must coincide with reality and not reality with thought. Hence the mind is not supreme, with no test, no guide, no restraining force outside of itself; but is entirely dependent, is guided by stimuli, and is subjected to a restraining force outside of itself. We cling no more to the absurdity that we have a will. Physiology and psychology had proven at the end of the last century that cerebral reflexes differ from spinal reflexes in time only; spinal reflexes taking longer than the cerebral ones. Hence, if there be no stimulus there can be no reflex response, either from the spinal or the cerebral nerves. We had thought, you know, that cerebral action resulted in wilful movement. As it does not, we cannot prevent ourselves from being governed by our surroundings."

"I am quite astonished. You speak of cerebral and spinal centers, and of stimuli; but was this necessary to answer my question, which related to philosophy?"

"Certainly."

"Why then did theologians and philosophers speak of philosophy without being thorough physiologists and

psychologists, and without knowing the histology of the nervous system?"

"I deeply regret that we cannot get a word out of the old priests and 'philosophers' who are still among us. If we could I should have told you to ask this question of them, as I cannot answer you."

"You are right. But tell me, by what you have said, am I to understand that we are like automobiles?"

"That is the idea. Take the automobile in which we are traveling now. We know that it is the chauffeur who directs it in this way instead of in another; we also know that it is electricity which gives it the power to move. Of ourselves, likewise, we know who is the chauffeur—the external and internal stimuli. But we have not yet ascertained what gives us the power to move; in other words we have not yet snatched the mystery from life and death. If the human mind would have continued under the influence of Kant's doctrine, we never could have hoped to discover anything about the mystery of vital phenomena. The utterances of Solomon would have been regarded as those of a poet, or of one inspired by God to make people understand that when He created man, He created him with the idea of making him immortal, and afterward, repenting, sent Death into the world. Of course this would be an absurd belief. Hence the utterances of Solomon are those of the deepest philosopher the world has ever known. And the new road which science treads now, thanks to socialism, is the one which will allow man to finish his vital cycle physiologically, and permit scientists to study very closely the death of a man who will not die of disease. This medical science, down to the present, has been unable to do, because all men died of diseases; and so we, and all those who will carry in their veins our corrupt blood, are condemned to die."

"Oh! fortunate generations of the future! You not only will not suffer all our miseries, but you will be destined to see things which we even cannot fancy! But are these opinions of life held alike by deists and atheists?"

"Will, think of Wisdom as if it were the sea. Think of the different branches of science as of the rivers of the world. The sea water, evaporating because of heat, produces afterward, through several other physical phenomena, rain. The rain produces the rivers, which run toward the sea, and flow into it; and all the rivers, separated one from the others, mix their waters again and become one in the common mother. There is no antagonism at all between them.

"Now, social science and psychology and all other sciences being rivers of wisdom, are in antagonism neither with deists nor with atheists. Nor are atheists, who are seeking to possess the sea of wisdom, in antagonism with deists, who, by means of the same rivers of science, move also toward the same sea."

"I do not quite understand you, doctor."

"I will explain myself more fully.

"Social science being a branch of knowledge, a ray of light, was turned upon all kinds of religious creeds, which were the product of ignorance and darkness. Hence the true line of division among men, intellectually, is into schools which defend what they think to be true; not to make money, but to reach the truth, let it result in atheism, deism, or any doctrine whatsoever. The deists of to-day say: 'God, being wisdom par excelence, can love but the truth.' Truth is the basis of righteousness and goodness, and God is righteousness and goodness par excellence. God is wisdom, and wisdom is the light of the earth. Hence God is the opposite of falsehood and darkness. Let us match

the secrets of nature and increase wisdom and light, thus becoming Godlike.

"God is love par excellence. He, hence, is the opposite of hate; let us then love each other, let us love everything which is good and hate everything which is evil.

"God is justice par excellence, hence let justice be done. Wisdom, Love, Justice, these make humanity move toward happiness and virtue. Hence our ideal is the happiness and virtue of humankind.

"Now, Will, with the deists reasoning like they do now, how can atheists disagree with them concerning life? Are not both like two different rivers running toward the sea? Does it make any difference if the Mississippi empties into that portion of sea which we call the Gulf of Mexico, the Nile into the Mediterranean Sea, and the Rio de la Plata into the Bay of La Plata?"

"Certainly not, because all of these are parts of the sea."

"The same conclusion holds regarding knowledge. Atheists and deists want the same thing. Only the atheists do not believe that we are immortal souls, and that there is a God waiting for us. The deists occasionally say: 'Well, brother atheists, have you anything new concerning life and death?' And the atheists always answer: 'Give us time.' Hence the main purpose of all scholarship, till now, has been to search our surroundings. If they are conducive to our happiness, well enough; if not, we use our intelligence to modify the rebel element in order to make it serve our purpose. Government, when there is any serious experiment of that kind to try, does not spare to give all the help that science needs."

"I should think that mankind being so happy now, these questions regarding the existence of God and the future life would be good pastime for men of science, who, after hav-

ing paid their positive tribute of work to society, have little to do but interest themselves."

"I should say so; now that every man is a man, and not a beast as in the past."

CHAPTER XVII.

"Doctor, I understand perfectly what you have said; but still I wonder how Socialism destroyed superstition and killed so many schools of philosophy. Were not even very learned men not only religious but sometimes more superstitious than ignorant women? Superstitions were not the dull patrimony of the ignorant and poor, but also of the rich, who always received some education. The Princess R. and the Duchess L., to mention persons you know, and I could mention also a large number of rich Americans whom I knew, were not ignorant, and still they were very superstitious."

"Religion and superstition were but the mother and the daughter. As Socialism killed the mother, the daughter found no means of support, and died soon after. But I wish to explain it better so as to make you fully understand how easily such an evolution took place. It was recognized by every intelligent man that the miseries of our life were the source of all kinds of religion and of all pessimistic philosophies. The sorrows and the torments of our existence were better understood by the educated than by the ignorant, who, very often, were rendered stolid by suffering. And those who, although ignorant and poor, lived among the mountains and had the good fortune to escape from the priest's claws, had only natural and inherited beliefs regarding the universe and its phenomena. These were quite harmless superstitions. Anything for which they could not find an explanation, was, in their childish way, attributed to God. And if the believer were

a Mahometan he loved Allah, and called Mahomet in his sorrow and in his danger; if a Protestant, he prayed to God and Christ; if a Catholic, God, Christ and a few madonnas and saints served his purposes very well. But the rich and educated persons of that time were necessarily members of a corrupt society and also had time to meditate upon the misery they saw. Some of them really did get to thinking. Wanting a clear explanation, and finding none; seeing that science could neither answer their questions nor console them, they, instead of reading the words of Solomon, preferred to read Ecclesiastes. There they found thoughts like the following: 'What profit hath a man of all his labor, which he doeth under the sun?' 'One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth for ever.' 'All things are full of labor; man cannot utter it; the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing.' 'That which is crooked cannot be made straight; and that which is wanting cannot be numbered. In much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.'[1]

"What do you think of intellectuals, who, in the twentieth century, quoted Ecclesiastes while discussing microbes and the phagocytose doctrine? Hence the minds of this class of people, being excited and wrongly trained from childhood by religious teachings, they finished by turning their thoughts to the supernatural in their sorrow and dangers. Hence arose superstitions. Had the Princess R. and the Duchess L., for instance, not found themselves in the condition I described to you, they never would have offered anything to any madonna, saint or God. Had the doctors told them that their loved ones were not in danger, they would never have called upon supernatural powers for assistance, but only in thanksgiving; and this, because

[1] Ecclesiastes 1, 3, 4, 8, 15, 18.

since childhood they were taught to thank God for everything. And yet people who were both religious and educated, who said that there was no leaf on a tree which moved except by the will of God—those same persons, oh, grim irony! cursed us doctors and accused us sometimes for the death of a relative. So we can say that people turned toward the supernatural for help when they were in sorrow or in danger, especially in those cases where science could do nothing to relieve them. But now wisdom has taken the place of folly, knowledge of ignorance, and science sits in the ancient seat of superstition."

"Yes, I understand now. The difference is fundamental to the new civilization."

"I remember the comment made by a very learned Frenchman upon reviewing a book of Professor Metchnikoff:

"'Man,' he said, 'covets happiness. He seeks it. He seldom attains it. But sometimes he brightens up; he experiences and manifests contentment, well-being, and gladness. Derisive contrast! This same feeling is also the manifestation of the most terrible diseases in which reason flounders. The sensation of happiness is a symptom of general paralysis. "The diseased person is satisfied with his body," says a classic treatise. He is enchanted with his constitution and his position. He boasts without ceasing of his robust health, of the strength of his muscles, of his ruddy complexion, of his *resistance* to fatigue. His attire is, he thinks, gorgeous, his home fastidious. Later, in a more advanced phase, he claims power, riches, honor; he is sensible of becoming prince, emperor, pope, God.'[1]

"And really, under capitalism genuine happiness could not have been found except among men affected by general paralysis. But to-day the new generation is happy and yet

[1] Revue des Deux Mondes—1 April, 1903. A Dastre.

no one of them is affected by general paralysis. Everybody is happy but no one is sensible of becoming a millionaire, prince, emperor or pope, as we have nothing of the kind. These, *contraste derisoire,* were the cause preventing humanity from being happy, the true cause of the general paralysis of civilization, and of the true progress of the world.

"Yes, many of this new generation will reach the age which the theory of Flourens allows to man; and their sons will reach the age suggested by Buffon; and the sons of their sons will reach the age of Abraham, who lived to be one hundred and seventy-five years old. I do not know whether men at some future epoch will find the Eden from which, it is said, our forefathers were cast out. Fancy leads me to think, sometimes, that by obeying all the laws of wisdom, or God, we may be allowed to become immortal again.

"Apropós, I remember that the editor of the Revue des Deux Mondes was famous for two remarkable deeds; first, for converting that celebrated Review to clericalism; second, for giving to the world a brilliant idea: 'Science is bankrupt.'

"Whether the article written by him was a justification of his conversion to darkness, I cannot tell you; but this sentence (which its author was obliged by Charles Richet and Enrico Morselli, to retract), was quoted by Professor Dastre at the time to which I refer. I was greatly tempted to write an article and respectfully ask the Professor if it would not be wiser to put humanity in the condition required by medical science before repeating the editor's ridiculous statement: 'Science, for a hundred years, has promised to renew the face of the earth and to abolish mystery. It has done neither.' Would it not have been wiser to destroy the enemies discovered by your immortal

countryman, and fortify our defenders discovered by the immortal Metchnikoff, and await the result before accepting such a medievalism as this: 'Science is powerless to solve these essential questions, those which allude to the origin of man, to the law of his conduct, to his future fate.' I would have added that all this would have been justified if it came from the mouth of a priest, but coming from a man of science, like himself, it was an insult to his readers."

"Why did you not?"

"Were you an European you never would have asked that question. I will tell you by quoting to you some lines of the article to which I have just referred. Speaking of Metchnikoff, Prof. Dastre said: 'At once zoologist, chemist and physician, he is pleased to make excursions into the domains of philosophy. This right is contested to the learned men who throw themselves, at the beginning of their career into the field of philosophy, and who neglect for that the practice of their science and all original research. This right cannot be refused to a man who demands it after a long career of production and who justifies it by recognized success in his special field.' Now, if they permitted Professor Metchnikoff to look into the domain of philosophy, just as a concession to him, because of work previously done, how could I, who was nobody, have dared to address Professor Dastre? Yes, as there were men in the United States who monopolized the oil, coal, iron and railroads, so in Europe there were small coteries who monopolized science in all its different branches. If you were known as the pupil of so and so, if you were of such and such a school or laboratory, you might have spoken, other wise you must have forever remained quiet."

"The same system had begun its development in the United States, also, when I was at Harvard."

"So the learned world accepted the paradox that

wisdom, which embraces not only our world, but the entire universe, was really monopolized by a few persons and locked up in their heads. And a young man who was not the son of papa, in order to succeed, was obliged to become the intellectual valet of some 'great' professor for a certain length of time, crawl and run after him like a little dog, and always say yes to whatever he said. We find in this the reason why so many young men who had both brains and self-respect were forced to give up their good intention of studying science. Oh, tempora! Oh, mores!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

We had reached New Orleans, so we alighted from the automobile and went home.

"Will," said I. "Your trunks have already been delivered. Change your clothes, be free to go as you wish about my little cottage and garden, and in a half hour I will join you. We may then go to dinner and to the theatre, if you wish. I would like also to call for a few minutes upon a friend."

"It will gave me great pleasure to go with you. In a few minutes I will be ready."

As it was getting dark the city was lIluminated when we again went out.

"One would hardly know that night had come," said Will.

"Well, do you think that after having displayed so much care about all other necessities for the public health, we would have neglected to protect the eyes? The new generation does not wish to be blind in its old age. We doctors requested that the distance between the new electric lamps should be such as to insure the same degree of light all over the city. So our eyes are not injured by incessant passage from a dark to a light area. Notice also that the new lamps are fixed in such a way as to prevent the glaring light from ruining our sight."

"Necessity seems always to demand the same as our sense of beauty, and what we used to think were social luxuries you have as preventatives of disease."

"You will be surprised to learn that the time seems to

be at hand when electricity shall be a thing of the past also."

"What do you mean?"

"When you were still here a French lady, Mme. Curie, discovered a new element called radium. It is the most marvelous substance known to science. It supplies heat, light and energy in a continuous stream; and yet loses none of its own power from waste. Fortunately, a short time ago, another substance, besides pitch-blende, has been discovered, which yields radium in sufficient amount to make its use on a large scale a possibility. Radicity will soon be a substitute for electricity. The houses of each city will probably be painted with zinc sulphide, and by placing radium in the street lamps the city will be forever luminous. What radium will permit medical science to achieve we to-day foresee. As the energy of radium is perpetual, it will be very interesting to see what the results will be when its stimulus is utilized in old men who are not at all affected by disease."

"What can I say? Science is outdoing the fairies. By the way, I wish to go to dinner at the same restaurant where we went this morning because I am anxious to see the sight which this light makes at Washington and Dewey Boulevards."

"Well, let us go there, but quickly, as we are expected by Madam Corbeille."

After dinner we again looked at the display and then directed our steps toward the residence of Madam Corbeille, who resides on Schley Avenue, the Jackson street of the past.

"Doctor, who is this Madam Corbeille?"

"She is the daughter of a good friend of ours, and will be delighted to see the old leader of the past fine fleur of New Orleans society."

"Can there be a woman here who still remembers me?"

"We have very often spoken of you. There has been no occasion on which I have seen our common friend that she has failed to inquire about you."

"I am glad to hear it. And especially as it is a woman."

"Now, old boy! Do not forget that you have seen fifty Persian summers and that this one is the seventy-fifth of your life. Do not forget either that we belong to the old race, whose sins made men become old before the right time. But anyway, I am glad that you have not lost your gallantry."

"No joking. I really wonder who she may be."

We entered the pretty residence of Madam Corbeille who was the little girl I saved from diphtheria with the serum treatment. She married and is the mother of another beautiful girl, who, while resembling to some extent her mother and grandmother, is far more beautiful than they were at the same age. Of course, she has been trained acording to our new system. She is a blond of twenty, of the loveliest, heart-breaking type. Her head is poised like a Venus and crowned with the finest golden hair. Her eyes are of midnight lustre, of a dreamy, melting, haunting beauty. Her form is classic. She walks like a queen. Naturally brilliant in conversation, her education has been exceptionally broad and solid. She is the true type of our modern girl. I knew that she would astonish the society leader of the past.

"Oh! Mr. Luckyborn! How do you do? We thought you dead in Persia!"

"On the contrary, Madam Bright, I am very well. And you?"

"Oh! we are always well and happy now. The idea of your going and staying fifty years over there among uncivilized people, when all of your friends wished so much to

see you! Let me make you acquainted with my daughter Mary; my son-in-law Mr. Corbeille, my granddaughter, Corinne; and her fiancé, Mr. William Hohenzollern."

"You are the first of the new generation I have met, personally. I cannot express the pleasure I feel."

"You must be quite shocked, after fifty years of absence, to see so changed a world."

"Madam, you cannot picture to yourself my wonder. Since this morning I have passed from one astonishment to another.

"Your daughter, Mrs. Corbeille, I presume, cannot remember me, and my last visit in company of the Doctor."

"Oh, yes! I remember it well. Nor have I forgotten what the doctor said to mamma ápropós of Napoleon and Pasteur. Doctor, let me shake your hand once more for that. Mother, do you remember the incident and our special trip in Paris to the tomb of Pasteur? Also our meeting with the discoverer of the serum which saved my life?"

The old grandmother for an answer embraced her daughter and sweet Corinne.

"The funny old world of the past," said Corinne. "Yes, we are told tales which really are hard to believe." And she looked sweetly into the eyes of her lover who added:

"Is it true that my grandfather said to young men whom you called soldiers, that they must kill their mothers and fathers if they were ordered to?"

"Yes, it is true," I said.

"And it is true that if my grandfather should have ordered millions of men to kill others and be killed, those men were so stupid that they would have obeyed him blindly?"

"That also is true."

"And is it true that the German people were then the most learned of the earth?"

"Yes."

"But how was it that these learned people could not see that my grandfather was affected by some nervous disease? And why did so many obey one without murmuring? It all seems so absurd to me that I think that those who have written history must have made some mistakes."

"No, my dear and happy boy, these historians made no mistake at all. It was just as you say. The mistake is yours, because you fail to remember that now everybody goes to school and receives an intellectual training, while at the epoch you refer to the great majority of the population were ignorant. So, even in Germany, the mass of people who obeyed the orders of your grandfather were ignorant; the learned ones were but a small portion of the population. Some of them supported your grandfather, while others, who were socialists, fought against him and led the world on to where it now is."

"Then, suppose that things had not been changed. Is it true that my father would not have permitted me to marry Corinne, and would have forced me to marry another of his choice?"

"It is true—very true, indeed."

He looked admiringly into the eyes of Corinne, who answered his glance with a smile so expressive of the tender soul which prompted it, that he went on: "Well, I think that I would have told my father to mind his business. And I think that the best thing we can do is to forget the sins of the past. They always anger me."

"You are right," I answered. "Let us go to the past for lessons only."

We stayed there about half an hour. Will, greatly astonished at the way young Hohenzollern judged his

grandfather, told them some interesting episodes of his life in Persia, at the court of the Shah. Madam Corbeille invited us to breakfast with them the next day in a Schley Square restaurant.

"Then this young man is the grandson of the Kaiser?" said Will, as soon as we were out.

"Yes, in flesh and blood. He came down here from Washington and obtained a good position. He is a doctor, but he chose to teach hygiene and is Professor of Bacteriology in the high school. As a bacteriologist he is a worthy successor of Koch. When he won the contest opened by our State, his work, 'Poisonous Bacteria and Body Cells,' was judged a masterpiece of the kind. There is no doubt that he soon will be a Professor in the University."

"With what an intense feeling of love he lookd at his fiancée, whom I tell you is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. What miracles has not Socialism accomplished! At first sight of her I recalled to my mind a verse of Byron which I was fond of repeating when I was young and in society:

" 'I began to feel
Some doubt, how much of Adeline was real!' "

"No, no; you better repeat those other verses of the same poet:

" 'She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.'

"Among the girls of our new generation no modern Shakespeare can make a new Hamlet say: 'I have heard of your paintings, too, well enough; God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another; you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname of God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance.'

"And about marriages we cannot say with him to our Ophelias, any more: 'If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or if thou will needs marry, marry a fool, for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them! To a nunnery, go, and quickly, too. Farewell.'

"Socialism has blessed both, but woman more than man. It has given her freedom; and her love, because voluntary, is strong, pure, ideal."

CHAPTER XIX.

"Doctor, it seems to me that the affection pictured on the faces of those young lovers was of a degree, or of a kind, which we never felt."

"It is so, indeed, and there is a reason for it. In training the young we cultivate all the wholesome passions which are natural to humankind and try to check all the evil ones which doubtless are merely inherited animal characteristics. By cultivating the first and atrophying the second kind, the conduct of each individual is changed. Hence sympathy, for instance, which is one of our most human traits, in the new generation is more developed than it was in ours, and to-day it is a primal element of progress and civilization. In other words we have taught how to carefully govern stimuli which produce egoistic actions, and have cultivated those which make us altruistic. Think then with what care our preceptors develop in youths and maidens the feeling of love toward others, and think what intense feelings of love must be prompted when two souls, who, after searching mysteriously for each other, are permitted to meet and become one by virtue of love, of love only. Comparisons with the old are simply impossible. True love, when we were young, was an empty word. Marriages, as a general rule, were contracted not because of love but because of a hundred egoistic reasons, the last of which was, perhaps, love. Often, it was not considered at all.

"Were we not all ill? Hence even our manifestation of love emanated from two ill persons. And their love, according to the character of the race to which they belonged, acording to the climate, to the environment where they lived, to their education, and to the struggle they were obliged to sustain for life, afterward usually faded away.

It is a horrid truth that men, and women too, sought in marriage often the opportunity to satisfy their animal desires. In any discussion of society under capitalism, our last word must always be: *It made beasts of men and women.*

"Compare Cavalleria Rusticana with Hamlet. Does the first, whose scenes take place in the streets among the vulgar populace, show more vulgarity, more ferocity than the second, which occurs at court among 'noble,' 'refined' persons? Were I to analyze these two dramas, I could show you that the human beast reaches his highest degree of wickedness in palaces on the highest thrones. A German writer has said:

" 'In the Orient I keep a harem; in Italy I climb balconies au clair de lune; in France I pay the dressmakers' bills; in Germany, my God, I do try to save virtue. It is perfectly logical. In the Orient they love with sensuality, in Italy with imagination, in France avec la bourse, but in Germany, with conscience!'[1]

"In all that, Will, do you see a robust Cupid or a crippled

"Now the love of this new generation is the manifestation of the feeling of wholesome love, cultivated since childhood and emanating from healthy bodies and pure minds. These young people, taught to work and knowing that they will not lack opportunity to live well, married or single, are drawn together by love only."

"Why were we so unfortunate as to belong to the past?"

"I cannot answer. I deeply regret it myself. Let us enter the theatre."

"Oh, what a beautiful temple!"

"We shall look at it to-morrow; now we must enter."

[1] Sudermann—Die Ehre.

"What is the play to-night?"

"Verdi's 'Othello.'"

We entered, and occupied two parquet seats. An invisible orchestra began to play and the performance began. During the intermezzo, Will said:

"Do you know that I do not feel any sympathy for Desdemona who had the strange idea of marrying a colored man, who, although noble, was not the less colored for that; justice to other races does not demand family relationships with them, and——"

"I fully agree with you—but hush, the play begins again."

As soon as the performance was over we went out.

"Do you know, Doctor, that the tenor, the prima donna and the baritone were the only first-class artists I have ever heard in New Orleans? And what an orchestra!"

"Certainly. Verdi's 'Othello' cannot be heard but with an orchestra directed by Mugnone, and sung by such artists as good as those you have just heard, or better."

"Who are they?"

"Tamagno, La Bellincioni and Beltrami."

"How did it happen that these stars come here? And—well—you are joking. I remember them now. Those are names of artists who were most celebrated fifty years ago and perhaps earlier."

"Yes, they were. And still they are the very ones you saw and heard."

"You have shown me that men may live long in the future, but how could you possibly preserve the old artists for fifty years, with all your wonderful medical science?"

"And still, honestly, Will, you saw and heard none but them."

"Well, please explain. I have ceased arguing with you."

"You think that you saw living persons performing

'Othello' and singing the 'Credo' of Jago, and 'Ora e per sempre addio sante memorie?"

"Why, of course! They were not disembodied spirits, surely?"

"The vitagraphs and phonographs are combined in such a way that all the words and songs of the phonographs correspond to the movements of the figures. Mechanically, everything is so perfect that you were kept in complete ignorance of their nature."

"Then those were not living persons?"

"No. We have all the masterpieces played in this way. The same artists play or sing in dozens of cities at once, and will continue to do so for centuries."

"I understand. Those instruments are so perfected that, really, my illusion was complete."

"Let us go home now. We have had a big day. To-morrow we shall continue to see the sights, if you wish."

"But I have had in my mind all along a question I wish to ask you."

"What may it be?"

"I have seen everywhere inscriptions from Solomon's writings. Does the new generation forget Jesus?"

"Oh, Will! How could any generation now forget the man who spent all his life in preaching love, and who, because of that, was crucified by kings and priests? No. Jesus has never been so much honored, so much loved, so much worshiped, I might even say, as now. When capitalism prevailed he was but incessantly insulted by priests, ministers and kings, who claimed to do him honor. At present, you never hear a man utter the blessed name of Jesus without expressing his gratitude to him.

"I forgot to tell you that one year after the kings' trial, all the socialist states decided to erect a symbolical monument in St. Peter's place, Rome, which was to be higher

than the cupola of the world famous church itself. As to the plan, a contest was proclaimed all over Europe and America. Artists of all nations competed. Among all the plans that unanimously chosen by the committee was one which outlined an enormous column, on top of which were to be placed three statues. One, representing Solomon, the impersonation of Wisdom; another representing Jesus, the impersonation of Love. Both statues were to face a third one. This, the central and largest of the three, was to represent Socialism, the realization of Justice. Its attitude toward the others was to be that of a son to his beloved parents. On the pedestal was to be placed a powerful light, which, from sunset to sunrise, should shine forth and remind the world that Darkness, for centuries enthroned on that very spot, hiding imposture and crime which humanity cannot remember without shuddering, was forever overcome by Light.

"Two years afterward the enormous bronze column with the three marble statues and great globe of light was unveiled amid the shouts of thousands of people from all parts of the great socialist world. Every state sent three representatives. Ours were Jones, Dewey and Lee. It seems that the Italian President sometime before the unveiling, had traveled over the so-called Holy Land in order to make some researches; and he was fortunate enough to find, in a remarkably good state of preservation, an account of Jesus' life, written by himself. Our President conceived the idea of making a speech about Solomon, but with Solomon's own words. In this way when the two were invited, among others, to make their speeches, the American President read the 'Wisdom of Solomon,' and the Italian President read the new 'Life of Christ.' They were adjudged the best speeches that deists could have pronounced on such an occasion."

"You don't say! Oh, please, before we retire I wish to hear those speeches."

"I, as almost every one now-a-days, know them by heart; but I am tired, and I cannot repeat them. We are home again. You shall be better satisfied because you can hear them from the mouths of the Presidents themselves. Here is the phonograph—listen!"

CHAPTER XX.

THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON.

How glorious is the fruit of good labor!

The root of Wisdom shall never fall away.

Wisdom hath given me certain knowledge of the things that are; namely, to know how the world was made, and the operation of the elements.

The beginning, ending, and midst of the times; the alterations of the turnings of the sun, and the change of seasons.

The circuits of years and the positions of stars.

The natures of living creatures, and the furies of wild beasts; the violence of winds, and the reasonings of men; the diversities of plants and the virtues of roots. And all such things as are either secret or manifest, them I know.

For Wisdom, which is the worker of all things, taught me; for in her is an understanding spirit, holy, one only, manifold, subtle, lively, clear, undefiled, plain, not subject to hurt, loving the thing that is good, quick, which cannot be lessened, ready to do good.

Kind to man, steadfast, sure, free from care, having all power, overseeing all things, and going through all understanding, pure and most subtle spirits.

For Wisdom is more moving than any motion; she passeth and goeth through all things by reason of her pureness.

For she is the breath of the power of God, and a pure

influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty; therefore can no defiled thing fall into her.

For she is the brightness of the everlasting light, the unspotted mirror of the power of God, and the image of His goodness.

And being but one, she can do all things; and remaining in herself, she maketh all things new; and in all ages entering into holy souls, she maketh them friends of God.

For God loveth none but him that dwelleth with wisdom.

For she is more beautiful than the sun, and above all the order of stars; being compared with the light, she is found before it.

For after this cometh night; but vice shall not prevail against wisdom.

Wisdom reacheth from one end to another mightily, and sweetly doth she order all things.

I loved her, and sought her out from my youth; I desired to make her my spouse, and I was a lover of her beauty.

If riches be a possession to be desired in this life, what is richer than wisdom that worketh all things?

If a man desire much experience, she knoweth things of old, and conjectureth aright what is to come, she knoweth the subtleties of speeches, and can expound dark sentences; she foreseeth signs and wonders, and the events of seasons and times.

Therefore I purposed to take her to live with me, knowing that she would be a counsellor of good things, and a comfort in cares and grief.

For her sake I shall have estimation among the mulitude, and honor with the elders, though I be young.

I shall be found of a quick conceit in judgment, and shall be admired in the sight of great men.

When I hold my tongue, they shall abide my leisure, and

when I speak, they shall give good ear unto me; if I talk much, they shall lay their hands upon their mouth.

Moreover by the means of her I shall obtain immortality, and leave behind me an everlasting memorial to them that come after me.

I shall set the people in order, and the nations shall be subject unto me.

Horrible tyrants shall be afraid when they do but hear of me; I shall be found among the multitude, and valiant in war.

After I have come into my house, I will repose myself with her; for her conversation hath no bitterness; and to live with her hath no sorrow, but mirth and joy.

Now, when I considered these things in myself, and poured them in my heart, how that to be allied unto wisdom is immortality.

And great pleasure it is to have her friendship, and in the works of her hands are infinite riches; and in the exercise of conference with her, prudence, and in talking with her, a good report; I went about seeking how to take her to me.

For I was a witty child, and had a good spirit.

Yea, rather, being good, I came into a body undefiled.

Nevertheless, when I perceived that I could not otherwise obtain her, except God gave her me; and that was a point of wisdom also to know whose gift she was; I prayed unto the Lord, and besought him, and with my whole heart I said:

O God of my fathers, and Lord of mercy, who hast made all things with thy word; and ordained man through thy wisdom, that he should have dominion over the creatures which thou hast made:

And order the world according to equity and righteousness, and execute judgment with an upright heart:

Give me wisdom, that sitteth by thy throne; and reject me not from among thy children.

For I thy servant, and son of thy handmaid, am a feeble person, and of a short time, and too young for the understanding of judgment and laws.

For though a man be never so perfect among children of men, yet if thy wisdom be not with him, he shall be nothing regarded.

Thou hast chosen wisdom to be the king of thy people and a judge of thy sons and daughters.

Thou hast commanded me to build a temple upon thy holy mount and an altar in the city wherein we dwell, a resemblance of the holy tabernacle, which thou hast prepared from the beginning.

And wisdom was with thee: which knoweth thy works, and was present when thou madest the world, and knew what was acceptable in thy sight, and right in thy commandments.

O send her out of thy holy heavens, and from the throne of thy glory, that being present she may labor with me, that I may know what is pleasing unto thee.

For she knoweth and understandeth all things, and she shall lead me soberly in my doings, and preserve me in her power. So shall my works be acceptable, and then shall I judge thy people righteously.

For what man is he that can know the counsel of God? Or who can think what the will of the Lord is?

For the thoughts of mortal men are miserable, and our devices are but uncertain.

For the corruptible body presseth down the soul, and the earthly tabernacle weigheth down the mind that museth upon many things.

And hardly do we guess aright at things that are upon earth, and with labor do we find the things that are before

us, but the things that are in heaven, who hath searched out?

And thy counsel who hath known, except thou give Wisdom and send thy holy Spirit from above?

For so the ways of those who lived on the earth were reformed, and men were taught the things that are pleasing to thee, and were saved through Wisdom.

Wisdom preserved the first formed father of the world that was created alone, and brought him out of his fall. And gave him power to rule all things.

But when the unrighteous went away from her, in his anger he perished also in the fury wherewith he murdered his brother.

For whose cause the earth being drowned with the flood Wisdom again preserved it, and directed the course of the righteous in a piece of wood of small value.

Moreover, the nations in their wicked conspiracy being confounded, she found out the righteous, and preserved him blameless unto God, and kept him strong against his tender compassion toward his son.

Wisdom delivered from pain those that attended upon her.

When the righteous fled from his brother's wrath, she guided him in right paths, showed him the Kingdom of God, and gave him knowledge of holy things, made him rich in his travels, and multiplied the fruit of his labors.

In the coveteousness of such as oppressed him, she stood by him, and made him rich.

She defended him from his enemies, and kept him safe from those that lay in wait, and in a sore conflict she gave him the victory; that he might know that godliness is stronger than all.

When the righteous was sold, she forsook him not, but

delivered him from sin; she went down with him into the pit.

And left him not in bonds, till she brought him the sceptre of the kingdom, and power against those that oppressed him; as for them that had accused him, she showed them to be liars, and gave him perpetual glory.

She delivered the righteous people and blameless seed from the nation that oppressed them.

She entered into the soul of the servant of the Lord, and withstood dreadful kings in wonders and signs:

Wisdom rendered to the righteous a reward of their labors, guided them in a marvelous way, and was unto them for a covert by day, and a light of stars in the night season. But she drowned their enemies, and cast them up, out of the bottom of the deep.

Therefore the righteous spoiled the ungodly, and praised thy holy name, O Lord, and magnified with one accord thy hand that fought for them.

For Wisdom opened the mouth of the dumb and made the tongues of them that cannot speak eloquent.

Wisdom prospered their works. They stood against their enemies and were avenged of their adversaries.

When they were thirsty, they called upon Wisdom, and water was given them out of the flinty rock, and their thirst was quenched out of the hard stone.

For by what things their enemies were punished, by the same they in their need were benefited.

For instead of a fountain of a perpetual running river troubled with foul blood,

For a manifest reproof of that commandment, whereby the infants were slain, thou gavest unto them abundance of water by a means which they hoped not for.

Declaring by that thirst then how thou hadst punished their adversaries.

For when they were tried, albeit but in mercy chastised they knew how the ungodly were judged in wrath and tormented, thirsting in another manner than the just.

For a double grief came upon them, and a groaning for the remembrance of things past.

But thou hast mercy upon all, for thou canst do all things and winkest at the sins of men, because they should amend.

For thou lovest all the things that are and abhorrest nothing which thou hast made, for never wouldst thou have made anything, if thou hadst hated it.

For thine incorruptible Spirit is in all things.

Therefore chastenest thou them little by little that offend, and warnest them by putting them in remembrance wherein they have offended, that leaving their wickedness they may believe on thee, O Lord.

For it was thy will to destroy whom thou hatest for doing most odious works of witchcrafts.

And also those merciless murderers of children.

With their priests out of the midst of their idolatrous crew, and the parents that killed with their own hands souls destitute of help.

That the world might receive a worthy colony of God's children.

Nevertheless, even those thou sparedst as men, and didst send wasps forerunners of thy host, to destroy them by little and little.

Not that thou wast unable to bring the ungodly under the hand of the righteous in battle, or to destroy them at once with one rough word.

But executing thy judgments upon them by little and little, thou gavest them place of repentance, not being ignorant that they were a naughty generation, and that

their malice was bred in them, and that their cogitation would never be changed.

For it was a cursed seed from the beginning; neither didst thou for fear of any man give them pardon for those things wherein they sinned.

For who shall say: What hast thou done?

For neither is there any God but thou that carest for all, to whom thou mightest show that thy judgment is not unright.

Neither shall king or tyrant be able to set his face against thee.

Forsomuch then as thou art righteous thyself, thou orderest all things righteously, thinking it not agreeable with thy power to condemn him that hath not deserved to be punished.

For thy power is the beginning of righteousness, and because thou art the Lord of all, it maketh thee to be gracious unto all.

For when men will not believe that thou art of a full power, thou showest thy strength, and among them that know it, thou makest their boldness manifest.

But thou, mastering thy power, judgest with equity, and orderest us with great favor; for thou mayest use power when thou wilt.

But by such words hast thou taught thy people that the just man should be merciful, and hast made thy children to be of a good hope, that thou givest repentance for sins.

Wherefore, whereas men have lived dissolutely and unrighteously, thou hast tormented them with their own abominations.

For they went astray very far in the ways of error, and held them for gods, which even among the beasts of their enemies were despised, being deceived as children of no understanding.

Therefore unto them, as to children without the use of reason, thou didst send a judgment to mock them.

Surely vain are all men by nature, who are ignorant of God, and could not out of the good things that are seen know him that is; neither, by considering the works, did they acknowledge the work master.

But deemeth either fire, or wind, or the swift air, or the circle of the stars, or the violent water, or the lights of heaven, to be the gods which govern the world.

With whose beauty if they being delighted took them to be gods; let them know how much better the Lord of them is; for the first author of beauty hath created them.

But if they were astonished at their power and virtue, let them understand by them how much mightier he is that made them.

For the greatness and beauty of the creatures, proportionably the maker of them is seen.

But yet for this they are the less to be blamed; for they peradventure err, seeking God, and desirous to find him.

For being conversant in his works, they search him diligently, and believe their sight, because the things are beautiful that are seen.

But miserable are they who in dead things put their hope, who called them gods which are the works of men's hands, gold and silver, to show art in, and resemblances of beasts,[1] or a stone good for nothing, the work of an ancient hand.

Now a carpenter that felleth timber, after he hath sawn down a tree meet for the purpose, and taken off all the bark skilfully round about, and hath wrought it handsomely, and made a vessel thereof fit for the service of man's life,

And after spending the refuse of his work to dress his meat, hath filled himself,

[1] Like the dove representing the Holy Ghost.

And taking the very refuse among those which served to no use, being a crooked piece of wood, and full of knots, hath carved it diligently, when he had nothing else to do, and formed it by the skill of his understanding, and fashioned it to the image of man.

And when he had made a convenient room for it, set it in wall, and made it fast with iron.

For he provided for it that it might not fall, knowing that it was unable to help itself; for it is an image, and hath need of help.

Then maketh he prayer for his goods; for his wife and children, and is not ashamed to speak to that which hath no life.

For health, he called upon that which is weak; for life, prayeth to that which is dead; for aid, humbly beseecheth that which hath least means to help; and for a good journey, he asketh of that which cannot set a foot forward.

And for gaining and getting, and for good success of his hands, asketh ability to do, of him that is most unable to do anything.

Again, one preparing himself to sail, and about to pass through the raging waves, calleth upon a piece of wood, more rotten than the vessel that carrieth him.

For verily desire of gain devised that, and the workman built it by his skill.

For the devising of idols was the beginning of spiritual foundation, and the invention of them the corruption of life.

For neither were they from the beginning, neither shall they be for ever.

For by the vain glory of men they entered into the world, and therefore shall they come shortly to an end.

For a father afflicted with untimely mourning when he hath made an image of his child soon taken away, now

honored him as a god, which was then a dead man, and delivered to those that were under him ceremonies and sacrifices.[1]

Thus in process of time an ungodly custom grown strong was kept as a law and graven images were worshipped by the commandments of kings.

Also the singular diligence of the artificer did help to set forward the ignorant to more superstition.

For he, peradventure, willing to please one in authority, forced all his skill to make the resemblance of the best fashion.

And so the multitude, allured by the grace of the work, took him now for a god, which a little before was but honored as a man.

And this was an occasion to deceive the world; for men serving either calamity or tyranny did ascribe into stones and stocks the incommunicable name.

Moreover, this was not enough for them, that they erred in the knowledge of God, but whereas they lived in the great war of ignorance, those so great plagues called they peace.

One slew another traitorously, or grieved him by adultery; so that there reigned in all men without exception, blood, manslaughter, theft, and dissimulation, corruption, unfaithfulness, tumults, perjury.

Disquieting of good men, forgetfulness of good turns, defiling of souls, changing of kind, disorder in marriages, adultery, and shameless uncleanness.

For the worshipping of idols not to be named is the beginning, the cause, and the end of all evil.

For either they are mad when they be merry, or prophesy lies, or live unjustly, or else lightly forswear themselves.

[1] This describes what good Catholics have always done in worshipping dead men called saints.

For inasmuch as their trust is in idols which have no life, though they swear falsely, yet they look not to be hurt.

Howbeit, for both causes shall they be justly punished both because they thought not well of God, giving heed unto idols, and also unjustly sworc in deceit, despising holiness.

For it is not the power of them by whom they swear, but it is the just vengeance of sinners, that punisheth always the offence of the ungodly.

But thou, O God, art gracious and true, long-suffering, and in mercy ordering all things.

For if we sin, we are thine, knowing thy power; but we will not sin, knowing that we are counted thine.

For to know thee is perfect righteousness, yea, to know the power is the root of immortality.

For neither did the mischievous invention of men deceive us, nor an image spotted with divers colors, the painter's fruitless labor.[1]

The sight whereof enticeth fools to lust after it, and so they desired the form of a dead image, that hath no breath.

Both they that make them, they that desire them, and they that worship them, are lovers of evil things, and are worthy to have such things to trust upon.

For the potter, tempering soft earth, fashioneth every vessel with much labour for our service; yea, of the same clay he maketh both the vessels that serve for clean uses and likewise also all such as serve to the contrary; but what is the use of either sort, the potter himself is the judge. And employing his labours lewdly, he maketh a vain god of the same clay, even he which a little before was made of earth himself, and within a little while after returneth to the same, out of the which he was taken, when his life which was lent him shall be demanded.

Notwithstanding his care is, not that he shall have much

[1] **"Just like the pictures worshipped by Catholics."**

labour, nor that his life is short, but striveth to excel goldsmiths and silversmiths, and endeavoureth to do like the workers in brass, and counteth it his glory to make counterfeit things.

His heart is ashes, his hope is more vile than earth, and his life of less value than clay.

Forasmuch as he knew not his Maker, and him that inspired into him an active soul, and breathed in a living spirit.

But they counted our life a pastime, and our time here a market for gain, for say they, we must be getting every way, though it be by evil means.

For this man, that of earthly matter maketh brittle vessels and graven images, knoweth himself to offend above all others.

And all the enemies of thy people, that hold them in subjection, are most foolish, and more miserable than very babes.

For they counted all the idols of the heathen to be gods, which neither have the use of eyes to see nor noses to draw breath, nor ear to hear, nor fingers of hands to handle; and as for their feet they are slow to go.

For man made them, and he that borrowed his own spirit fashioned them; but no man maketh a God like unto himself.

For being mortal, he worketh a dead thing with wicked hands; for himself is better than the things which he worshipped, whereas he lived once, but they never.

But I shall worship thee, O God of mercy, gracious and true.

Thou, O God of love, who through thine Wisdom hath created all things;

Thou, the first author of beauty, I worship only.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LIFE AND TEACHINGS OF CHRIST.

In the beginning was the word (Wisdom and Love) and this word was with God, and this word was God.

The same was in the beginning with God.

All things were made by Wisdom and Love, and without them was not anything made that was made.

In them was life, and the life was the light of Wisdom and Love.

And the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not.

I was the man inspired by Wisdom and Love.

I was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

I was in the world which was made by Wisdom and Love.

I spake unto the men and they listened not.

But as many as listened to me, to them I gave the power to become the sons of Wisdom and Love.

A beautiful girl, whose name was Maria, brought me forth, and my name was Emanuel, which means Wisdom and Love, with us.

I was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the King.

And I was called Jehoshua, which means the one who is born of love.

My first teacher was Elchanan; I loved him; through him I got the first understanding.

Afterward I was taught by the Rabbi Jehosuah Ben Perachiah of the secret misteries, wherefrom I received wisdom and understanding.

In that epoch, behold, Herod the King sent forth and slew all the initiated who were in Bethlehem. Hate and darkness moved him.

My master, Ben Perachiah, who loved me as his own son, fled with me into Egypt.

But I returned afterward into the land of Herod, the King of Hate.

I knew the great mysteries of the temple; I received understanding from the wisdom of Solomon.

And I began to baptize the oppressed in the name of Wisdom and Love.

And when I got understanding I went up to Jerusalem, after the custom of the feast.

And I entered into the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions concerning Wisdom and Love.

And they, who never spoke of these things, were astonished of me.

My mother, thinking I was lost, when she found me was amazed and said unto me: "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold, thy father and I have sought thee, sorrowing." And I said unto them: "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about teaching Wisdom and Love to all people?"

And I, in order to study and penetrate the depths of Wisdom, retired into the wilderness.

And a man sent to me by the rulers and the priests said unto me: "If thou say that through Wisdom and Love miracles could be done, command this stone, that it be made bread."

And I answered him, saying: "It is written that 'Man

shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of Wisdom and Love.'"

And this one sent by rulers and priests took me upon a high mountain, showing unto me all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time.

And he said unto me: "The rulers and the priests will give thee any honor, any power, any money thou wishest, if thou wilt stop preaching Wisdom and Love among people, and will obey their will."

And I answered and said unto him: "Get thee behind me, Hate and Darkness, for it is written, 'Thou shalt worship Wisdom and Love which come from God and this God only shalt thou serve.'"

And he brought me to Jerusalem and set me on a pinnacle of the temple, and said unto me:

"If thou sayest that Wisdom will make men fly, cast thyself down from hence."

And I answered and said unto him: "Wait, thou shalt behold it in the future."

And I came to Nazareth, where I had been brought up; and as my custom was, I went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read.

And there was delievered unto me the book of Esaias; and when I had opened the book, I found the place where it was written:

"The Spirit of the Lord (Wisdom and Love) is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, the recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

And all bore me witness and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of my mouth.

And they were astonished at my doctrine, for my word

was the one of Wisdom and Love. They were astonished insomuch that they said: "Whence hath this man this wisdom and these mighty works?

"Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother called Mary, and his brethren James, and Joseph, and Simon, and Judas?

"And his sisters, are they not all with us? Whence then hath this man all these things?"

And they were offended at me.

But I said unto them: "Because I am the carpenter's son can I not understand better than all you the nature of Wisdom and Love? A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country and in his own house."

And I arose out of the synagogue, and entered into Simon's house; and Simon's wife's mother was taken with a great fever and they besought me for her.

And through Wisdom I knew the virtue of some herbs which I administered her; and afterward she arose and ministered unto them.

Now, when the sun was setting, all they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto me; and through Wisdom, being all affected by curable diseases, I healed them. Love moved me. And I withdrew myself into the wilderness in order to study.

Now in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Cesar, Pontius Pilate being governor of Judea, and Herod being tetrarch of Galilee, and his brother Philip tetrarch of Iturea and of the region of Trachonitis, and Lysanias the tetrarch of Abilene; Annas and Caiaphas being the high priests, the word of Wisdom and Love came unto John, the son of Zacharias, in the wilderness.

And he came into all the country about Jordan, preaching the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins:

"Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and

every hill shall be brought low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways shall be made smooth; and all flesh shall see the salvation of God."

Then said he to the multitude that came forth to be baptized of him: "O, generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?

"Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance, and begin not to say within yourselves, we have Abraham to our father; for I say unto you that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham.

"And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees; every tree therefore which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire."

And the people asked him, saying: "What shall we do then?"

He answered and said unto them:"He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise."

Then came also publicans to be baptized, and said unto him, Master, what shall we do?

And he said unto them: "Exact no more than that which is appointed to you."

And the soldiers likewise demanded of him, saying, "And what shall we do?" And he said unto them: "Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely; and give up your profession as soon as you can."

And as the people were in expectation, and all men mused in their hearts of John, whether he were the Christ or not;

John answered, saying unto them all: "I, indeed, baptize you with water of wisdom and love, but I am not the Christ; I am only a true disciple of Christ."

And it came to pass on a certain day, as I was teaching Wisdom and Love, that there were Pharisees and doctors

of the law sitting by, which were come out of every town of Galilee, and Judea, and Jerusalem; and the power of Wisdom and Love was present with me to heal them.

And, behold, men brought, in a bed, a man that was taken with a palsy, and they sought means to bring him in, and to lay him before me.

And when I saw his faith, knowing the power of auto-suggestion in some curable nervous troubles, one of which I saw affected him, I said unto him: "Arise and take up thy couch and go unto thine house."

And immediately he rose up before them, and took up that whereon he lay, and departed to his own house, glorifying my Wisdom and my Love for suffering humanity, and saying that I could have not been but the son of God.

And they were amazed, and they glorified my Wisdom, and being ignorant, were filled with fear, saying: "We have seen strange things to-day."

And it came to pass on the second Sabbath after the first that I went through the corn-fields, and the poor following me, plucked the ears of corn, and did eat, rubbing them in their hands.

And certain of the Pharisees said unto them: "Why do ye that which is not lawful to do on the Sabbath day?"

And I answered them and said: "Have ye not read so much as this, what David did, when he was an hungered and they that were with him;

"How he went into the house of God, and did take and eat the shew-bread, and gave also to them that were with him; which it is not lawful to eat but for the priests and kings only."

And the scribes and Pharisees, kings' and priests' followers, watched me to see whether I would continue to do

good on the Sabbath days, that they might find an accusation against me.

And it came to pass in those days that I went up into a mountain to study, and continued all night in prayer to the God of Solomon.

And when it was day I called unto me the ones who followed me and of them I chose twelve, whom also I named apostles.

And I came down with them and stood in the plain, in the company of my disciples and a great multitude of people out of all Judea and Jerusalem, and from the sea-coast of Tyre and Sidon came to hear me.

And I turned my eyes to my disciples and with loud voice said: "Look at this multitude of poor; they are suffering humanity; be always moved with compassion on them, because they faint and are scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd.

"Go not into the way of the Gentiles; and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not.

"But go rather to the lost sheep of Wisdom and Love.

"And as ye go, preach, saying: 'The Kingdom of Wisdom and Love is at hand.'

"Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, cast out tyrants: *Freely ye have received, freely give.*

"*Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses.*

"Nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves; for the workman is worthy of his meat.

"And into whatsoever city or town ye shall enter, inquire who in it is worthy, and there abide till ye go thence. And when ye come into a house, salute it. Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves; be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves. You shall recog-

nize the realm of Hate and Darkness where you must go to preach by the fact that the brother shall deliver up the brother to death, and the father the child, and the children shall rise up against their parents and cause them to be put to death.

"And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake, but the kingdom of Wisdom and Love shall come; and he that endureth to the end shall be my true disciple. When those representing the Kingdom of Hate and Darkness persecute you in this city, flee into another; for verily I say unto you, Ye shall not have gone over the cities of Israel till Wisdom and Love become the ruler of the world.

"Therefore fear not tyrants, discover their crimes, reveal their hidden sins that shall be known by people. What the sinners tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light, and what ye hear in the ear from tyrants, that preach ye upon the house tops to the people, in order that they cannot be fooled.

"And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear them which are able to destroy both soul and body.

"Whosoever therefore shall preach Wisdom and Love among people he will be the son of God. But whosoever shall deny Wisdom and Love, he never will enter heaven; he never will enjoy the fruits of Wisdom and Love.

"He that receiveth Wisdom in the name of Love shall receive happiness; and he that receiveth a righteous man in the name of a righteous man shall receive a righteous man's reward.

"Be ye merciful, as our God also is merciful. Judge not, and ye shall not be judged; condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned; forgive, and ye shall be forgiven.

"Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall

men give unto you; for with the same measure that you mete withal, it shall be measured to you again."

And I spoke a parable unto them: "Can the blind lead the blind? Shall they not both fall into the ditch?

"The disciple is not above his master, but every one that is perfect shall be as his master.

"And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Either how canst thou say to thy brother: Brother, let me pull out the mote that is in thine eye, when thou thyself beholdest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

"Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye.

"For a good tree bringeth not forth corrupt fruit, neither doth a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. For every tree is known by his own fruit; for of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble bush gather they grapes. A good man, out of the good treasure of his heart, bringeth forth that which is good; and an evil man, out of the evil treasure of his heart, bringeth forth that which is evil; for of the abundance of the heart his mouth speaketh.

"And why call ye me Master, Master, and do not the things which I say?

"Whosoever cometh to me, and heareth my sayings, and doeth them, I will tell you to whom he is like.

"He is like a man which built a house and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock; and when the flood arose, the stream beat violently upon that house, and could not shake it, for it was founded upon a rock. But he that heareth and doeth not, is like a man that without a foundation built a house upon the earth, against which the stream

did beat violently and immediately it fell, and the ruin of that house was great."

And the scribes which came down from Jerusalem said: "He hath Beelzebub, and by the prince of the devils casteth he out devils."

And I called them unto me and said unto them in parables: "How can Satan cast out Satan?

"And if a Kingdom be divided against itself, that Kingdom cannot stand.

"And if a house be divided against itself that house cannot stand.

"And if Satan rise up against himself and be divided, he cannot stand, but hath an end.

"No man can enter into a strong man's house and spoil his goods, except he will first bind the strong man; and then he will spoil his house."

While I was speaking there came my sisters, my brethren and my mother.

And the multitude sat about me; and they said unto me: "Behold, thy mother and thy brethren without, seek for thee."

And to teach them that the love among men must be the same as that between parent and child, and brother and sister, I answered them, saying: "Who is my mother, or my brethren?"

And I looked round on them which sat about me, and said: "Behold, my mother and my brethren! For if we shall do the will of God, we must love each other as we love our brother, sister, father and mother."

And when I had ended all these sayings I departed thence to teach and preach the Kingdom of Love in their cities.

Now, when John had heard in the prison of my works, and he sent two of his disciples;

And they said unto me: "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?"

And I said unto them: "Go and say to John again those things which I tell you.

"'Through Wisdom and Love the blind shall receive their sight, and the lame shall walk, the lepers shall be cleansed, and the deaf shall hear; the dead shall be raised up, and the poor shall have my gospel preached to them.

"'And blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me.'

"And neither wait nor look for another, as no other will come."

And again I spoke to the multitude, saying: "No man hath seen God at any time.

"All things are delivered unto me of Wisdom, and no man till now knoweth Love; neither knoweth any man the true Wisdom if he doth not know also Love.

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

"For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light

"Blessed are the rich in Wisdom and Love, for theirs is the kingdom of earth and heaven.

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Now when I had ended all my sayings in the audience of the people, I entered into Capernaum.

And one of the Pharisees desired that I would eat with

him. And I went into the Pharisee's house, and sat down to meat.

And, behold, a woman in the city who was a sinner, when she knew that I sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment.

And stood at my feet, behind me, weeping, and began to wash my feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed my feet, and anointed them with the ointment.

Now, when the Pharisee, who had *hidden* me, saw it, he spake within himself, saying: "This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him; for she is a sinner."

And I, answering, said unto him: "Simon, I have something to say unto thee." And he said: "Master, say on."

"There was a certain creditor who had two debtors; the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me, therefore, which of them will love most?"

Simon answered and said: "I suppose that he to whom he forgave most." And I said unto him: "Thou hast rightly judged."

And I turned to the woman and said unto Simon: "Seest thou this woman? It is not her fault that she is a sinner. It is your rotten society which made of her a sinner. Therefore I say unto thee that her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much. And she might have been good had she not lived in a rotten society."

And I said unto her: "Thy sins are forgiven, as thou art not responsible for them."

And they that sat at meat with me began to say within themselves: "Who is this that forgiveth sins also?"

And I said unto them: "I am Love."

And I said to them standing before her: "Let society

make virtuous people, because it rests with society whether they be holy or sinful. Make therefore virtuous women, for their price is far above rubies."

One day I went out and sat by the seaside. And great multitudes were gathered together about me, so that I went into a ship and sat. And the whole multitude stood on the shore.

And I spake many things unto them in parables, saying: "Behold, a sower went forth to sow. And when he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside and the fowls came and devoured them. Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth; and forthwith they sprung up, but there was no depth of earth. And when the sun was up they were scorched; and because they had no root they withered away. And some fell among thorns, and the thorns sprung up and choked them. But others fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit; some an hundredfold, some sixty-fold, some thirty-fold. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear."

And the disciples came and said unto me: "Why speakest thou unto them in parables?"

And I answered and said unto them: "Because it is given unto you whom I have taught to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of Wisdom, but to them it is not given, because they are still ignorant.

"For whosoever hath understanding, to him shall be given understanding, and he shall have more abundance of Wisdom; but whosoever hath not understanding he shall never get understanding of Wisdom.

"Therefore speak I to them in parables to be understood; if I speak with words of Wisdom, they, seeing, see not, and hearing, they hear not; neither do they understand.

"For this people hath not been educated; and their ears

are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed; lest at any time they shall see with their eyes and hear with their ears, and should understand with their minds and shall get wisdom if I heal them of their ignorance.

"But blessed are your eyes which I have opened to Wisdom, for they see, and your ears, for they hear.

"Hear ye, therefore, the meaning of the parable of the sower.

"When any one heareth the word of the Kingdom of Wisdom and understandeth it not, then cometh the wicked one, and taketh away that which was sown in his heart. This is he which received seed by the wayside.

"But he that received the seed into stony places, the same is he that heareth the word, and with joy receiveth it.

"Yet hath he not root in himself, but endureth for a while; for when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, by and by he is offended.

"He also that received seed among the thorns is he that heareth the word; and the cares of the corrupt world, and the deceitfulness of riches choke the wisdom, and he becometh unfruitful.

"But he that received seed into good ground is he that heareth the word, Wisdom and Love, and understandeth it; which also beareth fruit, and bringeth forth, some an hundred-fold, some sixty, some thirty."

Another parable put I forth unto them, saying: "The Kingdom of Love is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field. But while he slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way.

"But when the blade was sprung up and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also.

"So the servants of the householder came and said unto him: 'Sir, didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? From whence then hath it tares?'

"He said unto them: 'An enemy hath done this.' The servants said unto him: 'Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up?'

"But he said: 'Nay, lest, while ye gather up the tares, ye uproot also the wheat with them.

" 'Let both grow together, until the harvest; and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers: "Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them; but gather the wheat into my barn." ' "

Then I sent the multitude away, and I went into the house; and my disciples, who did not understand me, came unto me, saying: "Declare unto us the parable of the tares of the field."

I answered and said unto them: "If you, whom I have taught, do not understand even parables, how can you suppose that the ignorant masses can understand me if I should speak with words of wisdom?

"Now he that soweth the good seed am I. The field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom of Love; but the tares are the children of the kingdom of Hate.

"The enemy who sowed them is Darkness; the harvest is the end of the wicked world; and the reapers are Wisdom and Justice.

"As, therefore, the tares are gathered and burned in the fire, so shall it be in the end of this wicked world.

"Love shall send forth Wisdom and Justice and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend and them who do iniquity.

"And shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the Kingdom of Love."

And it came to pass when I had finished these sayings a certain man came to me, kneeled down to me and said:

"Master, have mercy on my son; for he is a lunatic, and

sore vexed; for ofttimes he falleth into the fire and oft into the water. And I brought him to thy disciples, and they could not cure him."

Then I answered and said: "O ignorant people, how long shall you suffer to be kept in darkness?"

And to the man I said:

"Bring him hither to me."

And I cured the child.

Then came the disciples to me and said: "Why could not we have cured him?"

And I said unto them: "Because you have not as much understanding and wisdom as I have. For verily I say unto you that if ye get wisdom and understanding, ye shall say unto this mountain: 'Move hence to yonder place;' and it shall move; and nothing shall be impossible unto you.

"How be it, the kind goeth not out but by Wisdom and Love."

And when I went to Capernaum, they that received tribute money came to Peter and said: "Doth not your Master pay tribute?"

He saith, "Yes." And when I was come into the house, I prevented him, saying: "What thinkest thou, Simon? Of whom do the kings of the earth steal, under appearance of taking custom or tribute? Of them whom they call children, or of strangers?"

Peter saith: "They steal from ignorant people."

I said unto him: "Then we are free. Notwithstanding lest we should offend them, until the Kingdom of Wisdom and Love will come. Go thou to work, and as thou art a fisherman, go to the sea and cast a hook, and take up the fish that first cometh; sell it, and with the money thou shalt get, give unto them for me and thee."

At the same time came the disciples unto me, saying: "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?"

And I called a little child unto me and set him in the midst of them.

And I said: "Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted and be careful not to torture children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

"Whosoever, therefore, shall care for and teach little children, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

"And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me.

"But whoso shall offend one of these little ones, as they who do not believe in me do, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea.

"Woe unto the world because of offenses unto children! Woe to that man from whom the offense cometh!

"Wherefore, if thy hand or thy foot offend a child, cut it off, and cast it from thee; it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed rather than with all your members, to be cast into the fire.

"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their protecting angels do always behold the face of our God which is in heaven."

And again I said unto them: "The son of love is come to save that which was lost.

"How think ye? If a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and go into the mountains and seek that which is gone astray?

"And if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoiceth more of that sheep than of the ninety and nine which went not astray.

"Even so it is not the will of our Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish.

"Moreover, if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go

and tell him his fault between thee and him alone; if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother.

"But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established.

"For where two or three are gathered together in the name of Wisdom, Justice and Love, there can be no trouble at all."

Then came Peter to me and said: "Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? Shall it be seven times?"

I said unto him: "I say not unto thee 'until seven times,' but until seventy times seven.

"Therefore is the kingdom of heaven likened unto a certain king, which would take account of his servants.

"And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him, which owed him ten thousand talents.

"But forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife, and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made.

"The servant therefore fell down, and worshipped him, saying: "Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all."

"Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt.

"But the same servant went out, and found one of his fellow servants, which owed him a hundred pence; and he laid hands on him, and took him by the throat, saying: 'Pay me that thou owest.'

And his fellow servant fell down at his feet, and besought him saying: 'Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.'

"And he would not; but went and cast him into prison till he should pay the debt.

"So when his fellow servants saw what was done they were very sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done.

Then his lord, after that he had called him, said unto him: 'O, thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt because thou desirest me. Shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow servant, even as I had pity on thee?'

"And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the torments till he should pay all that was due unto him.

"So likewise shall our heavenly Father do also unto us if we from our hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses."

And it came to pass that when I had finished these sayings I departed from Galilee, and came unto the coasts of Judea beyond Jordan.

And great multitudes followed me and I healed them there.

The Pharisees also came unto me, tempting me, and saying unto me: "Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause?"

And I answered and said unto them: "Have ye not read that he that made them at the beginning made them male and female?

"And said: 'For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and the twain shall be one flesh?'

"Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore the God of Love hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

They said unto me: "Why did Moses then command to give a writing of divorce to put her away?"

I said unto them: "Moses, because you do not marry for love, suffered you to put away your wives; but from the

beginning, when man married for love only, it was not so.

"And I say unto you that whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery; and whoso marrieth her which is put away doth commit adultery."

Then were there brought unto me little children that I should put my hand on them and teach them; and the disciples rebuked them.

But I said: "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for they can be taught Wisdom and Love."

I departed thence. And, behold, one came and said unto me: "Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?"

And I said unto him: "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God; but if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments."

He said unto me: "Which?" I said: "Thou shalt do no murder. Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not bear false witness. Honour thy father and thy mother; and thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

"The young man said unto me: "All these things have I kept from my youth up, what lack I yet?"

I said unto him: "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow me."

But when the young man heard that saying he went away sorrowful, as he had great possessions.

Then said I unto my disciples: "Verily I say unto you, a rich man shall hardly enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

"And again I say unto you; it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God."

When my disciples heard it they were exceedingly amazed, saying: "Why cannot they be saved?"

And I said unto them: "Because their possessions originate from robbery, and they mercilessly continue to steal from the poor."

Then answered Peter and said unto me: "Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed thee, what shall we have therefor?"

And I said unto them: "Verily I say unto you, that you who have followed me who am trying to regenerate this world of hate, vice, and ignorance; when Wisdom and Love shall sit on the throne of glory, ye also shall be honored; for every man shall be rewarded according to his works.

"And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for preaching Wisdom, Love and Justice, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life.

"Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them.

"But it shall not be so among you; you shall love each other and consider yourselves as sons of one only father."

Then I went round about the villages teaching

There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews.

The same came to me by night, and said unto me: "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that thou doest except God be with him."

I answered and said unto him: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Nicodemus saith unto me: "How can a man be born

when he is old? Can he enter the second time into his mother's womb and be born?"

I answered: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of Wisdom, of Love, and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

"That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

"Marvel not that I said unto thee, 'Ye must be born again.'

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

Nicodemus answered and said unto me: "How can these things be?"

I answered and said unto him: "Art thou a master of Israel, and knoweth not these things?

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, we speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen; and ye receive not our witness.

"If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe, if I tell you of Wisdom? No man hath ascended up to heaven, but I tell you that God so loved the world that whosoever believeth in Wisdom and Love shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

"And this is the condemnation; that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.

"For every one that doeth evil hateth the light; neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved.

"But he that doeth right cometh to the light, that his deeds may be manifest, that they are wrought in God."

In the meantime there were gathered together an innumerable multitude of people, insomuch that they trod one upon another. I began to say unto my disciples:

"First of all, beware ye of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy.

"For there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; neither hid, that shall not be known.

"Therefore, whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light; and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the housetops.

"And whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth in him that inspired me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death to life.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, the hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of Wisdom and Love; and they that hear shall live.

"For as Wisdom hath life in itself; so hath Wisdom given to man to have life in himself.

"And hath given him authority to execute judgment also when he is the Son of Wisdom and Love.

"Marvel not at this; for the hour is coming, in which all that are in their graves shall hear my voice.

"And shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.

"I can of mine ownself do nothing; as I hear, I judge, and my judgment is just; because I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Wisdom which hath inspired me."

And it came to pass that, as I was praying in a certain place, when I ceased, one of my disciples said unto me: "Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples."

And I said unto them: "When ye pray, say—Our Father

which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth. Give us day by day our daily bread. And forgive us our sins; for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil."

And I said unto them: "Which of you shall have a friend, and shall go unto him at midnight, and say unto him, 'Friend, lend me three loaves; for a friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him.'

"And he from within shall answer and say, 'Trouble me not; the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed. I cannot rise and give thee.'

"I say unto you, though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth.

"And I say unto you, ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

"For every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

"If a son ask bread of any of you that is a father, will ye give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will ye for a fish give him a serpent? Or if he shall ask an egg, will ye offer him a scorpion?

"If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall our heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit of Wisdom and Love to them that ask him?"

And, behold, a certain lawyer stood up and tempted me, saying, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?"

I said unto him: "What is written in the law? How readest thou?"

And he answering, said: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all

thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself."

And I said unto him: "Thou hast answered right; this do, and thou shalt live."

But he, willing to justify himself, said unto me: "And who is my neighbour?"

And I, answering, said: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

"And by chance there came down a certain priest that way, and when he saw him he passed by on the other side.

"And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

"But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him, he had compassion on him; and he went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

"And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence and gave them to the host, and said unto him: 'Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee.'

"Which, now, of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves?"

And he said: "He that showed mercy on him." Then said I unto him: "Go and do thou likewise."

Now it came to pass, as they went, that I entered into a certain village, and a certain woman named Martha received me into her house.

And she had a sister called Mary, which also sat at my feet and heard my word.

But Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to me and said: "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister

hath left me to serve alone? Bid her, therefore, that she help me."

And I answered and said unto her: "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her, because women also need to get Wisdom and Love."

One day I went unto the Mount of Olives.

And early in the morning I came again into the temple and all the people came unto me; and I sat down and taught them.

And the scribes and Pharisees brought unto me a woman taken in adultery; and when they had set her in the midst, they said unto me: "Master, this woman was taken in adultery in the very act. Now, Moses in the law commanded us that such should be stoned; but what sayest thou?"

This they said, tempting me, that they might have to accuse me. But I stooped down, and with my finger wrote on the ground, as though I heard them not.

So when they continued asking me, I lifted up myself and said unto them: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

And again I stooped down and wrote on the ground.

And they which heard me, being convicted by their own consciences, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, even unto the last; and I was left alone with the woman.

When I had lifted up myself and saw none but the woman I said unto her: "Woman, where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?"

She said: "No man, Lord." And I said unto her: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

Then spake I again unto them, saying: "I am the light

of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

The Pharisees therefore said unto me: "Thou bearest record of thyself; thy record is not true."

I answered and said unto them: "Though I bear record of myself, yet my record is true; for I know whence I came and whither I go; but ye cannot tell whence I come and whither I go.

"Ye judge after the flesh; I judge no man.

"And yet if I judge, my judgment is true; for I am not alone, but with the Father that inspired me."

Then said they unto me: "Where is thy Father?" I answered: "Ye neither know me, nor my Father; if ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also.

"Verily I say unto you, whosoever commiteth sin is the servant of sin.

"And the servant abideth not in the house forever; but the Son abideth ever.

"If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.

"I know that ye are Abraham's seed; but ye seek to kill me, because my word hath no place in you.

"I speak that which I have seen with my Father; and ye do that which ye have seen with your father."

They answered and said unto me: "Abraham is our father." I said unto them: "If ye were Abraham's children, ye would do the works of Abraham.

"But now ye seek to kill me, a man that hath told you the truth, which I have heard of God; this did not Abraham. Ye do the deeds of your father."

Then said they to me: "We be not born of fornication; we have one Father, even God."

I said unto them: "If God were your Father, ye would

love me; for I proceeded forth and came from God; neither came of myself, but he inspired me.

"Why do ye not understand my speech? Even because ye cannot hear my word.

"Ye are of your father, the Devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do; he was a murderer from the beginning and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own; for he is a liar, and the father of it.

"And because I tell you the truth ye believe me not.

"Which of you convinceth me of sin? And if I say the truth, why do ye not believe me?

"He that is of God heareth God's words; ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God."

Then answered the Jews, and said unto me: "Say we not well that thou art a Samaritan, and hast a devil?"

I answered: "I have not a devil; but I honour our Father and ye dishonour him.

"And I seek not mine own glory; there is one that seeketh and judgeth.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, if a man keep my saying, he shall never see death."

Then said the Jews unto me: "Now we know that thou hast a devil. Abraham is dead, and the prophets; and thou sayest, 'If a man keep my saying, he shall never taste of death.'

"Art thou greater than our father Abraham, which is dead, and the prophets that are dead; whom makest thou thyself?"

I answered: "If I honour myself, my honour is nothing. It is my Father that honoureth me; of whom ye say that he is your God.

"Yet ye have not known him; but I know him; and if I

should say, I know him not, I shall be a liar like unto you, but I know him, and keep his saying."

Then took they up stones to cast at me, but I hid myself and went out of the temple, going through the midst of them, and so passed by.

Now a certain man was sick, named Lazarus, of Bethany, the town of Mary and her sister Martha.

(It was that Mary which anointed me with ointment and wiped my feet with her hair, whose brother Lazarus was sick.)

Therefore his sisters sent unto me, saying: "Lord, behold he whom thou lovest is sick."

When I heard that, I said: "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of Wisdom that the Son of Wisdom might be glorified thereby."

Now, I loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus.

When I heard therefore that he was sick I abode two days still in the same place where he was.

Then after that said I to my disciples: "Let us go into Judea again."

My disciples said unto me: "Master, the Jews of late sought to stone thee; and goest thou thither again?"

I answered: "Are there not twelve hours in the day? If any man walk in the day, he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of this world.

"But if a man walk in the night he stumbleth, because there is no light in him."

These things said I, and after that I said unto them: "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go that I may wake him out of deep sleep, which the ignorant mistake for death."

I knew that because of a disease he at times fell into a deep sleep and appeared really dead.

Then when I came I found Lazarus in lethargy.

Now Bethany was nigh unto Jerusalem, about fifteen furlongs off.

And many of the Jews came to Martha and Mary to comfort them concerning their brother.

Then Martha, as soon as she heard that I was coming, came and met me, but Mary sat still in the house.

Then said Martha unto me: "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But I know that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask God, God will give it thee."

I said unto her: "Thy brother shall rise again."

Martha said unto me: "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day."

I said unto her: "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?"

She saith unto me: "Yea, Lord."

And she went her way, and called Mary, her sister, secretly, saying: "The Master is come, and calleth for thee."

As soon as she heard she arose quickly and came unto me.

Now I was not yet come into the town, but was in that place where Martha met me.

The Jews which were with her in the house and comforted her, when they saw Mary, that she rose up hastily and went out, followed her.

Then when Mary was come where I was and saw me, she fell down at my feet, saying unto me: "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."

When I, therefore, saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, I groaned in the spirit and was troubled.

And said: "Where have ye laid him?" They say unto me: "Lord, come and see."

I wept.

Then said the Jews: "Behold, how he loved him!"

And some of them said: "Could not this man, who has done so many miracles, have caused that even this man should not have died?"

I, therefore, again weeping, said unto Martha: "Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of Wisdom?"

Then I said unto them: "Let me and my disciples remain alone with him."

And, behold, as soon as no one else was there, through the power of Wisdom he that looked as dead arose.

Then many of the Jews who came to Mary and had seen the things I had done, believed in me.

But some of them went their ways to the Pharisees, and told them what things I had done.

Then gathered the chief priests and the Pharisees a council, and said: "What do we, for this man doeth many miracles? If we let him alone, all men will believe in him, and the Romans shall come and take away both our place and nation."

And one of them, named Caiaphos, being high priest that same year, said unto them: "You know nothing at all. Nor consider that it is expedient for us that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not."

And thus speaking, he prophesied that I should die, not for that nation only, but for all the children of God oppressed throughout the world.

Then from that day forth they took council together for to put me to death.

I, therefore, walked no more openly among the Jews, but went thence unto a country near to the wilderness into a city called Ephraim, and there I continued with my disciples.

And the Passover was nigh at hand and many went out of the country up to Jerusalem before the Passover to purify themselves.

And King Herod heard of me (for my name was spread abroad) and he said that John the Baptist was risen from the dead, and therefore mighty works do show forth themselves in him.

Others said that I was Elias. And still others that I was a prophet, or one of the prophets.

But when Herod heard thereof, he said: "He is John, whom I beheaded; he is risen from the dead."

For Herod himself had sent forth and laid hold upon John, and bound him in prison for Herodias' sake, his brother Philip's wife, for he had married her.

For John had said unto Herod: "It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife."

Therefore, Herodias had a quarrel against him, and would have killed him, but she could not.

For Herod feared John, knowing that he was a free-mason, a just man, and holy, and observed him; and when he heard him, he did many things, and heard him gladly.

And when a convenient day was come, that Herod on his birthday made a supper to his lords, high captains, and chief estates of Galilee; and when the daughter of Herodias came in, and danced, and pleased Herod, and them that sat with him, the king said unto the damsel: "Ask of me whatsoever thou wilt, and I will give it thee."

And he swore unto her: "Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me, I will give it thee, unto the half of my kingdom."

And she went forth and said unto her mother: "What shall I ask?" And she said: "The head of John the Baptist."

And she came in, straightway, with haste unto the king

and asked, saying: "I will that thou give me in a charger the head of John the Baptist."

And the king was exceedingly sorry; yet for his oath's sake, and for their sakes which sat with him, he would not reject her.

And immediately the king sent an executioner, and commanded his head to be brought; and he went and beheaded him in the prison.

And brought his head in a charger, and gave it to the damsel; and the damsel gave it to her mother.

And when his disciples heard of it they came and took up his corpse and laid it in a tomb.

And the apostles gathered themselves together about me, and I told them all the crimes which kings commit.

And we departed into a desert place by ship, privately.

And the people saw us departing, and many knew me, and ran afoot thither out of all the cities and came together unto me.

And I came out and saw much people, and I was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd; and I began to teach them many things.

And when the day was now almost spent, my disciples came unto me and said: "This is a desert place, and now the time is nearly passed; send them away, for they have nothing to eat.

I answered and said unto them: "How many loaves have ye? Go and see."

And when they learned they said: "Five, and two fishes."

And I told them to make all sit down upon the green grass.

And when I had taken the five loaves and the two fishes, I looked up to heaven and said: "If the ground would be

tilled with Wisdom and Love there could be no misery in the world.

"And the sea contains fishes enough for everybody."

And straightway I constrained my disciples to get into the ship, and to go to the side before unto Bethsaida, while I sent away the people.

One day the Pharisees also, with the Sadducees, came, and, tempting me, desired that I would show them a sign from heaven.

I answered and said unto them: "When it is evening, ye say, it will be fair weather; for the sky is red.

"And in the morning it will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering.

"O, ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?

"A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given unto it, but the sign that the wicked and adulterous generations will disappear from the earth."

While I spake these things unto them, behold, there came a certain ruler, and worshipped me, saying: "My daughter is even now dead; but come and lay thy hand upon her, and she shall live."

And I arose and followed him, and so did my disciples.

And, behold, a woman, who was diseased with an issue of blood twelve years, came behind me, and touched my garment.

For she said to herself: "If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole."

I saw her faith, and turning, I said: "Daughter, be of good comfort, thy faith hath made thee whole."

And when I came into the ruler's house I saw the minstrels and the people making a noise.

I said unto them: "Give place and let me see if she is dead."

And they laughed me to scorn.

But when the people were put out, I went in, and perceiving she was in a deep sleep as to look dead, I took her by the hand and, through my wisdom, the maid arose.

And the fame of it went abroad into all that land.

We were come to Bethphage, unto the Mount of Olives; then I sent two disciples, saying unto them:

"Go into the village over against you, and straightway the first ass you shall find bring it unto me.

"And if any man say aught unto you, ye shall say: 'The Lord hath need of it;' and straightway he will send it."

My disciples went and brought the ass and a colt, and I put on them my clothes and I mounted.

And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees, and strewed them in the way.

And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying: "Hosanna to the Son of God; blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; hosanna in the highest."

And when I was come into Jerusalem, all the city was moved, saying: "Who is this?"

And the multitude said: "This is Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee."

And I went into the temple of God, and found in the temple those that sold oxen, and sheep, and doves, and the changers of money, sitting.

And when I had made a scourge of small cords, I drove them all out of the temple, and the sheep, and the oxen, and poured out the changers' money and overthrew the tables.

And I said unto them that sold doves: "Take these

things hence; it is written: 'My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves.' "

And when the chief priests and scribes saw what I did and the children crying in the temple and saying, "Hosanna to the son of David," they were sore displeased.

And said unto me: "Hearest thou what these say?"

And I said unto them: "Yea; have ye never read 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?' "

And I left them, and went out of the city into Bethany and I lodged there.

Now, in the morning, as I returned into the city, I hungered.

And when I saw a fig tree in the way and came to it, and found nothing thereon but leaves only, I said unto it: "As no fruit grows on thee, I cut you down." And I cut it down.

And when the disciples saw it, they said: "Why have you done so?"

I answered and said unto them: "Verily, I say unto you, that an idler has no right to live."

And when I was come into the temple the chief priests and the elders of the people came unto me as I was teaching and said: "By what authority doest thou these things, and who gave thee this authority?"

And I answered and said unto them: "I also will ask you one thing which, if ye tell me, I in likewise will tell you by what authority I do these things.

"The baptism of John, whence was it, from heaven or of men?" And they reasoned with themselves, saying: "If we shall say 'from heaven,' he will say unto us, 'Why did ye not believe him?' But if we shall say 'of men,' we fear the people; for all hold John as a prophet."

And they answered me and said: "We cannot tell."

And I said unto them: "Neither tell I you by what authority I do these things.

"But what think ye? A certain man had two sons; and he came to the first and said: 'Son, go work to-day in my vineyard.'

"He answered and said: 'I will not.' But afterward he repented and went.

And he came to the second, and said likewise. And he answered and said: 'I go, sir.' But he went not.

"Which of the twain did the will of his father?" They said unto me: 'The first.' I saith unto them: 'Verily, I say unto you, that the publicans and the harlots go into the house of God before you.

"For John came unto you in the way of righteousness, and ye believed him not; but the publicans and the harlots believed him; and ye, when ye had seen it, repented not afterward that ye might believe him.

"Hear another parable: There was a certain householder which planted a vineyard, and hedged it round about and digged a winepress in it, and built a tower, and let it out to husbandmen, and went into a far country.

"And when the time of the fruit age drew near, he sent his servants to the husbandmen that they might receive the fruits of it.

"And the husbandmen took his servants and beat one, and killed another, and stoned another.

"Again he sent other servants, more than the first; and they did unto them likewise.

"But last of all he sent unto them his son, saying: 'They will reverence my son.'

"But when the husbandmen saw the son, they said among themselves: 'This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and let us seize on his inheritance.'

"And they caught him and cast him out of the vineyard and slew him.

"When the lord, therefore, of the vineyard cometh, what will he do unto those husbandmen?"

They said unto me: "He will miserably destroy those wicked men, and will let out his vineyard unto other husbandmen, which shall render him the fruits in their season."

I said unto them: "Did ye never read in the Scriptures: 'The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner?' This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes.

"Therefore say I unto you, the Kingdom of Wisdom shall be taken from you and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof.

"And whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken, and on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder."

And when the chief priests and Pharisees heard my parables they perceived that I spake of them.

But when they sought to lay hands on me they feared the multitude, because the multitude took me for a prophet.

Now the first day of the feast of unleavened bread, the disciples came to me, saying: "Where wilt thou that we prepare for thee to eat the passover?"

And I said: "Go into the city to such a man, and say unto him: 'The Master saith: "My time is at hand; I will keep the passover at thy house with my disciples."'"

And the disciples did as I had appointed them; and they made ready the passover.

Now, when the even was come, I sat down with the twelve.

"And as they did eat, I said: "Verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me."

And they were exceedingly sorrowful, and began every one of them to say unto me: "Lord, is it I?"

And I said unto them: "I know of whom I speak. But woe unto that man by whom a righteous man is betrayed! It had been good for that man if he had not been born."

Then Judas, whom I knew had been bought by rulers and priests, answered and said: "Master, is it I?"

I said unto him: "Thou hast said."

And as they were eating I took bread and blessed it, and broke it, and gave it to my disciples, and said: "Take, eat, every creature created by God has a right to eat."

And I took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying: "Drink you all of it; because every creature created by God has a right to drink.

"Eat and drink as do the rulers and priests; it is for preaching this doctrine; it is because I have tried to open the eyes of the blind; it is for preaching love among men; it is because I have loudly proclaimed that we are all equal, and all sons of God; that priests and rulers will kill me, and my blood will be shed for the redemption of humanity."

And when they had sung a hymn, we went out into the Mount of Olives.

And I said unto them: "If you love me, keep my commandments; he that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me, and he that loveth me shall be loved of our God and I will love him.

"I have taught you all things; peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the present world giveth, give I unto you.

"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

"I am the true man. Now you are clean and know what to do through the word which I have spoken unto you. If you keep my commandments, you shall abide in love, even

as I have kept our God's commandments, and abide in his love.

"These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.

"This is my commandment; that you love one another as I have loved you.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

"Ye are my friends, ye who are poor and blind and oppressed by rulers and priests.

"Ye are my friends, if you of whom I have opened the eyes do whatsoever I command you.

"Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doth; but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of Wisdom and Love I have made known unto you.

"These things I command you, that you love one another and give good example to the world.

"If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me because I taught you and opened your eyes.

"Hence, if you will teach the people and open the eyes of the blind, as I have done, you will be hated also.

"If you were of the priests and rulers the world would love you, and if you were sinners the world would love its own; but because if you do what I have commanded you to do, if you love one another, therefore the world will hate you.

"Remember the word that I said unto you: 'The servant is not greater than his lord.'

"If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you.

"Now is the judgment of this world; now shall the prince of this world be cast out.

"Yet a little while is the Light with you.

"Walk while ye have the Light, lest Darkness come upon

you; for he that walketh in Darkness knoweth not whither he goeth.

"While ye have Light, believe in the Light; that ye may be the children of Light.

"A new commandment I give unto you; that ye love one another; as I have loved you, so love ye also one another.

"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one for another.

"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.

"Let not your heart be troubled, you believe in God, believe also in me."

Thomas said unto me: "Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?"

I said unto him: "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto God but by my doctrine.

"If you had known me, ye should have known my thought.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do.

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

"These things have I spoken unto you, that ye should not be offended.

"They shall put you out of the synagogues; yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doth God service.

"And these things they will do unto you, because they have not known the Father, nor me.

"But these things have I told you, that when the time shall come, ye may remember that I told you of them. And these things I said not unto you at the beginning, because I was with you,

"But now I go my way to Him that inspired me.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, that ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice; and ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy.

"A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come; but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a person is born into the world.

"And ye now, therefore, have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you."

"God, I have given them thy word, and the world hath hated them, because they are not of the corrupt world, even as I am not of the world.

"Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth.

"As thou hast inspired me to go into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world.

"And for their sakes I sanctify myself that they also might be sanctified through the truth.

"Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word;

"That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast inspired me.

"And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one even as we are one:

"I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in thee; and that the world may know that thou hast inspired me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me.

"O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee; but I have known thee, and these have known that thou hast inspired me.

"And I have declared unto them thy name, and will

declare it; that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them."

"Behold, my brethren, the hour cometh, yea, is now come, that ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave me alone; and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me.

"Behold, for three days no one will dare to pronounce my name.

"Behold, for three days rulers and priests shall believe that they have killed my doctrine in killing my body.

"Behold, for three days people will not dare to pronounce the word, Love.

"But, behold, after three days Love will enter the souls of men, Love will be preached among men, Love and Wisdom will rule the world.

"These things I have spoken unto you, that in my doctrine you might have peace.

"In the corrupt world you shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

PART IV

A NEW LIFE BRINGS FORTH A NEW ART AND LITERATURE

CHAPTER I.

It was seven o'clock when I arose. I had slept six hours and a half, exactly, hence I had acted in harmony with the teaching of hygiene, which says that man needs from six to seven hours of rest daily. Hearing some noise coming from the room where my friend was sleeping, I entered his room. He evidently was dreaming, and, according to his habit, was talking while asleep.

"I do not wish, at any rate, to remain here—— If you do not wish me to become crazy—— What do I care for the Shah and his Court? I would change them for the least amusement I had in America—— No sir, I wish to return to New Orleans—— Well—— That is all right—— I am pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Montebianco—— Yes, we shall have a very pleasant time—— I told you that Socialism would, in a very short time, gain control of the National Capital—— Do not be afraid, there will be no anarchy at all. Long live Socialism—— Down with tyrants."

Evidently he dreamed of all his past. I shook him slightly. He opened his eyes like one who does not know where he is.

"Hallo! old chap! Get up, you are no more at Teheran, and you need no more cry out 'Down with tyrants.' It is already thirty years that they are down."

"Oh! . . Doctor! . . Yes! . . I dreamed many things and among them that I was young."

"Yes, and was quarreling with your father in order to return to New Orleans, but when you met Miss Monte-

bianco, then you thought that even in Teheran you could have a very pleasant time. Now, hurry up. Dress yourself, because I want to be through with showing you the city before half-past eleven, in order that we may enjoy afterward the company of Madams Bright and Corbeille, sweet Corinne and Doctor Hohenzollern."

"Very well. Think as if I were ready—but meanwhile, do you know that the Wisdom of Solomon is most astonishing, if we consider the epoch in which he lived? And the Life of Christ! We understand Christ perfectly now. Considered as the Son of God, he was very little, indeed; but considered as a man, how great he is! And what a funny people those priests and ministers were! They said that God spoke unto Adam, Cain, Abel, Moses; and even the ass upon which Balaam was saddled saw the angel of the Lord, who probably was the Lord himself; and that the ass did not recognize him well, because it was an ass; in fact, Moses afterward says that it was God himself who opened the mouth of the ass which said unto Balaam: 'What have I done unto thee, that thou hast smitten me these three times?' And accepting all this as true they still recognized in Christ the Son of God, and accepted as a holy Gospel what St. John says: 'No man hath seen God at any time.' Hence Moses must have been the greatest of all the impostors."

"It is so, indeed. In fact, Solomon gives us to understand that the leaders of the Hebrew people were very intelligent and more learned than their enemies. About Christ, the striking fact is that he chose his apostles from the poor and ignorant class to show priests and rulers that the poor and ignorant, if educated, are as worthy as the aristocracy. But, of course, as the men he chose were already aged, it was impossible to make of them thoroughly learned men, notwithstanding all the good will and the

love that Christ showed in teaching them. As a consequence they did not understand their Master's meaning, except in a few plain teachings, and were not able to catch his deep, keen thoughts and write accordingly. We cannot explain otherwise their absurdities. We must also take into consideration the epoch in which they lived, the fear that they had of priests and rulers; because we must not forget that they were considered by the ruling class as the anarchists were considered among us fifty years ago."

"Yes, I understand. But tell me, do the deists of to-day admit that we have no will at all?"

"Certainly."

"It seems strange. How can it be?"

"It is not strange that they admit it now, but what is strange is that in the past they denied it. The believers of the old time, while saying that the leaves on the trees moved only according to the will of God, claimed that we had wills. In such a way, only, we escaped the power of God and could have done things against his will, which is absurd. When the ignorant Pharisees, because Christ healed some diseases they thought to be incurable, said that he cast out devils by Beelzebub, the prince of the devils, Christ said: 'How can one enter into a strong man's house and spoil his goods, except he first bind the strong man? And then he will spoil his house?' So we may say: 'How could we act against the will of God if we are not stronger than God?'"

"Yes, but they said that God allows us to have a will in order to try us, to watch if we do right or wrong, and recompense or punish us afterward."

"Suppose that you have children whom you can prevent, by words only, from doing evil, would you permit them

to do evil in order to have the pleasure of torturing them afterward?"

"Certainly not, unless I were insanely cruel."

"Or would you permit your children to walk near a dangerous river bank, being certain that some of them would fall into it, just to be permitted to say to yourself: 'Well, if I prevent them from walking there, I cannot see who will fall, or who will not?"

"No father with a little bit of common sense, and who loves his children, would do it. In such cases he would be a criminal, and truly responsible for their death."

"Well, do you think, then, that God, whose power is so great that we cannot even fancy it, and whose love for us is, as the deists said, that of the most tender of fathers, would allow us to do evil when He can prevent it with an act of His will, or feel pleasure in seeing us do evil in order that He can torture us for eternity?"

"But the priests said that if God should not punish the evil-doers after death, and recompense the virtuous, He could not be just."

"I regret again that we have no more priests, otherwise I would take you to one of them, even to the pope, were it possible for a poor man to approach him, and we would ask him to tell us our thoughts. Could he have done it?"

"No."

"How then, could they, who could not have guessed the thoughts of men standing before them, have dared to penetrate the thought of God? How could they have dared to guess the kind of justice which the Great Maker enforces? Let us say with Solomon: 'What man is he that can know the counsel of God? Or who can think what the will of the Lord is? For the thoughts of mortal men are miserable, and our devices are but uncertain. And hardly do we

guess aright at things that are upon earth, and with labour do we find the things that are before us; but the things that are in heaven who hath searched out?' No, Will, I told you that the deists of to-day do not insult God any more. They admit that we have no will, because we act according to the will of God, whose incorruptible Spirit being in all things, as Solomon says, moves all things. The atheists say that it is the stimuli which make us act; the deists say, it is true that we act because of the stimuli, but it is God, who, through these stimuli, makes us act according to His will."

"And when we apparently do evil?"

"You said right, apparently; because who knows what is the purpose of God if He permits an act which we call wrong? That is the answer of the deists. The atheists see nothing but illness in a person who 'does wrong;' he must needs be cured as well as another man who has fever. The wisdom, the power, the love, the justice of God is too great to be understood by our soul while it is clothed with clay. Even therein, deists and atheists are in perfect harmony. It could not be otherwise, as both are men of science reasoning with wisdom, which, as Solomon says, 'is the worker of all things, and in her is an understanding spirit, holy, one only, manifold, subtle, lively, clear, undefiled, plain, not subject to hurt, loving the thing that is good, quick, ready to do good. Wisdom is kind to man, steadfast, sure, free from care, having all power, overseeing all things, and going through all understanding, pure and most subtle spirits. For wisdom is more moving than any motion; she passeth and goeth through all things by reason of her pureness. For she is the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty; therefore can no defiled thing fall into her. For Wisdom is the brightness of the everlasting light, the unspotted

mirror of the power of God, and the image of His goodness. And being but one, Wisdom can do all things; and remaining in herself, she maketh all things new; and in all ages entering into holy souls, she maketh them friends of God. For God loveth none but him that dwelleth with Wisdom.' "

CHAPTER II.

"How great, how majestic appears to me the God of Solomon, the God of Christ! . . . Doctor, I am a deist."

"I do not blame you, neither do I want to give you any advice. To be or not to be a deist must depend on everyone's understanding. Socialism has nothing to do with it, but what society now wants is that every one, men and women, must get wisdom and information and thus be independent in thought."

"When the youth are taught of what we believed about Paradise, Purgatory and Hell, as they were pictured by priests, what do they think?"

"Answer this question, and then I shall answer yours. When, in our schools, teachers taught us of Pluto, of Tartarus, of Elysium, of the Olympus of the Greeks and Romans, and of all the fights between gods and godesses, what did we think?"

"I understand; they think of us as we thought of the ancients."

"Just the same. The only difference is that they do not wonder why Greeks and Romans had such queer ideas about gods and goddesses, but they wonder greatly how we, who lived in such an enlightened century, could have had ideas about God more childish than the Greeks and Romans."

"And really, it is astonishing."

"It is one of the paradoxes of the society of our fathers."

"But tell me, if we are a kind of automobile, and our chauffeurs are the stimuli, how are the geniuses and the great scientists induced to work as hard as they must in

order to make inventions and discoveries? Neither honors nor riches are conferred upon them. In Europe the rulers used to recompense them with special marks of distinction, making them princes, knights, commanders, and so on. In America they had the stimulus of making a fortune, which meant to have any kind of pleasure they could obtain with money, which was better than being prince or knight."

"Will, you are really amusing. How can you suppose that men of science, who fought hard in order to demonstrate the truth that we act according to external and internal stimuli, could have suppressed those many stimuli which influence geniuses and other men of science to discover as many as possible of nature's secrets? We have greatly increased those stimuli. First of all, you are mistaken if you think that in our community one does not possess more than another. If everybody should receive from the community the same recompense, Socialism would not establish justice. We have abolished private capital, not private wealth. One man may now earn more money than another if he is more intelligent, or if he can do a certain kind of work better than his fellow worker. Practical Socialism, instead of abolishing wealth, has simply regulated its distribution with justice. Nearly all workers are now socially organized for production. The recompense of each one of us is according to our skill, our intelligence, the danger we incur, the hours we work, the difficulty of the work we do, and so on. A machinist on land, for instance, gets a little less than the one who does the same work on an electricship, because there is calculated the danger (which is slight, of course), and the necessity of being away from home a part of the time. An elementary school teacher is, of course, paid less than one in the high school, and he less than the university professor. A beginner in a factory cannot, of course, earn as

much as an older or more skilfull employe; so it would be an injustice to permit him to receive as much. But nearly every one who studies can get a better position, because every position is obtained after having passed an examination, if more than one wish that position. Recompense in all the great divisions of human labor is made nearly equal. A professor of a university teaching surgery, for instance, receives the same salary as the one teaching chemistry. A high school professor teaching hygiene receives as much as one teaching physic. A chief machinist in a shoe factory receives as much as a chief machinist in a sugar factory, and so on. Thus every boy chooses the work he thinks he is fitted for, and which he prefers, because in any line of human activity he can work up to the top as well as in another."

"But when all the places are filled what do the others do?"

"Such a predicament is impossible. It happened in our past organization, but now how could it occur?"

"Why?"

"All branches of labor are regulated in a way to give work to every one, and instead of there being ever 'too many' workers, the number of hours of work for each is lessened. Furthermore, in agriculture we can employ as many as wish to work and we can give them all they wish to do. We simply bring new soil under cultivation. Think for a moment of all the land which was left uncultivated in our times because it belonged to private persons, who held it simply as investment! Now that the land cultivated by the State for the benefit of the community is in the hands of learned men who cultivate it with modern electrical machines and with chemical products, the country is, we might say, one immense common field wherein can be employed all the men who like that work, or those who

have not succeeded in getting a position more to their liking. Yes, Will, everything is regulated, as I told you, according to justice. But let us return to the question of inventions and discoveries. Suppose that some one invents or perfects an instrument, or discovers a fact which makes work in a certain sphere of human activity easier. The State sometimes rewards him according to the value of his idea to society. But no great scientist would think of accepting a reward for the results of his scholarship. Have you ever thought how few of the great scientists of the world have been materially rewarded for their labors?"

"Oh, yes; that is all plain enough, but I cannot see, as it is so easy to find pleasant work, who wants to descend into the earth to work in the mines."

"Even this work, because of perfected electric machines, is not as hard nor as dangerous as it was in the past. I told you that all the more technical employments are obtained through examination. Hence all those who cannot succeed in getting the position they wish, accept the employment for which no examination is required. The result is that all the less intelligent members of the community are forced to do the least pleasant work. In the mines, for instance, the working day is so short that it is not drudgery. Now what has happened? The black race is evidently a low type of man who cannot, ordinarily, compete in intelligence with the caucasian. Hence the white man, because more intelligent and learned than the negro, obtains the employment he wishes, while the negro, just as the less intelligent of the whites, accepts the employment where no examination is required, or where competition is not so intense. Through the adoption of this system the negroes are scattered all over the country and nearly all do those kinds of work you asked about."

"It was a beautiful solution of the negro problem. Socialism only could have settled that question."

"And settle it with absolute justice."

"But when there are negroes more intelligent than certain white men?"

"They take precedence, of course. Would anything else be justice? The government is usually very happy to find them, because we need them in order to fill many places where learned negroes are quite necessary. You see the colored people do not live in different parts of the city as they did in the past, but live all together in a quarter of each city or town wherein they have their schools and their restaurants, their amusements. This is most natural and entirely of their own choosing. Hence negroes are needed to fill the positions of professor, of cook, and so on; and these men receive the same salaries as white men filling the same positions receive. In such a way we have settled also the very delicate question of giving high positions to worthy negroes without hurting the feelings of the white people who in the past saw with anger negroes preferred to white persons."

"Excellent! But since negroes are a very low type of man, lower than any other living race, when in some of them you do not succeed in making a man who will obey the laws of the new society, what do you do with him? Do you keep him in the asylum also?"

"No. The asylum is for sick people only. When the doctors, after a thorough examination, see that he is a very low type, and all efforts to make a civilized man of him would prove useless, we send him to his natural land, I mean in that portion of Africa which is still inhabited by people like him; and there he is free to do whatever he likes."

"Fine idea!"

"In our community there is room for civilized men only."

"But do not the men who are at the head of the government sometimes steal or show partiality in giving employments?"

"It is impossible. First, our training and our surroundings do not make thieves of men; second, if they wished to steal, they could not. Why were crooked men allowed to be sometimes at the head of governments in the past? Because the old system of society simply regulated thievery and deception on the part of all but the workers. And the business man or politician who succeeded in stealing more than others was considered 'smart;' all doors were opened to him. To-day we do not think so. We call a thief by his right name, no matter how much he steals. Such a thief would simply be sent from an honorable position to the insane asylum. Under capitalism the mass of the people were ignorant of governmental business; to-day everybody, men and women, are perfectly acquainted with our governmental affairs; so irregularities are noticed immediately. In the examinations no partiality can be shown for the reason that the competitors are all thoroughly educated. The contest is open to all and engaged in before all. If requested by a fifth of the competitors, the examination papers are published, and the examiners defend their markings. This occurs very seldom. The government elections take place every two years; and there are no political machines nor political idlers, because those could have existed only when people were ignorant and courted deception along with other means of oppression. To-day a man who is at the head of any governmental institution knows that he cannot steal; and those who administer the affairs of the state have not the power they had in the past, because the true ruler, to-day, is the people. We have so established democracy in industry that

the directors of the departments of industry are no longer 'rulers' in the old sense; and if it were not that we consider these positions an honor that our community bestows on its best citizens, we could hardly find men who would wish to be elected. Of course it is a mark of the highest confidence to be so honored. Those who are elected to such places must have finished the regular work which they owe to society. This now lasts from the age of twenty-one to sixty. Now, how could one of these men be a liar or a thief in our community when such an act, even for the head of the national government, means to go at once to the asylum?"

CHAPTER III.

"Yes, Doctor, I understand that the stimulus of private wealth is kept even in a Socialistic community as a factor to increase the energy of some men; and I think it is right."

"But we have other stimuli of the same nature. There are decorations which governments bestow on their citizens according to the importance of their discovery, invention, or skillful work."

"You don't say! Is it possible that you have also knights and other orders of nobility?"

"We have something which corresponds to it."

"Doctor, before I started for Persia, reading the newspapers one day, I saw that the representatives of the German Socialist Party, discussing in the Reichstag the taxes upon foreign articles, asked the government to put foreign decorations on the same level as baby toys. How does it happen that even in a Socialist community the decorations of individuals is continued?"

"The German Socialists of that time were right to ridicule those decorations. Think of it! In what does the value of a decoration consist?"

"It consists in the acts or qualities for which it is bestowed, the esteem in which it is held by the people, and the ease or difficulty of securing it, of course."

"Very well. Let us now examine these decorations of the past, and see if the followers of Karl Marx were right in calling those decorations baby toys. After you have examined ours you will not think of them as the Socialists thought of the old ones. What was the meaning of the

decorations bestowed in the old times; for instance, the Order of the Garter?"

"Doctor, honi soit qui mal y pense!"

"Well, Edward III. felt the necessity of saying so, but I do not know if he did succeed in persuading all persons to think evil of the deed for which he created a dignitary. Why should all the German, Italian, French, Spanish and Russian orders have been so attractive to men of real learning?"

"I cannot see why. They were not really honored by these senseless decorations."

"Who were the more often decorated? What was the purpose of the rulers in bestowing honors on one person instead of another? I will answer with the well-known satirical lines of a witty poet who never heard of Socialism:

> " 'In times less civilized and more ferocious
> The thieves were hanged upon the crosses.
> In times less ferocious and more civilized
> The crosses are hanged upon the breast of thieves?' "

"That contains more truth than fiction."

"Now I want to tell you a little tale. Through a square of an Italian city there once passed two university students. One said to the other: 'Look, here are nearly fifty persons; let us see how many are knights and how many are not.'

" 'How?'

" 'It will be easy enough. I will go and stand at the opposite angle of this square and with a loud voice I will call to you: "Sir Knight!" And we shall count those who turn their heads.'

"His companion was pleased with the idea and they did so?"

"Well?"

"Out of the fifty, thirty-five turned their heads. The

little square contained a company of knights. Could you have repeated the same experiment all over the cities of Europe the result would have been almost the same."

"Why were they all decorated?"

"Don't you see that the rulers hanged as many crosses as they could on the breasts of their subjects in order to make them not feel the thorny cross of despotism upon which they were all kept hanged! That is why. Hence you can easily guess for whom the kings reserved the highest honors. Let us take a particular case, Marconi and Starraba."

"Doctor, I am ashamed not to know the second man. Was he another great Italian, like Marconi, who achieved something remarkable?"

"Will, don't feel ashamed at all; I would rather be astonished if you knew him, as he was a nullity."

"Well, what is then the connection between Marconi and him, and between our topic and him?"

"He was a Knight of the Annunciation, the highest Italian order, by magic virtue of which a man became, *ipso facto,* a cousin of the king. But he remained a nullity if he had done nothing worthy of being remembered, and a thief if he had stolen."

"Was the same dignity bestowed on Marconi?"

"He received a less important decoration than Starraba."

"Why?"

"Well, because Starraba was a king's tool, and because, in the party of which he was the leader, he was considered a man who knew well how to dabble in dirty politics."

"I understand now."

"Let us examine the last method by which a man could get a decoration. Any influential politician who supported the monarchy could obtain not one, but many decorations for himself and his friends."

"And the foreign decorations?"

"They were usually obtained by the sale of oneself to a foreign ambassador in order to attend to the interests of the country from whose ruler he wished to be decorated; no matter if his actions were detrimental to his own country. A policeman charged to watch over the safety of a foreign ruler who came to visit his country and his ruler was very often decorated for his trouble. Finally, any one who had money could buy all honors, all titles, those of kings as well as those of popes. Now as this was the general rule, what importance could have been attached to such decorations by intelligent and learned men?"

"None at all."

"Of course not. The thief remained a thief; the blockhead remained a dunce as before; the rich man had a few thousand dollars less in his pocket. The scholar or inventor should have been ashamed to appear in such company. When young I was very intimate with a young man who belonged to a very aristocratic family. One day he wished to become a Knight of the Order of Malta. It seems that one of the principal requisites for obtaining such a decoration was that the applicant should have been of noble birth through paternal and maternal lines for four generations, or as they said in Italian, 'avere i quattro quarti di nobilta.'[1] A short time after he made his application he was told that he could be nominated a Knight because his ancestry were all nobles; the only thing to be done was to pay. I do not remember the amount of money required. When my friend heard of it he had the wit to say: 'All right; I am satisfied with hearing that I can be nominated. For me to be or not to be a Knight of Malta is just the same.'"

"A fine answer!"

"Were not the German Socialists right in calling them baby toys?"

[1] **To be four quarters noble.**

"Certainly. But now tell me about yours, just to see what they mean."

"We bestow decorations on men working in all branches of human activity; but these decorations are bestowed seldom and only on men who are really worthy of them. Take for instance electrical engineering. Here we have the Order of Edison and Franklin. In Italy for the one who distinguishes himself in music there is the Order of Rossini, Verdi and Bellini; in sculpture the Order of Michelangelo Buonarroti; in painting the Order of Raffaello and Giotto. In Spain for the same thing there is the Order of Murillo and Velasquez. In France for music there is the Order of Gounod and Bizet; for physicians there is the Order of Pasteur. In Russia, for the same profession, the Order of Metchnikoff, and in England the Order of Lister. In Germany for music there is the Order of Wagner. For him who achieves some great deed which is beneficial to society in all its living, there are everywhere the Orders of Solomon, Jesus and Karl Marx. In other words, every state has chosen in all branches of human labor one of its great sons who in that line reached the highest degree of merit and named an order after him. Many eminent masters are decorated by more than one nation. Hence the pride a man of to-day takes in an honor which his friends feel he has earned by eminent service. But this satisfaction is increased by another fact. When we were young a masterpiece of any kind was appreciated by a few persons only, because of the ignorance of rich and poor alike. Show a rare diamond together with an imitation one to men who know nothing about them; they think that both are the same, and they put the rare jewel on the same level as a plain piece of glass! But now that everybody has received a thorough education how different it is with worthy

men and women. Such persons are known all over the world, and everywhere they are our artistocracy, if you wish to use that term. And that is not all."

"What else is done?"

"'Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.'[1] Let us look backward and see how the great men of the past were generally honored. Shakespeare makes Iago say to Cassio: 'Repuation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, lost without deserving.' A most celebrated Italian poet said:

"'Giusta di gloria dispensiera é morte.'[2]

"And really we used to despise meritorious men while they were living, and honor them after they died. It would take very long indeed to enumerate all the great men who were highly honored after death, and persecuted, insulted and abused while alive; even murdered because of their discoveries, inventions or their wisdom and love for humanity. This martyrdom in the Christian Era begins with Christ himself. Who crucified him? The very ones who should have been the jealous guardians of morals—the priests! They showed their successors how to deal with men who were seeking the light. And the later type surpassed their masters. The most famous and infamous Holy Inquisition, established by the *Holy Fathers* of Rome, reached the limit of wickedness. Hence kings and men influenced by the 'morals' of the priests adopted such a glorious means to get rid of men who rebelled against their government or brought umbrage to their intellectual reputation. Without going to Europe and looking into the history of the old civilization, let us glance at the United States; the history of yesterday. Now in our time Dewey and Schley were called, one the great hero of Manila, the

[1] The times are changed and we are changed with them.
[2] The righteous dispenser of glory is death.

other the hero of Santiago. They were the two heroes who, judging by the thought of the time, increased the glory of the American flag, and made the United States acquire a great extent of new territory, which then meant great wealth. Grim irony! All the honors bestowed upon Dewey were an arch of marble paper in New York, a sword worth a few thousand dollars and—disgrace and insults when his honored name was mentioned as a man worthy of being the head of that same nation which he had enriched, and of which he had increased the glory. And Schley? He narrowly escaped a court martial, thanks to the hero of Manila. But see what honors we have bestowed upon them, not only here in New Orleans, but all over the civilized world. And I tell you more, we did not wait for their death, but everything you see, they saw also, before they died."

"So you erect statues even to living men?"

"When they deserve it; why not? The idea! To despise a great man while living, and honor him after death! The new generation have 'mens sana in corpore sano.' And a great man before he dies knows why he was worthy, in how far he will be honored, and has some idea of what posterity will say of him; facts which no great man of the past had the pleasure of knowing. Such are the social stimuli which influence men and women to work mightily for others."

CHAPTER IV.

"Oh! the daily edition of 'Humanity's Star' has been delivered."

"Is it the current newspaper?"

"Yes."

"Let me see it. I am eager to know the difference between the old and the new. Is there any difference?"

"How can you ask me such a question when the newspaper is the mirror of the life, thought, and civilization of people?"

"Of course; new times must have produced a new type of newspaper. How is it gotten out?"

"We have only one newspaper in New Orleans. It is published by the municipality. As everybody has received a thorough education the newspaper of to-day is but a scientific daily magazine, where we find all the news concerning the intellectual life of the world and social progress. Of course no one would read scandalous gossip, stupid tales, and empty political discussions. These in the old time were the favorite 'intellectual' diet of the ignorant masses. Read only the subject headings of this newspaper and you shall gain an idea of what it is:

"I. ADMINISTRATION AFFAIRS.

"It gives us all the news concerning the public business Fasts without comment are here the rule.

"II. FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

"It gives us the same news of other countries.

"III. HYGIENE.

"IV. PHYSICS.

"It keeps people informed of what medical science achieves and says all over the civilized world.

"You find therein what science achieves on that line. To-day we have an article by an eminent specialist on 'Light Waves.'

"V. AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

"VI. ASTRONOMY.

"VII. PHILOSOPHY.

"In this department are found, for instance, the discussion between the deists and atheists.

"VIII. FINE ARTS.

"IX. LITERATURE.

"Oh, here! Let me read this poetry, Will.

"'We translate a "Song" from our old confrere, "Avanti," and written by a young Italian after a trip in the United States:

"'THE AMERICAN VENUS.

"'She was on the point of opening her eyes
To the most beautiful smile
Of a lovely and mysterious land;
When a genie, wandering in this virgin forest,
Said to her, 'Wait, wait for my return.'
The genie departed, and like the bee,
Fluttering from blossom to blossom,
He visited the haunts of beauties ancient:
Of the maidens of Athens and Rome,
He begged the glorious profile,
And the artistic lineaments of their faces;
Of Italy's sky, then beaming most brightly,
He requested the joyfulest smile,
To place upon the scarlet lips of his beloved;

He then departed for Spain, and of the beauties
Of the scorching sun he begged for the sparkling eyes,
With light mysterious as the unfathomable depths of the sea,
Bewitching as the glance of a siren:
Afterward he proceeded to France,
And of its lilies took grace most seductive
And the intoxicating charm of their countenance.
From the nebulous shores of the Danube and Rhine,
And their castle crowned slopes,
He asked for the tresses of gold,
And the velvety fairness of cheek,
White as the foam of the sea.
At his backcoming bloomed the blossoms again,
And the time of songs and kisses was returning.
It was a smiling and odorous April,
And the untamed forest warbled love songs.
'Come, my beloved,' said the genie, 'come,
Open your eyes. I am ready for your breathing.
The kiss of the sun awaits you.'
She opened her eyes, and the sun, enveloping her
With his beams and softly caressing
Her lovely visage, placed upon her inviting mouth
One of his most passionate kisses.
In this lovely, virgin, mysterious land
There were no castles with towers and battlements;
Nor did the mailed hand of a jealous knight
Dare to cruelly imprison the Venus,
Who, being free, and of herself the mistress,
Said to her lover: 'I do not wish
To be gazed at from far, in the moonlight.
No, look at me closely, more closely,
By the brightest rays of the sun.'"

"The poets, Doctor, will be always the same. Even

educated in a Socialistic civilization, they never will write poetry without mentioning a genie."

"If they had not fervid imagination they would be no poets. And verses would be but prose."

"Oh, here! What? News from the North and South Poles?"

"Certainly! Why are you so shocked. They were long ago visited by men."

"By what means?"

"That glory was reserved for the automobile."

"What did they find?"

"Apart from the scientific achievements which permitted physics to re-establish some facts already known, they found enormous masses of ice, some bears and sea-calves,—and——"

"And what else?"

"They said that it is very cold there."

CHAPTER V.

"Is there new literature?"

"A most beautiful one. The pagan civilization had its Homer to sing and eternalize the Trojan war, in which so many sons of gods and goddesses received immortality. The Roman epoch had a Virgil to sing its armavirrumque. Their life produced a number of deep philosophers, elegant prose writers, fine poets, great orators, and witty comedians. The Christian civilization, as it took the place of the pagan world, produced also a beautiful literature. The belief in a paradise as a place of heavenly recompense for the good; in a purgatory for expiation of venial sins; and in hell, for a place of eternal punishment, produced 'La Divina Commedia.' The old tale of an angry God casting out Adam and Eve from Eden, used by a strenuous believer, produced 'Paradise Lost.' The Crusades had their Tasso. The deeds of the Knights of the Round Table found their Ariosto to immortalize them, and a Cervantes to ridicule them, also. All the crimes of our past life found their great painters in Shakespeare, Victor Hugo, etc. Our misery produced Goethe and Foscolo; our vices found their Zola; and so on.

"'The Socialistic civilization has already its new literature. This epic struggle I told you of immediately afterward found men of genius who have eternalized the great deeds and immortalized the heroes. And I do not hesitate if I tell you that, as the Socialist heroes, struggling for the welfare and happiness of mankind, have been far greater and nobler than the pagan and Christian heroes, so they

found also geniuses who were worthy of the task of representing them in literature. 'Paradise Found on Earth,' by Rapisardetti, an Italian, is more beautiful and interesting than the poem of Milton. 'Europe Delivered,' by Springflower, a Bostonian, is much more touching than 'La Gerusalemme Liberata,' of Tasso. And the grand and heroic figure of Dewey is more beautiful than that of Goffredo di Buglione. Our heroes, struggling and dying for such a noble and grand cause, are by no means to be compared to all the Rinaldos and Tancredis of the world. As the American girls going to the fight in order to nurse the wounded, lessen and relieve with smiles their torments, and console and sweeten with kisses the last moments of our dying heroes, are far more beautiful than all the Clorindas and Erminias of Tasso. 'The Anger of the Kaiser,' by a petit fils of Moliere, is as beautiful as the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto. 'The Last Knights at Spandau,' by a biznieto de Cervante, was judged as witty and amusing as 'Don Quixote.' A high school professor of our city has written several tragedies whose scenes are taken from the last years of Capitalism, and which worthily stand comparison with those of Shakespeare. His last tragedy, 'Queen Draga,' was judged so beautiful by all critics, that he received the badge of the Order of Shakespeare from England, and that of the Order of Alfieri from the Italian government. I have mentioned to you only the most noted works, the masterpieces; there are so many other interesting novels and plays and beautiful poems that it will require many months for you to read them."

"That is all very interesting but I wished to know if the new life has produced its own literature; all that you have mentioned, though written by Socialist writers, has not to do with the new life."

"I understand you now. Of course it is impossible that

our new civilization should produce the same fruits as the past one. As there is no more a brother who kills his brother in order to take his crown, and a wife who helps in the infamous deed to marry her husband's murderer, there cannot be a new Shakespeare who will write a new 'Hamlet.' As we cannot have a father who gives all his means of life to his daughters who are cruel and ungrateful, so there can be no new 'King Lear.' Our civilization cannot produce a new Jean Valjean, Fantine, little Cosette abandoned, Esmeralda and Claude Trollo; so it cannot produce a new Victor Hugo. As we have no Don Bodrighi, Don Abbondi with their Perpetue, Renzi, cardinals and Innominati, Socialism cannot produce a new Manzoni. As no one of to-day is tired of living there can be no new Goethe's 'Werther'; and the perusal of such a novel will not be the cause of any more suicides. This book will no more be compared by our philosophers to the face of a most beautiful girl, driving admirers to madness; neither is it a weapon in the hands of a suffering young life. We can say the same of 'Le Ultime Lettere di Sacopo Ortis' by Toscolo. As we have no more drunkards, degenerates, and poor people who eat and live to work, we cannot have a new Zola who can write Papa Coupeau, L'Assommoir, Germinal, Le Ventre de Paris, La Terre, Pot-bouille, La Bete Humaine, Fecondite, etc., without end. How could we have a Leo Tolstoi, now that Russia is not dark, but light? No, Will, our men of intelligence and genius cannot waste their exuberant cerebral activity in such works any more as those of the past did without avail, except to instruct and entertain a few. In fact all the Shakespeares of the world could not prevent crimes in high life, neither did all the Victor Hugos prevent the injustices of our organizations of the past. Our geniuses turn their natural abilities, or God's gifts, if you wish, to better purposes and

with better results because their seeds fall into good ground. And there is another fact. A tragedy finds few readers now, especially among the young. They are poisonous, you know. This new generation, and more than this the successive ones, shall feel no more pleasure or interest in reading such works. All those masterpieces of the past will be known only to a limited number of studious lovers of the old literature. They will read them as, in the last century, some people read of the orgies of the ancient gods. To-day we want scientifical works, not stories. We do not wish to weep, we wish to laugh. Humanity has wept too much already, Will."

"So there can be no more poets who, with melancholy verses, will——"

"No, no! This new generation does not like Jeremiah. They love rather the son of Solomon. They prefer the song which says:

" 'Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for thy love is better than wine.
Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest; where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon:
I have compared thee, O my love, to a pair of horses in Pharaoh's chariots.
Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, thy neck with chains of gold.
We will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver;
Behold, thou art fair my love:
Behold, thou art fair, thou hast dove's eyes.
Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, yea pleasant: . . also our bed is green.
The beams of our house are cedar, and our rafters of fir.
I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.
As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.

As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.

Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples; for I am sick of love.

His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me.

I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes and the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please.

The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.

My beloved is like a roe or a young hart; behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattice.

My beloved spake and said unto me, 'Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.

For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone:

The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;

The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.'

O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs; let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.

Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes.

My beloved is mine, and I am his; he feedeth among the lilies.

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether.

Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast dove's eyes within thy locks; thy hair is as a flock of goats, that appear from Mount Gilead.

Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing; whereof every one bear twins, and none is barren among them.

Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely; thy temples are like a piece of a marble within thy locks.

Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armory, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.

Thy two breasts are like young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies.

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.

Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot on thee.

Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from Lebanon; look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards.

Thou has ravished my heart, my sister! my spouse! thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck.

How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse! how much better is thy love than wine! and the smell of thine ointments than all spices!

Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb; honey and milk are under thy tongue; and the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon.

A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up a fountain sealed.

Thy plants are an orchard with pleasant fruits; camphire with spikenard.

Spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices:

A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.

Awake, O north wind, and come thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof my flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits."

CHAPTER VI.

"Solomon was as broad as he was deep."

"Solomon and Christ are two names which are all embracing. They mean Wisdom and Love. They are the pole stars of humanity. If men will never lose sight of them these stars will guide them to the discovery of the lost Eden.

"Oh, Socialism! Oh, Humanity! How grand you are!"

"Will, I wish to tell you something that will please you immensely."

"What?"

"America, since the advent of Socialism, has produced such great painters that are the wonder of the world. Our museums contain the history of the greatest of all struggles in tableaux. Some day we shall visit all these galleries. When you see them you will find that in some the composition, design and color can be compared with those of Giotto. In others you will see a deep, pensive, sometimes almost melancholy sentiment, and a subdued, refined and elegant harmony of colors which will make you feel that Van Dyck has at last been surpassed. In others you will notice that magical clare-obscure in coloring by which the unnatural sharpness of the outlines is toned down, and a true representation of the living form obtained. In general, you will be attracted by an entirely ideal character; the glow and purity of the new enthusiasm they reveal. The work of this new school is made still more impressive by a coloring, which, blooming in the brightest tints and melting away in the most delicate shades, seems

the perfect medium for the expression of great ideas. One always feels that the inspired soul of Raffaelli were again with us.

"In some others at last all foreign influences were toned down into mere elements of their own individuality and these pictures are masterpieces in coloring, without employing any violent contrasts of light and shade or of one color to another. These new painters worked out a peculiar light golden, mellow ground tone into innumerable small but significant shades which by themselves exercise a magical charm, and produced thereby, especially in the portraits and representations of scenes of love, an almost complete illusion of life. When I tell you that the Italian critics compare these works to the best ones of Morelli, one of the greatest, if not the greatest of European painters of the last century, I have told you all."

"Doctor, I am still American enough to take pleasure in the achievements of my countrymen."

"So am I. But let us go."

"I am ready."

CHAPTER VII.

"Doctor, your speaking of the Polar Star reminds me of a lodge by that name to which I once belonged. This evening I wish to go to the Masonic Temple and see how the masons work now."

"They do not work at all as there are no more lodges. The North Star is still in the sky but the building to which you refer is no more."

"What! Did Socialism kill masonry?"

"No. Socialism killed nothing but capitalism. Masonry died of itself."

"I do not see why."

"I wonder, Will, that you do not understand me. It proves that you were a mason without knowing what masonry meant."

"Well—really—don't you know, I never looked into it deeply."

"You were wrong. An intelligent and educated person like yourself should never have belonged to a society without fully understanding what its purpose was. Now everybody knows the purpose of masonry, because everything has been published since the advent of Socialism. I will tell you of it in a few words and you, an old mason who has spent fifty years in the native land of masonry, shall learn what masonry was and what caused its death. It seems that after the trial of the kings and the establishment of the Socialist system in Europe and the United States, all the Grand Masters gathered in Rome and proclaimed that since Socialism prevailed in Europe and the United

States, therefore in those two great countries there was no more need of masonry. We knew that several years before the great struggle all the masons became Socialists and worked to bring all humanity to happiness. And really what was the deep philosophic principle of masonry? What did masonry represent in history?"

"It represented Ormuzd."

"Against whom did it fight?"

"Against Ahriman."

"By what means?"

"Through *Solomon*."

"What was the motive power of masonry?"

"Love."

"What, then, must have been its purpose?"

"Human welfare—justice."

"Now did not Socialism stand for the same ideal? Were its means not the same? Was it not moved by love also?"

"How stupid I am! For fifty-five years I have been a mason and have not seen that masonry and Socialism were but one."

"Hence, Will, the time came when the leaders of masonry saw they wanted what Socialism was struggling for, and as a consequence, as soon as masonry recognized its sister they embraced each other and led humanity quickly to happiness. Between masonry and Socialism occurred, at first, the same misunderstanding as between medical science and Socialism. Medical science did not recognize her sister, and to do good to humanity it ran after serums and drugs, exclaiming all the time 'eureka,' and not seeing that it was chasing phantoms. But as soon as medical science knew Socialism it clearly perceived that the Socialistic serum was the one it really was running after in order to save humanity."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Look, Doctor, on the other side of the street. That gentleman seems lost in his thoughts? He reminds me of the countenances of some business men of the past when they were facing destruction. I wonder what can make a man so troubled now-a-days."

"I know him well. He is the tragedian of whom I spoke to you a little while ago. He sees me and is coming toward us."

"Good morning, Doctor. I was just about to call on you to beg some anecdotes of old times. I told you of the new book I am writing."

"Well?"

"Last evening I had a talk at the club with a friend of mine about my book; speaking of Marconi, he did not want to believe that it was Marconi who, when first he called on the King of Italy, was taught formalities ordinarily required of those who met the king. Now, my friend says that there must surely be a mistake, and that it was the king who was taught the formality of how to meet a genius. I told him that I would call on you to settle the dispute. Now who is in the wrong?"

"Commander, let me introduce you to my friend, who is as old as I am and knows about this matter as well as I do; so you shall have the opinion of two instead of one."

"Is he the gentleman from Teheran about whom everybody in New Orleans is speaking?"

"He is the man."

"I am very glad to meet you."

"I certainly feel highly honored to be introduced to one of the first citizens of our city. Yes, sir, you can say frankly and without any fear of making a mistake that you are right and that your friend is in the wrong regarding the kingly customs."

"Though it is a paradox, I was sure that I was right. Please accept my thanks. I must go to my work. I wish to meet you again, sir. Au revoir, friends."

"Do you see, Will, the new generation reads of it but simply cannot believe that their fathers were such fools. So they cannot realize, for instance, how Marconi could have been so great and still so small."

"A genius in science, made himself so poor in spirit and in character."

"He would have been far greater in the sight of the world if his first wireless message crossing the Atlantic had been addressed to the European People instead of being addressed to the kings of England and Italy; and if instead of sending slavish words he had sent these: 'The American People to their European brethren, greetings and love.' But he, like so many really great men of our time, become intoxicated with idle and empty vanity. This new generation has highly honoured Marconi the genius, but not Marconi the man."

CHAPTER IX.

"Where are we going? Shall we board the automobile?"

"No, let us go on foot; we need some exercise. We are just coming out, and we must go only to Washington Boulevard."

"I prefer to, as I can then see the new names of the streets we must cross. Now we are walking up Jean Jaures street. Well, is this one not the old Barracks street?"

"Yes, but its new name is Benoît Malon."

"And what is the name of the old Hospital street?"

"Liebknecht street."

"And Ursuline street?"

"Saint-Simon."

"And St. Philip street?"

"Turati street."

"And Dumaine street?"

"Bebel street."

"And St. Ann street?"

"De Leon street."

"And Orleans street?"

"Engels street."

"And St. Peter street?"

"Rapisardi street."

"And Toulouse street?"

"Kautsky street."

"And St. Louis street?"

"Massinet street."

"And Conti street?"

"Puccini street."

"And Bienville street?"

"Beethoven street."

"And Customhouse street?"

"Rossini street."

"Beautiful names, indeed! And what is Napoleon avenue called to-day?"

"The cursed name of the one who was the cause of much slaughter was changed to the blessed one of the man who was the saviour of numberless lives. We call it Pasteur Boulevard. The time has come wherein many names which were honored in our past civilization are despised or are falling into oblivion. It seems that the best song written at the death of Napoleon was the one of Manzoni, called 'The fifth of May'; wherein the author, who was a great novelist, but a very poor poet, put a very interesting question, and answers:

> "'Fu vera gloria? Ai posteri
> l'ardua sentenza. Nui
> chiniam la fronte al Massimo
> Fattor, che volle in lui
> del creator suo spirito
> piú vasta orma stampar.'[1]

"And posterity's answer, which is the answer of the new generation, is that he was but the greatest of all butchers. And if all the statues, columns, and arches erected to him had not been treasures of art, they would have been entirely distroyed."

"Doctor, excuse me if I ask you a question: You said that the best song written after Napoleon's death was the one of Manzoni whom you said was a very poor poet. Now

[1] Was his glory a true one? Posterity will answer the difficult question. We bend our heads to the great Maker who was pleased to grant him an uncommon share of His Creator spirit.

I know that his hymn to Napoleon was considered a masterpiece of the kind. How can it be that you call the one who wrote it a poor poet?"

"Yes, I know it. Even Manzoni himself thought that he had composed something wonderful; in fact he said therein that his song perhaps would never die. Instead, it is dead with the men whom it celebrated. Will, it is not I who call Manzoni a very poor poet, but the new critics. Even in our school days there were many learned critics who called it a very concise epitome of Napoleonic geography; but nowadays other critics say that where it is not history and geography, the thought of the poet is stupid also. Let us examine, for instance, the few verses quoted wherein is no geography at all. What is the thought of the poet? That God was pleased to grant to Napoleon a trace of His creator spirit. Now where Napoleon surpassed all other mortals was in destroying lives; such was his greatness. Hence is it not strange to call this characteristic a trace of the creator spirit of God? According to Manzoni, if God wishes to create something he will certainly destroy us all."

"Well, it was the God leading armies to victory; the God of the *Holy Fathers* of Rome, whom Manzoni had in mind. To change the subject, I wish to express my satisfaction in finding George Washington so highly honored by the Socialist community."

"Yes, we Socialists have understood better than our predecessors in America the greatness of Washington. Think of it! He might, probably, have been the emperor of this great country had he had the ambition of a Napoleon. After the glorious triumph over England, he could have enslaved the American people, had he wished to do it. What might have become of humanity and its civilization if Washington had not been a man of sterling

virtue? I hardly dare imagine. But Washington, when offered a crown by the army, answered by nobly refusing. 'I have fought to give you freedom,' thought he, 'not to enslave you; I am not a tyrant, but a redeemer.' Happen what may, the name of George Washington will always be first in the hearts of this people. His glory will endure with mankind, because it is based upon heroic service to his fellow men."

CHAPTER X.

"Now, Will do you remember what kind of streets Beethoven and Rossini were in the past?"

"Of course I do. And do you remember the crusade started by some local newspapers against the houses of ill-fame located on those streets?"

"Yes. They thought that by forcing such institutions from one place to another they could preserve public morals. Now let us turn to our right and see that masterpiece of architecture which is located between Wagner and Verdi streets, the Dauphine and Burgundy streets of old. I mean one of our municipal theatres. It occupies an entire square. Here we are."

"You are right in calling it a masterpiece. Let us go to Washington Boulevard and get the front view."

We went to its main front and Will said: "Let me read its inscription: *'Art increases the beauties of nature and thus the pleasures of life; through it men's souls become noble; vain is the play if it does not educate to higher ideals, as well as give pleasure.'*

"As a young man," Will went on, "I was a student of architecture, yet I do not remember this style. It is not Gothic, nor does it fulfill the requirements of any classic style."

"You may recall all the styles you have seen in all the lands you have visited, and you shall not remember one building like this theatre. This building which you so greatly admire is constructed according to the new 'American style.' It was to be expected that, as the pagan and

Christian civilization produced peculiar types of architecture, so the Socialist civilization would produce also a new style."

"Yes, but why then call it the 'American style?'"

"For the reason that it is distinctively American. The European architects found themselves surrounded by old masterpieces and they have not succeeded in developing a new type. The American architects, who had nothing worth copying around them, invented this new style, which, you see, is most beautiful. Of course, we had no churches to build, but we needed many schools and theatres and museums; hence they have displayed all their skill in these, which now fittingly represent the ideals of the Socialist civilization. Now, when you visited all the ruins, the gigantic and stately monumental remains of Egypt and of other lands, which you said were the result of boundless human labor, did you not, while admiring them, hear piteous cries of anguish coming from every massive column?"

"I remember well that I thought with horror of the pile of human bones upon which each column rested."

"Had you read Aristotle you would have heard the cry I speak of. Listen to his words:

"'Another aim of tyrants is to keep their subjects poor; because on one hand it costs nothing to watch them, and on the other, being kept busy in order to gain their living day by day, they cannot find time to conspire. It was with this aim that the pyramids of Egypt, the sacred monuments of Cipselides, the temple of Jupiter Olympic by Pisistratidos, and the great works of Policrates in Samos were built; works which had but one aim only, the continuous employment and the pauperizing of the people."

"Our monuments, and the other gigantic works which

[1] Politica—Chapter VIII.

our needs have caused us to produce, are also the result of boundless human labor; but no cry of anguish comes from them. They were not built to keep people in misery and slavery, but to save mankind from diseases, to make work easier in the future, to meet the requirements of our aesthetic nature. Everything has been done for Love. Wisdom has directed it all."

CHAPTER XI.

"Doctor, by what I have been told, it seems to me that the United States is, at present, the leading country in art and literature. I am at once surprised at my country and proud of it."

"All this was to be foreseen. Since the day when the great son of Italy, moved by Wisdom, first put his foot on American land, receiving afterward for his glorious deed the same recompense which waited a vulgar and ferocious criminal; since that very day all the Europeans who came here were seeking adventure, freedom or fortune. Of the first two kinds there were but few. Of the third, many. The thirst for gold overcame everybody afterward and all became almighty dollar seekers. That fever, and the natural wealth of the land, made the people of the United States the leading business people of the world. They saw that money, money only, was the true ruler of the world; that with money they could buy any material pleasure. They dreamed of money. And the United States became the wealthiest country in the world, which means, surely, that its people had brains. Now, since the advent of Socialism, some of the best American intellects have turned their knowledge and energy to arts, science and literature; and, as in the past they succeeded in business, so to-day they excel in the other branches of human activity. And we need not wonder at it. The people of the United States are formed of a mixture of all European peoples.

"A great French novelist once said: 'One thing noteworthy is that among all the peoples of the world only two

have natural wit, the French and Italian. In other nations there is politeness, usage of the world, science, but not wit. I said that yesterday to Mr. Voltaire, and he answered that I was quite right, and that he begged grace for Lord Bolingbroke only.'[1]

"Of the great French novelist we also could ask grace for the American people, because a great many are French and Italians who certainly have not left in the fatherland their 'esprit naturel.' It is also a recognized fact that the Germans are very intellectual. In science they used to lead the world. The people of the United States have received millions of the best people of Germany; hence we have the racial quality essential to great men of science. So we have various gifts, and it is no wonder if this new generation is leading in science, art and literature."

"Yes, that is true. What are those two beautiful buildings on the opposite side of the street?"

"They are the two principal club houses of our city."

"Everybody, I presume, can be elected to membership?"

"No, you are greatly mistaken. It is very difficult to be elected."

"Strange, indeed! Is there, then, a new aristocracy? Here is a spirit of class distinction. Where is your true equality?"

"But it is a new kind of aristocracy; it is a sign of a distinction of classes, but it has nothing to do with equality in the old sense in which you use this word. One of these clubs is composed of distinguished artists and the other of scientists. To the first can be elected any one who excels in sculpture, painting, architecture and literary work; to the second all who excel in any branch of science. Those who belong to these clubs thus constitute at present a true aristocracy. For these societies are open to every-

[1] Alexandre Dumas—Les Deux Reines.

body, but his claim to nobility must be his superior brain. Socialism never thought of making equal the intellects of men; it never could have brought about such an impossibility. What it wanted was that a man of genius or of superior intelligence should not turn it against his fellows, but instead should use it for the welfare of all. That was the aim of Socialism. No social system on earth can make a blockhead equal to a man of genius or of superior intelligence. The building over there at the corner of Washington and Tolstoi street is a ladies' club house. The receptions given by these clubs to one another are most delightful occasions."

"So you have a 'high society?' "

"Yes, truly 'high society.' The really fine fleur."

"Then, it seems, you have the same kind of society life as in the past?"

"Let us look into the high society life of the past, of which you speak, so as to be able to understand what you mean and what is the difference between the fine fleur of to-day and that of the past. Let us fancy we are in the Europe of the old times and have been invited to a fashionable reception. Let us suppose the city to be Rome. There is no doubt that at the reception given by Princess X. we shall find all the fine fleur. Let us enter her beautiful palace. Here we are in the reception hall. We already hear the prattle. Let us go around and hear what all these gentlemen and ladies are saying. They are scattered there in groups of three or four. Listen to this gentleman who makes six mistakes in every five words he uses. He says that 'Le tout Rome is here.' Come this way; let us hear what that group of four ladies say among themselves. It is always interesting, sociologically, to know what society ladies say when they talk by themselves: 'You say, Marquise, that the Count B. is entirely ruined!' 'It is so, in-

deed; yesterday he was unable to find a usurer who was willing to lend him ten thousand francs at sixty per cent. interest. Now he says that he will go to Monte Carlo to try his luck; I fear that if he loses he will kill himself.' 'Oh, no! Duchess! Do not think so! If he will be unlucky he says that he will go to the United States at once and find in New York, Chicago or in some other city of America, an heiress, or some ambitious merchant who would like to see his daughter a Countess.' 'There is no doubt that the Count is full of resources; his creditors will wish him the most brilliant success, surely. It is their only hope to be paid.' 'Poor girl! I have pity on her, whoever she may be. She will know how heavy such a crown is.' Now let us hear what the lady and the gentleman in that corner are saying. I heard that he is the *'Arbiter Elegantiarum'*[1] of society. 'Prince, speak low; take care that no one hears us; is it true that your wife is jealous of me?' 'Oh! Baroness! What do I care for what she may say?' 'And your husband? Is it true that he has some suspicions?' 'Oh! he is a *rammollito.*' Here, Will, they are speaking *very low,* and of *very* delicate affairs; hence for both reasons we can hardly hear them. Listen! 'Why did the Marquise not come? I do not see her.' 'She has a severe headache, Princess, and begs to be excused.' 'Oh! I am very sorry?' Let us hear those remarks the men on our left are making about this Marquise. 'Ah! ah! I guess that the Marquise, yesterday, went to see Bishop X., because it is now an open secret that after she meets this holy man she has a headache. Ha! ha! ha! Do you know that this is a pretty tale? And it seems that the only person who knows nothing about it.' 'Yes, I know. It is her husband. It is always so in such cases.' 'But the husband knows that every time he needs money the purse of the

[1] An umpire in a matter of taste.

Bishop is open to him.' Now come here, Will, let us see what is the matter between this mother and daughter; they look a little excited, especially the daughter. 'Let us go, mamma, let us go; it is an indignity! I cannot endure it any more. Otherwise I will make a scandal here. See how he is flirting with the Princess Y. And these stupid husbands never see anything!' 'Hush, daughter, do not make yourself the topic of society for a week. Hush! Conduct yourself as if you did not see him. Do you think that your father has been a saint? I know what I saw a few months after I married him!' See, Will, that famous beauty over there furnishes gossip for this group. 'Yes, she is pretty, but not such a beauty as they say; and it has been said that she dresses with taste; that she is one of the most elegantly gowned in Rome! Goodness! how blind men are! I tell you that her face is beautiful because her maid is a true artist. She is richer than most of us, beside. Look! She can deceive men, but not us; are those curves not the result of a dressmaker's skill?' 'On dit, that the Prince N., the Duke C., two officers of cavalry, and one of artillery are running after her.' 'Oh! well! they run after her money, I think.' Here, Will, is a lady and her daughter in earnest conversation. Let us hear what is the matter. 'Do you see, mamma, how he is flirting with Fanny? No, he does not love me!' 'Hush, for God's sake; we are a country nobility; do not afford society the opportunity of making fun of us. Do you not see that through your fiancé we have entered the high society of Rome? That is a sign that the style is to do so. Do yourself as he does; see if you can flirt with another.' 'And if he sees it?' 'Do not be afraid. We are rich; he has only his title; and the girl with whom he is talking has not a cent!' It is more interesting over here, Will. 'Baron, please come into that boudoir and tie my shoe. 'Certainly,

Princess, with great pleasure. Oh! the pretty little foot you have! May I kiss it?' 'I gave you credit for more wit, Baron; there are things that a true knight should never ask, but do without permission.' Now, Will, Rome, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, any European city of the past were just the same. That was la fine fleur of the old Europe. Now tell me of the high society of New York, Boston and Philadelphia."

"Well, it was much the same."

"Of what could they have spoken beside the things they knew and the things they did? Being the fine fleur, they did 'fine' things, knew what others did and spoke of them. It was quite natural. But now the European and American 'aristocracy' have done something quite different, and when they gather they naturally ask of what they know and of what they have done. Hence, although we have the reception of the past, we have a new aristocracy—a true one."

CHAPTER XII.

"What is that golden inscription engraved on the column at the corner of this street?"

"I will explain it to you in a few words. You have seen that one of the ways in which this generation honors the great men of the world is to name the streets after them."

"Yes. We did so in the past, to some extent."

"I know it, but what they have added is that at several places on each street we have written in gold upon marble the name of the man, where and when he was born, when he died (if he be dead) and what he did. In such a way we have always before our eyes a beautiful compendium of the history of human progress."

"A fine custom, surely."

"In the past a very limited number of persons cared about the name of streets. To-day, if a man comes from a foreign country he may understand these names at once and feel at home. These names are used in nearly all cities of the world."

"This new generation are a people of Gods."

"At present they are men; but men of the kind that the Greek philosopher was looking for with the lantern. We of the past were not worthy of the name man, because we were in reality wolves, foxes and asses. Now we have ideals. When the race reaches them and solves the problem of life and death, then people will be as God."

"The rights and duties of woman are the same as man,

are they not? I notice with pleasure that no distinction seems to be made as to opportunity."

"Over the whole western world they are free as men. During the pagan civilization woman was but slave. The Christian civilization redeemed her from slavery. Socialism has made her free mistress of herself. Think of what a barbarous life they were obliged to lead in Europe fifty years ago! A pretty young woman, a friend of mine, once told me that she wished she were fifty years old and had white hair. 'Then I could go out alone, take a walk and breathe a little air without being taken care of by a chaperone,' she said."

"How old was she?"

"Twenty-one, Will, twenty-one! And in order to enjoy a walk, a little liberty and breathe a little air, she wished to be fifty years old, with white hair, instead of the glorious age of twenty-one!"

"And the Europeans were thought to be foremost in civilization! Now, doctor, I have still another doubt. Are you satisfied to hear the phonographs and see the vitagraph only? Do not people desire to see natural performances and hear great musicians?"

"More than ever before. But the people being educated, their taste is greatly refined also. Hence everybody prefers to view a vitagraph performance rather than see second class artists. Like painters and sculptors, our actors and singers are not government employees, and these professions being very honorable and lucrative for those who succeed in rising to the first class, attracts all those who have natural disposition for it. And as in other lines of human activity, we have a constantly increasing number of first class artists. The directors of the municipal theatres make all the arrangements for their coming, usually, on the request of the citizens. You noticed, did you not, that an

admission is charged, as has always been the custom? I believe I mentioned to you that New Orleans has furnished some of our world famous artists. America has several great composers."

"You have not told me much about the new school of music. What is its main characteristic in contrast with the old?"

"What was it in our old civilization? The great masters expressed in sounds the experiences and ideals of our past life; our bad and good passions. Because the composer either felt these passions himself, or had such a deliciate soul that the sight of the human tragedy made him act a part in it. Why, for instance, does the music of Beethoven cause tears to flow? Because his mournful notes tell us of his tormented soul; the anguish of his great loving heart. Beethoven's life was a martyrdom; his music must have been the true expression of infinite pain. In this new social order the life of no man can resemble that of Beethoven, hence we have nothing in life to correspond to the doleful strains of his great melody. When we wish to hear such music we have recourse to the old masterpieces. But the tone of the new school of music is that of happiness. Its notes are the beautiful strains of love's harmonies."

CHAPTER XIII.

"Who is that fair lady to whom you bow with such a noticeable sign of pleasure?"

"She is Madam Whiteflower, a great-granddaughter of the King of Denmark, married to a New Orleans chemist. Every time I see her I cannot refrain from thinking of two days which I count among the happiest of my young life. We old men of that sinful generation are subject to a peculiar mental aberration. We think that nothing can be compared to the things we saw and did in our youth. So we often heard, when we were young, an old soldier telling that no recent battle could be compared to those he fought, that no general could be so great as the one under whom he served; an old gallant telling that the spirit of chivalry of that day could not stand comparison with the chivalrous spirit of his time, and that the girls he flirted with, when young, were prettier than those who came later; an old physician who had been taught in his youth the virtues of some herbs, telling of the great wisdom of his old professors, who, really, had entirely wrong ideas of the nature of disease. In short, all old men spoke highly of the deeds of their youth, remembering all the particulars, while they found nothing to be admired in the present; forgetting, always, what occurred the day before."

"That is all very true, but why?"

"When we were young, Will, those cells of the brain which we might call our *photografer* cells (because their function is to photograph everything which attracts our attention) were very active. They were, to a certain extent,

healthful, surely not degenerate. Hence they worked relatively well; as a photographer keeps the negatives, they kept our experiences in our minds, whose remembrance we call memory. I said they worked *relatively* well, because no young person of that corrupt generation was healthy in the full meaning of the word, as is this new youth of society. But in our old age, these cells, as the others, degenerate. They are no more able to work well; hence the new negatives they take last but a short time. But they are still able to keep in relatively good condition the pictures they took when young. At last, in advanced age, they lose even this power, and the memory is gone forever. Now, it was this system of degeneracy which was largely responsible for our lack of success in making some learned men of the past understand the great advantage of Socialism to society. Their ideas, received from their old teachers, parents and priests, were crystallized, and they were unable to think new thoughts themselves or receive new ideals. In fact, all the old men who were converted to Socialism were of superior intelligence. The others, like well trained parrots, were always saying, 'The golden age is behind us.'"

"Then the pleasure you feel when you see this fair Danish lady is—"

"Because every time I see her I think of a most beautiful Danish girl whom I had the good fortune to know when I was visiting Venice. It is simply a case of 'associated memory.'"

"I presume you think that the pretty relative of fair Ophelia was as beautiful as the girls of to-day?"

"No, Will, my brain cells have not degenerated to such an extent. The girl I speak of, while she was very pretty, could not have been so healthy as those of to-day, neither was her form so beautifully developed as those of the girls who undergo a regular course of gymnastic training. I

said that the old men of the past lamented their youth and found nothing worthy of interest in their last years. Of course, ill from the head to foot, with all their nerve cells degenerate, they could not understand that it was youth itself which was grand and beautiful, not their deeds or the things they saw. But we, the first old men who know this young society; we who see the happiness of this new generation, do you wish to know what we must do if we wish to pass our last days in happiness?"

"What?"

"We must take pleasure in new sights and new deeds, as well as dream of those intoxicated moments of happiness we experienced when young. For still we love to dream—to dream!"

"How happy old age may be! But tell me of that fair Dane who furnishes the 'stuff that dreams are made of?' "

"I was visiting the charming city of the lagune, 'enthroned on her hundred isles, and rising like water columns from sea,' whose old palaces and priceless monuments look into its blue water like a pretty castellain of the Middle Ages looked at her mirror, while waiting in her manor the arrival of her knight. The old campanile was still standing; the old campanile, which, by its noisy fall, loudly announced to the world that the civilization which brought it forth was already old, corrupt and near its death. Dear old campanile! You should not have fallen! This new generation would have cared for you a hundred times more than the one which brought you forth! You were beautiful—fit for happier times! I was visiting the queen city of the sea, but I was alone. You know how gloomy it makes one feel to travel alone; to see treasures of art and the wonderful panorama, and have no one to whom you can communicate your feelings; with whom you can exchange thoughts. I went to visit one of the most interesting churches of

Venice. As usual, this church was quite dark within. I began to go round in order to see the beautiful masterpieces of art which it contains, and saw a gentleman, about fifty years of age, with a most beautiful girl. I walked toward them and stood very near to them. Nearer, I found her still more charming. Is not such a girl the most beautiful masterpiece that nature, the master painter and sculptor, can bring forth? I forgot to look, then, at works of art. How exquisite is the sentiment of youth! Father and daughter were talking with the church sacristan, who was trying to sell them some souvenirs of Venice at a price four times as much as they were worth in Piazza San Marco. Doubtless the sacristan was a good disciple of the priests. The church was a safe place for stealing from the foreigners. Fortunately, the sacristan could not understand them, nor could they understand what the robber said. Possibly this is an opportunity to become acquainted with them, I thought. And addressing her father, I asked him whether, since I spoke Italian, I could be of any service to him. As I took him for an English gentleman, I spoke in English, and in that language he answered, kindly thanking me. The sweet girl then, speaking very good French, told me that she wished to buy some of the souvenirs. I answered that the sacristan was trying to shamefully abuse them, and that they could buy those souvenirs in Piazza San Marco for a quarter of the price the sacristan asked. She smilingly thanked me and told it to her father in a language I thought to be German. They went out. A moment afterward I went out myself, but not without first having received a ferocious glance of hate from the sacristan, who understood what I said to the foreigners. But how could the glance of hate coming from a vulgar robber have affected me when I was thinking only of the living masterpiece of nature; when she only occu-

pied all my thoughts? I went out, but tried in vain to find the narrow street by which I came in. I saw them in a gondola with an old lady and two other girls. These two were pretty also, one, perhaps, pretty as she. But to me she only was the charming one. As the father saw that I was seeking to cross to the other side, he kindly asked me if I would like to have a seat with them in the gondola. Think of it, Will! I eagerly accepted, heartily thanking him, and I took a seat near her. Five minutes before, when first I saw her in the church, which, while in somber shadows, was illuminated by the light of her beauty, I dared not think that I might be so fortunate as to speak to her; and now I was seated by her side in the gondola, which softly furrowed the waves of Canal Grande. She asked me some questions. I answered her, but did not dare to ask any of her. We arrived at Piazza San Marco and alighted from the gondola. They said that we could meet at eight o'clock in the evening, if I wished; and they entered the hotel. It was five o'clock already. How endless seemed to me those three hours! At last came eight o'clock and I met them again—I met *her!* The charming piazza was already illuminated and full of life. It was the heart of Venice at its hour of most brilliant life. The beautiful piazza seemed to be the salon of a palace. Its campanile seemed an old lady charged with chaperoning the superheated youth. We walked for a little while along Canal Grande. She looked at the blue, starry sky; at the moon, which gave forth its soft and cloudless beams, bathing every scene with its silver glory. She was looking at the moon which looked at itself in the pure mirror of the laguna. That moon was beautiful. The dying echoes of a pathetic song which a distant gondoliere was singing reached our ears. 'What a beautiful sight,' she said. If she found it beautiful, think what it appeared to me, who had her be-

fore my eyes; she who was the brilliant crown of that princely scene. She continued: 'I understand now why you Italians are born artists and poets. Are you a poet?' And she looked at me smilingly. What beautiful eyes she had! How melodious her voice! 'Had I not been a poet, I feel that I am one now,' I answered. 'Yes, you Italians all have the souls of poets. I love Italy.' She stopped for a moment and then went on: 'I am fond of your great novelist, Gabriele D'Annunzio.' Then I thought: 'You are a most beautiful Ippolita; but I feel that, still loving you passionately, I could not be as cowardly as Giorgio.' Then I said: 'Yes, D'Annunzio drew a beautiful picture of an Italian soul, sick of love, in his Trionfo della Morte; I might say that he beautifully describes the disease of love.' At this her father said: 'Let us go to one of those cafes of the Piazza, and have some ice cream.' I seated myself by her side. Her little sister asked, teasingly: 'How old do you think my sister is?' 'She looks fully twenty,' said I. She smiled and answered: 'No. Every one thinks so, but I am only seventeen.' I asked her name, and if she were German. She replied: 'My name is Elisabeth M.; we are Danes.' 'Oh!' I said, 'now I understand fair Ophelia.' She smiled sweetly, and I saw that she had teeth as beautiful as pearls. She then informed me that the following morning they would start for Verona. I said also that I had it on my program to go to Verona, and that if she gave me the permission, I would start also the following morning in their company. She consented, and as her mother had no objections, it was so arranged. And then we parted. That day was rounded out for me by a beautiful dream.

"An hour before the necessary time I was at the station waiting for them. They arrived in a gondola. We secured our tickets and started for Verona. It was the only

time that I have heartily cursed the speed of a train and wished to be traveling in a carriage drawn by a slow horse. I had the impression that only a few minutes were needed to reach Verona. The father said: 'We shall breakfast before visiting the city.' And she went on: 'You will be our guest, will you not, as we to-day celebrate the silver wedding of our parents?' I heartily thanked them and we celebrated the silver wedding in very good spirit. 'Is it not delightful to celebrate a silver wedding in Italy, and have an Italian gentleman as a guest? You see a month ago papa asked us where we wished to be on this occasion; in Italy or in France. We were not even tempted by the beautiful exposition, so we unanimously chose Italy. 'We are glad we did,' added the two other girls.

"'Now,' said the father, 'let us go and see Giulietta's room.' Think of it, Will, I was going to see the famous room where poor Giulietta wept and sighed so much for her Romeo, in the company of a *froeken* who was at least as pretty as I have always fancied Giulietta to have been.

"We reached the place. She looked at it and said: 'I think we are mistaken. It is impossible that Giulietta could have lived here.' And, really, the house was a disgusting one. Grim irony! The old palace which had been the beautiful residence of a ruler was transformed into a dwelling and stable for poor people. 'Unfortunately, we are not mistaken,' said I. 'This spot is the very one we are so anxious to see. 'Can it be?' asked she. 'How do you know?' I pointed out to her a marble slab upon which an inscription tells that this was the house inhabited by Giulietta, for whom so many gentle souls wept and sighed. She asked me to write the touching inscription in both Italian and French. I wrote it as she wished and we entered. Up some narrow and dangerous stairs we went and into a humble room, which, we were told, was the very one

where lived Giulietta. I felt ashamed to be there in the company of foreigners. The room was converted into a kitchen and sleeping room, wherein an old woman was eating supper. When she saw us she arose, and to our question she replied that it really was the room of Giulietta. 'Of all the luxury of long ago,' said the girl, mournfully, 'of all the beautiful furniture with which this room must surely have been adorned, nothing is left. Is it not a pity? This room should have been kept intact; no sacrilegious hand should have dared to touch a single thing which belonged to Giulietta, and which witnessed her weeping, her anguish, and which heard all her sighs.' 'It is so, indeed,' I answered, 'but it would have been necessary that all those who have dealt with this room after Giulietta's death should have possessed gentle souls.' She rolled her intoxicating eyes about as if she would find at least a little thing which might have belonged to Giulietta. She looked out of the most famous window. I gazed at her face. She was not only beautiful, but she was one of those souls which the French call 'trés spirituelle.' We descended and walked toward the tomb of Guilietta. I said to the young girl that I wished I were a Dane. She answered, smilingly: 'I am sure that you would return to Italy after having spent two months in the North. What is the difference between Italians and Danes?' I remained silent, wishing to hear from her the difference. I looked at her face. She continued: 'You Italians are born with the souls of poets; you are always enthusiastic, restless, inflamed. *Il y a quelque chose de vivant chez vous.* The Danes are always near to the snow. Almost never do we see either a youth or a man as gay as you Italians. Everybody is solemn and quiet at home.'

"We had reached the tomb of the beautiful and unfortunate girl who loved and suffered so much. I felt some re-

lief. The spot is very poetic; the tomb, while plain, very pretty; and amidst many varieties of flowers. A marble basket near it is full of visiting cards. A book is filled with the signatures of all the sympathetic souls who have paid a visit to Giulietta's tomb. Such are the tributes paid to two lovers who truly loved each other. We all signed the book, and I, with her father, deposited our cards in the marble basket. She plucked a pretty flower and said: 'I presume that the soul of Giulietta lies in a flower!' She gave it to me. I plucked another and said: 'I think that if the soul of Giulietta lies in a flower, the soul of Romeo must lie in another near it!' And I gave it to her. The spot was poetic. The month was May. The soul of gentle Giulietta was passing from one flower to another. Yes, the flowers are the tombs of gentle souls, of the ones who die of love! At the father's suggestion we started for L'Arena. She continued: 'Yes, papa must start for Copenhagen. Hence we must see L'Arena at once.' We went to see that most imposing monument of Verona. She accepted a souvenir from me. And then to the station we went. She looked at the blue sky and murmured: 'How beautiful is the sky of Italy. Yes, I understand now why Italian music is so sweet, so intoxicating. Music is the language of the Italian soul!' We heard the whistle of the locomotive. 'Where will you go now?' she continued, longingly. 'Oh, to Monte Carlo, I guess, after I may go to Denmark!'

"They boarded the train; she gave me a little book from which she had learned a few Italian words, and I a few Danish words. The locomotive whistled again and started. She sweetly bowed and waved her handkerchief. The train turned a curve; I could not see her more. The flying atom of happiness was gone forever."

CHAPTER XIV.

"I agree with you, doctor, because I am in perfect harmony with this new order of society. We old men are permitted to enjoy life quietly, esteemed by the young, loved by all. I shall both dream of the past and live in the present."

"Will, let us direct ourselves toward that majestic column which the new generation has erected in memory of the heroes who died to bring all this to be. From its summit we shall look again at New Orleans."

In a few moments we were at its base, and Will exclaimed: "God reigns. The world, it is heaven!"

"Will, think once more of the awful life of the past. Think of that time when Hate, not Love; Darkness, not Light, ruled the world! Yes, crimes were thought to be virtues; men who destroyed were considered greater than men who saved; the insults, the villainies hurled against our fellowmen living in other countries were called expressions of patriotism; to plunge a whole nation into misery was said to be heroism; legalized thievery was called 'honest business;' and an honest soul, rebelling against such infamous ideas, was considered an evil spirit; and those who preached as Christ and loudly cried to men: 'Down with Hate and Darkness; let us love each other; patriotic bias no more, we are all brothers; let us have only one country,' were considered traitors to their fatherland! In that dark spot impostors were considered holy men, preaching the gospel of God; the true preachers of the gospel of God were insulted and called 'cranks' and 'anarchists;'

hypocrisy was taught as a life necessity and lies were the only possible means of securing a reputation as a 'gentleman!' Oh! In what filth were we not plunged! And now how changed! This imposing column has been erected to honor the memory of those heroes who saved mankind from choking amid the filth."

"What beautiful bas-reliefs! Explain them to me."

"This one is Christ, the symbol of Love, being crucified by the rulers and priests, who stand for Hate and Darkness. This is John the Baptist, representing righteousness, beheaded by a woman with the arm of a man. The woman is Herodias, impersonation of hate; the male arm is that of Herod, meaning the kingdom of injustice. Look at the two others. See all those men fleeing confusedly, and the figure of a great man with a scourge of cords in his hand, beating them furiously. The fleeing cowards represent the ruling classes in the old capitalist society, and all the religious sects, the enemies of our race. The great sublime figure of the other who scourges them is Jesus. There is Herodias at last overcome by righteousness. These four bas-reliefs tell the history of the great struggle of humankind. It is the victory of Ormuz over Ahriman. Let us ascend the column.—See! How beautiful is the panorama of the Crescent City! How happy the people among the trees and flowers! In a little while we shall be sitting down at the same table where sweet Corinne and William Hohenzollern will gaze at each other. We shall look at them. We shall feel the strength of this new electric current of Love. We shall see the strength inherent in this new force made possible by the new life. When they will gaze at each other we shall see the true love-light produced when a mighty current of true sympathy passes through two hearts which beat inside two healthy bodies. We have not known this tremendous power of

Love, for we have been ill since the day we were conceived. The sun is shining. The birds are singing. They sing of Love. Hear the murmur of the zephyr softly moving the leaves of all the trees. This murmuring is the sighing of Love. The leaves seem to catch the spirit and caress one another. It is Love—everywhere—in everything. Wisdom is the most powerful of forces, but Love guides Wisdom, and it is Wisdom also to know Love. Wisdom and Love were made one—and they brought forth Justice—it is their only begotten son. The Son is in the bosom of the Father—yes, they are three—but one.

"Will, think of it—to live—to see the Sun of Wisdom brightly shining over the earth—to live—to be in full possession of manly vigor—to see about us happy faces—not to meet weak, emaciated forms with hungry eyes—never to see misery and disease; to live—to laugh—not to see hate pictured in the glances of our fellows—but to see on their lips the smile of Love—to hear them sing only songs of Love—curses no more; to live—to cherish true ideals, gleaming before us—to feel in our breasts hearts that beat with Love—Love only—be guided by brains that reason; to live—to love—to have a wife and children—a home, so long denied us; to live—to love—Life meaning Love—Love meaning Life—Oh! Life!—Oh! Love!"

